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# A BOOK OF DEVOTIONAL READINGS

FROM  
THE LITERATURE OF  
CHRISTENDOM

EDITED BY  
J. M. CONNELL

*Second Edition*

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## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

THIS book is meant not only for private devotional reading, but also for public use as an extended lectionary. The contents are arranged in chronological order, beginning with New Testament times : and the endeavour has been to include what is most vital, significant, and inspired of God in the writings of the teachers of Christendom throughout the ages, as far as it is possible to do so in a volume of moderate size.

In this edition a few necessary corrections have been made, and there has been added a reading from Stopford A. Brooke, who, since the first edition was published, has joined the company of "the great and good made perfect."

The Editor would again express his gratitude to all who assisted him in preparing the book, and to owners of copyright for allowing him to take extracts from their publications.

J. M. C.





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## NEW SAYINGS OF JESUS.

I. *These are the wonderful words which Jesus the living Lord spake to . . . and Thomas.*

And he said unto them, Every one that hearkens to these words shall never taste of death.

Jesus saith, Let not him who seeks cease until he finds, and when he finds he shall be astonished; astonished he shall reach the kingdom, and having reached the kingdom he shall rest.

Jesus saith, Ye ask who are those that draw us to the kingdom, if the kingdom is in heaven? The fowls of the air, and all the beasts that are under the earth or upon the earth, and the fishes of the sea, these are they which draw you, and the kingdom of heaven is within you, and whoever shall know himself shall find it. Strive therefore to know yourselves, and ye shall be aware that ye are the sons of the Almighty Father; and ye shall know that ye are in the city of God, and ye are the city.

Jesus saith, A man shall not hesitate to ask concerning his place in the kingdom. Ye shall know that many that are first shall be last and the last first and they shall have eternal life.

Jesus saith, Everything that is not before thy face and that which is hidden from thee shall be revealed to thee. For there is nothing hidden which shall not be made manifest, nor buried which shall not be raised.

Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world, ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye make the sabbath a real sabbath, ye shall not see the Father.

Jesus saith, I stood in the midst of the world and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them, and my soul grieveth over the sons of men, because they are blind in their heart and see not.

Jesus saith, Wherever there are two they are not without God, and wherever there is one alone, I say, I am with him. Raise the stone, and there thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and there am I.

Jesus saith, A prophet is not acceptable in his own country, neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him.

Jesus saith, A city built upon the top of a high hill and stablished, can neither fall nor be hid.

Jesus saith, Thou hearest with one ear, but the other thou hast closed.

## ANONYMOUS.

*From* THE TEACHING OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

### II.

#### *The way of life.*

The way of life is this: First, thou shalt love the God who made thee; second, thy neighbour as thyself; and all things whatsoever thou wouldest not have done to thee, do not thou to another.

Thy speech shall not be false nor empty, but filled full by doing. Thou shalt not hate any man, but some thou shalt reprove, on some thou shalt have compassion, for some thou shalt pray, and some thou shalt love above thine own life. Thy soul shall not cleave unto the lofty, but

with the righteous and humble shalt thou have thy conversation. The trials that befall thee thou shalt accept as good, knowing that nothing happens apart from God. Thou shalt seek out day by day the faces of the saints, that thou mayest be refreshed by their words. Thou shalt not make division, but shalt pacify them that are at strife; thou shalt judge justly; thou shalt not show respect of persons in re-proving for transgressions. Thou shalt not be in two minds whether it shall be or not. Be not one that stretches out his hands for the taking, but draws them back for the giving. Thou shalt not put off giving, nor grumble when thou givest: for thou shalt know who is the good recompenser of the reward. Thou shalt not turn away him that hath need, but shalt share all things with thy brother, and not say that they are thine own; for if ye are sharers together in that which is immortal, how much the more in things that are mortal! Thou shalt not take off thy hand from thy son or thy daughter, but from their youth thou shalt teach them the fear of the Lord. Thou shalt not give orders in thy bitterness to thy manservant or thine hand-maiden, who hope in the same God, lest they cease to fear the God who is above you both: for He cometh not to call with respect of persons, but unto those whom the spirit hath prepared. Thou shalt hate all hypocrisy and everything that is not pleasing to the Lord. In church confess thy transgressions, and come not to thy place of prayer in an evil conscience.

This is the way of life.

### III.

#### *The Eucharist.*

Now concerning the Thanksgiving, thus give ye thanks. First concerning the cup: We give thanks to Thee, our Father, for the holy vine of David Thy servant, which Thou didst make known to us through Jesus Thy servant;



to Thee be the glory for ever. And concerning the broken bread : We give thanks to Thee, our Father, for the life and knowledge which Thou didst make known to us through Jesus Thy servant : to Thee be the glory for ever. As this broken bread was scattered upon the mountains and, gathered together, became one, even so may Thy Church be gathered together from the ends of the earth into Thy kingdom ; for Thine is the glory and the power through Jesus Christ for ever.

Then after being filled, thus give ye thanks : We give thanks to Thee, .holy Father, for Thy holy name, which Thou hast caused to dwell in our hearts, and for the knowledge and faith and immortality which Thou didst make known to us through Jesus Christ Thy servant : to Thee be the glory for ever. Thou, Almighty Sovereign, didst create all things for Thy name's sake, and food and drink Thou didst give to men for enjoyment, that they should give thanks unto Thee ; but to us Thou didst of Thy grace give spiritual food and drink and life eternal through Thy servant. Before all things we give Thee thanks that Thou art mighty ; to Thee be the glory for ever. Remember, Lord, Thy Church, to deliver it from all evil and to perfect it in Thy love, and gather it together from the four winds, even Thy Church the sanctified, unto Thy kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for it ; for Thine is the power and the glory for ever.

ST. CLEMENT OF ROME,—?—95?

*From* THE EPISTLE TO THE CORINTHIANS.

IV.

*The gifts of God.*

How blessed and marvellous are the gifts of God, dearly beloved ! Life in immortality, splendour in righteousness,

truth in boldness, faith in confidence, temperance in sanctification ! And all these things fall under our apprehension. What then, think ye, are the things preparing for them that patiently await Him ? The Creator and Father of the ages, the All-holy One Himself knoweth their number and their beauty. Let us therefore contend, that we may be found in the number of those that patiently await Him, to the end that we may be partakers of His promised gifts. But how shall this be, dearly beloved ? If our mind be fixed through faith towards God ; if we seek out those things which are well pleasing and acceptable unto Him ; if we accomplish such things as beseem His faultless will, and follow the way of truth, casting off from ourselves all unrighteousness and iniquity, covetousness, strifes, malignities and deceits, whisperings and backbitings, hatred of God, pride and arrogance, vain glory and inhospitality. For they that do these things are hateful to God ; and not only they that do them but they also that consent unto them.

## ANONYMOUS.

*From THE EPISTLE TO DIOGNETUS, C. 140 A.D.*

### V. *The Christians in the world.*

Christians are distinguished from other men neither by country, nor language, nor the customs which they observe. For they neither inhabit cities of their own, nor employ a peculiar form of speech, nor lead a life which is marked out by any singularity. Their learning has not been devised by any speculation or deliberation of inquisitive men ; nor do they, like some, proclaim themselves the advocates of a merely human doctrine. But, inhabiting Greek as well as barbarian cities according as the lot of each has been cast, and follow-

ing the customs of the natives in respect to clothing, food, and the rest of their ordinary conduct, they exhibit a settled policy of their own which is wonderful and confessedly what one would not expect. They dwell in their own countries, but as sojourners. As citizens they share in all things with others, and yet endure all things as aliens. Every foreign country is to them a fatherland, and every fatherland a foreign country. They marry, as do all others; they beget children; but they do not destroy their offspring. They have a common table, but not a common bed. They are in the flesh, but they do not live after the flesh. They pass their days on earth, but they have their citizenship in heaven. They obey the prescribed laws and at the same time surpass the laws by their own lives. They love all men, and are persecuted by all. They are unknown and condemned; they are put to death, and restored to life. They are poor, yet make many rich; they are in lack of all things, and yet abound in all; they are dishonoured, and yet in their very dishonour are glorified. They are evil spoken of, and yet are justified; they are reviled, and bless; they are insulted, and repay the insult with honour; they do good, yet are punished as evil-doers. When punished, they rejoice as if quickened into life; they are assailed by the Jews as foreigners, and are persecuted by the Greeks; yet those who hate them are unable to assign any reason for their hatred.

To sum up all in one word—what the soul is in the body, that are Christians in the world. The soul is dispersed through all the members of the body, and Christians are scattered through all the cities of the world. The soul dwells in the body, yet is not of the body; and Christians dwell in the world, yet are not of the world. The invisible soul is shut up in the visible body, and Christians are known indeed to be in the world, but their religion remains invisible. The flesh hates the soul and wars against

it, though itself suffering no injury, because it is prevented from enjoying its pleasures ; the world also hates the Christians though in no wise injured, because they are opposed to its pleasures. The soul loves the flesh that hates it, and loves also the members ; Christians likewise love those that hate them. The soul is imprisoned in the body, yet it holds that very body together ; and Christians are confined in the world as in a prison, and yet it is they who hold the world together. The immortal soul dwells in a mortal tabernacle ; and Christians dwell as sojourners in corruptible bodies, looking for an incorruptible dwelling in the heavens. The soul, when but ill-provided with food and drink, becomes better ; in like manner, the Christians, though subjected day by day to punishment, increase the more in number. God has assigned them this illustrious position, which it were unlawful for them to forsake.

VI. *How to become an imitator of God.*

If you desire this faith, you likewise shall receive first of all the knowledge of the Father. For God loved mankind, on whose account He made the world, to whom He rendered subject all things on earth, to whom He gave reason and understanding, to whom alone He imparted the privilege of looking upwards to Himself, whom He formed after His own image, to whom He sent His only begotten Son, to whom He promised the heavenly kingdom, and He will give it to them that love Him. And when you have attained this knowledge, with what joy do you think you will be filled ? Or, how will you love Him who has first so loved you ? And if you love Him you will be an imitator of His kindness. And do not wonder that a man may become an imitator of God. He can, if he is willing. For it is not by ruling over his neighbours or by seeking to get the

better of those that are weaker, or by being rich and behaving roughly to one's inferiors, that happiness is found; nor can anyone by these things become an imitator of God. But these things are alien to His majesty. On the contrary, he who takes upon himself the burden of his neighbour; he who, in whatsoever respect he may be superior is ready to benefit another who is deficient; he who, whatsoever things he has received from God, by distributing these to the needy, becomes a god to those who receive: he is an imitator of God.

JUSTIN MARTYR, C. 100-C. 155.

*From* THE FIRST APOLOGY.

VII. *Weekly worship of the Christians.*

The wealthy among us help the needy; and we always keep together; and for all things wherewith we are supplied we bless the Maker of all through His Son Jesus Christ, and through the Holy Spirit. And on the day called Sunday, all who live in cities or in country places gather together to one place, and the memoirs of the apostles or the writings of the prophets are read, as long as time permits; then, when the reader has ceased, the president verbally instructs, and exhorts to the imitation of these good things. Then we all rise together and pray, and when our prayer is ended, bread and wine and water are brought, and the president in like manner offers prayers and thanksgivings, according to his ability, and the people assent, saying the Amen; and there is a distribution to each, and a participation of that over which thanks have been given, and to those who are absent a portion is sent by the deacons. And they who are well-to-do, and willing,

give what each thinks fit ; and what is collected is deposited with the president, who succours the orphans and widows, and those who, through sickness or any other cause, are in want, and those who are in bonds, and the strangers sojourning among us, and in a word takes care of all who are in need.

*From the DIALOGUE WITH TRYPHO.*

VIII. *Justin's story of his conversion.*

In my helpless condition it occurred to me to have a meeting with the Platonists, for their fame was great. I thereupon spent as much of my time as possible with one who had lately settled in our city—a sagacious man, holding a high position among the Platonists—and I progressed and made the greatest improvements daily. And the perception of immaterial things quite overpowered me, and the contemplation of ideas furnished my mind with wings, so that I supposed that I had in a little while become wise ; and such was my stupidity, I expected forthwith to have the vision of God, for this is the end of Plato's philosophy.

And while I was thus disposed, when I wished at one period to be filled with great quietness, and to shun the path of men, I used to go into a certain field not far from the sea. And when I was one day near that spot which having reached I purposed to be by myself, a certain old man, by no means contemptible in appearance, but giving the impression of gentleness and dignity of character, followed me at a little distance. And when I turned round to him, having halted, I fixed my eyes rather keenly on him. And he said, "Do you know me?" I replied in the negative. "Why, then," said he to me, "do you so look at me?" "I am astonished," I said, "because you have chanced to be in



the same place with me ; for I had not expected to see any man here." And he says to me, "I am concerned about some of my household. They are gone away from me ; and therefore have I come to make personal search for them. But why are you here?" said he to me. "I delight," said I, "in such walks, where converse with myself is uninterrupted, and there are no distractions ; and such places are most fit for philology." "Are you, then, a philologist," said he, "but no lover of deeds or of truth? And do you not aim at being a practical man rather than a sophist?" "What greater work," said I, "could one accomplish than this, to show the reason which governs all, and having laid hold of it, and being mounted upon it, to look down on the errors of others and their pursuits? But without philosophy and right reason, prudence would not be present to any man. Wherefore it is necessary for every man to philosophize, and to esteem this the greatest and most honourable work ; but other things only of second-rate or third-rate importance, though indeed, if they be made to depend on philosophy, they are of moderate value, and worthy of acceptance ; but deprived of it, and not accompanied by it, they are vulgar and coarse to those who pursue them." "Does philosophy, then, make happiness?" said he, interrupting. "Assuredly," I said, "and it alone." "What, then, is philosophy?" he says ; "and what is happiness? Pray tell me, unless something hinders you from saying." "Philosophy, then," said I, "is the knowledge of that which really exists, and a clear perception of the truth ; and happiness is the reward of such knowledge and wisdom."

"There existed, long before this time," said he, "certain men more ancient than all those who are esteemed philosophers, both righteous and beloved by God, who spoke by the Divine Spirit, and foretold future events which in fact are now taking place. They are called prophets. These alone both saw and announced the truth to men, being



neither fearful nor abashed before any man, not influenced by a desire for glory, but speaking those things alone which they heard and which they saw, being filled with the Holy Spirit. Their writings are still extant, and he who has read them is very much helped in his knowledge of the beginning and end of things, and of those matters which the philosopher ought to know—provided he has believed them. For they did not use demonstration in their treatises, seeing that they were witnesses to the truth above all demonstration, and worthy of belief; and those events which have happened, and those which are happening, compel you to assent to the utterances made by them. Pray that, above all things, the gates of light may be opened to you; for these things cannot be perceived or understood by all, but only by the man to whom God and His Christ have imparted wisdom.” When he had spoken these and many other things, which there is no time for mentioning at present, he went away, bidding me attend to them; and I have not seen him since. But straightway a flame was kindled in my soul; and a love of the prophets, and of those men who are friends of Christ, possessed me; and whilst revolving his words in my mind, I found this philosophy alone to be safe and profitable.

## THE CHURCHES OF LYONS AND VIENNE.

*From* LETTER TO THE BRETHREN THROUGHOUT ASIA  
AND PHRYGIA, A.D. 177.

### IX. *The persecutions.*

The greatness of the tribulation in this region, and the fury of the heathen against the saints, and the sufferings of the blessed witnesses, we cannot recount accurately, nor in-

deed could they possibly be recorded. First of all they [the servants of God] endured nobly the injuries heaped upon them by the populace; clamours and blows and draggings and robberies and stonings and imprisonments, and all things which an infuriated mob delight in inflicting on enemies and adversaries. Then being taken to the forum by the chiliarch and the authorities of the city, they were examined in the presence of the whole multitude, and having confessed, they were imprisoned until the arrival of the governor. When afterwards they were brought before him, and he treated us with the utmost cruelty, Vettius Epagathus, one of the brethren, and a man filled with love for God and his neighbour, interfered, and asked to be permitted to testify in behalf of his brethren, that there is among us nothing ungodly or impious. But those about the judgment seat cried out against him, for he was a man of distinction; and the governor refused to grant him his just request, and merely asked if he also were a Christian. And he, confessing this with a loud voice, was taken into the order of the witnesses. But the whole wrath of the populace, and governor and soldiers, was aroused exceedingly against Sanctus, the deacon from Vienne, and Maturus, a late convert, yet a noble combatant, and against Attalus, a native of Pergamos, where he had always been a pillar and foundation, and Blandina, through whom Christ showed that things which appear mean and obscure and despicable to men are with God of great glory. Sanctus endured marvellously and superhumanly all the outrages which he suffered. While the wicked men hoped, by the continuance and severity of his tortures, to wring something from him which he ought not to say, he girded himself against them with such firmness that he would not even tell his name, or the nation or city to which he belonged, or whether he was bond or free, but answered in the Roman tongue to all their questions, "I am a Chris-

tian". He confessed this instead of name and city and race and everything besides, and the people heard from him no other word. Maturus and Sanctus and Blandina and Attalus were led to the amphitheatre to be exposed to the wild beasts, and to give to the heathen public a spectacle of cruelty, a day for fighting with the wild beasts being specially appointed on account of our people. Both Maturus and Sanctus passed again through every torment in the amphitheatre, as if they had suffered nothing before, or rather, as if, having already conquered their antagonists in many contests, they were now striving for the crown itself. They endured again the customary running of the gauntlet and the violence of the wild beasts, and everything which the furious people called for or desired, and at last the iron chair in which their bodies being roasted, tormented them with the fumes. And not with this did the persecutors cease, but were yet more mad against them, determined to overcome their patience. But even thus they did not hear a word from Sanctus except the confession which he had uttered from the beginning. These, then, after their life had continued for a long time through the great conflict, were at last sacrificed, having been made throughout that day a spectacle to the world, in place of the usual variety of combats. But Blandina was suspended on a stake, and exposed to be devoured by the wild beasts who should attack her. And because she appeared as if hanging on a cross, and because of her earnest prayers, she inspired the combatants with great zeal. For they looked on her in her conflict, and beheld with their outward eyes, in the form of their sister, Him who was crucified for them, that he might persuade those who believe on him, that every one who suffers for the glory of Christ has fellowship always with the living God. As none of the wild beasts at that time touched her, she was taken down from the stake, and cast again into prison.

But Attalus was called for loudly by the people, because he was a person of distinction. He entered the contest readily on account of a good conscience and his genuine practice in Christian discipline, and as he had always been a witness for the truth among us. He was led around the amphitheatre, a tablet being carried before him on which was written in the Latin language, "This is Attalus the Christian," and the people were filled with indignation against him. But when the governor learned that he was a Roman, he commanded him to be taken back with the rest of those who were in prison concerning whom he had written to Cæsar, and whose answer he was awaiting. On the last day of the contests, Blandina was again brought in with Ponticus, a boy about fifteen years old. They had been brought every day to witness the sufferings of the others, and had been pressed to swear by the idols. But because they remained steadfast and despised them, the multitude became furious, so that they had no compassion for the youth of the boy nor respect for the sex of the woman. Therefore they exposed them to all the terrible sufferings and took them through the entire round of torture, repeatedly urging them to swear, but being unable to effect this: for Ponticus, encouraged by his sister so that even the heathen could see that she was confirming and strengthening him, having nobly endured every torture, gave up the ghost. But the blessed Blandina, last of all, having as a noble mother encouraged her children and sent them before her victorious to the King, endured herself all their conflicts and hastened after them, glad and rejoicing in her departure as if called to a marriage supper, rather than cast to wild beasts. And, after the scourging, after the wild beasts, after the roasting-seat, she was finally enclosed in a net, and thrown before a bull. And having been tossed about by the animal, but feeling none of the things which were happening to her, on account of her

hope and firm hold upon what had been entrusted to her, and her communion with Christ, she also was sacrificed. And the heathen themselves confessed that never among them had a woman endured so many and such terrible tortures.

ST. IRENAEUS, C. 120-202.

*From treatise AGAINST HERESIES.*

X.      *On distinguishing between good and evil.*

Man has received the knowledge of good and evil. It is good to obey God, and to believe in Him, and to keep His commandment, and this is the life of man ; as not to obey God is evil, and this is his death. Since God, therefore, gave to man such mental power, man knew both the good of obedience and the evil of disobedience, that the eye of the mind, receiving experience of both, may with judgment make choice of the better things ; and that he may never become indolent or neglectful of God's command ; and learning by experience that it is an evil thing which deprives him of life, that is, disobedience to God, may never attempt it at all, but that, knowing that what preserves his life, namely, obedience to God, is good, he may diligently keep it with all earnestness. Wherefore he has also had a two-fold experience, possessing knowledge of both kinds, that, with training, he may make choice of the better things. But how could he have had any training in goodness if he had no knowledge of the contrary ? For there is a surer and an undoubted comprehension of matters submitted to us than the conjecture that comes of mere surmise. For just as the tongue receives experience of sweet and bitter by means of tasting, and the eye discriminates between black and white



by means of vision, and the ear recognizes the distinctions of sounds by hearing; so also does the mind, receiving through the experience of both kinds its training in what is good, become more tenacious of its preservation, acting in obedience to God; in the first place, casting away by means of repentance, disobedience, as being something disagreeable and nauseous; and afterwards coming to understand what it really is, that is contrary to goodness and sweetness, so that the mind may never even attempt to taste disobedience to God. But if anyone do shun the knowledge of both kinds, and the two-fold experiences of knowledge, he un-awares destroys the man in him.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA, C. 150—C. 216.

*From AN EXHORTATION TO THE HEATHEN.*

XI. *Christ the light of the world.*

Let us put away, then, let us put away oblivion of the truth, namely, ignorance; and removing the darkness which obstructs, as dimness of sight, let us contemplate the only true God, first raising our voice in this hymn of praise: Hail, O Light! For unto us, buried in darkness, shut up in the shadow of death, light has shone forth from heaven, purer than the sun, sweeter than life here below. That light is eternal life; and whatever partakes of it lives. But night fears the light, and hiding itself in terror, gives place to the day of the Lord. Sleepless light is now over all, and the west has given credence to the east. For this was the end of the new creation. For the "Sun of Righteousness," who drives his chariot over all, pervades equally all humanity, like his Father who makes His sun to rise on all men, and distils on them the dew of the truth. He hath changed

sunset into sunrise, and through the cross brought death to life; and having wrenched man from destruction, he hath raised him to the skies, transplanting mortality into immortality, and translating earth to heaven—he, the husband-man of God,

Pointing out the favourable signs and rousing the nations  
To good works, putting them in mind of the true sustenance;

having bestowed on us the truly great, divine, and inalienable inheritance of the Father, deifying man by heavenly teaching, putting His laws into our minds, and writing them on our hearts. What laws does he inscribe? “That all shall know God from small to great”; and “I will be merciful to them,” says God, “and will not remember their sins.” Let us receive the laws of life, let us comply with God’s expostulations; let us become acquainted with Him, that He may be gracious. And though God needs nothing, let us render to Him the grateful recompense of a thankful heart and of piety, as a kind of house-rent for our dwelling here below.

## XII. *The soldiers of peace.*

It has been God’s fixed and constant purpose to save the flock of men: for this end the good God sent the good Shepherd. And the Word, having unfolded the truth, showed to men the height of salvation, that either repenting they might be saved, or refusing to obey, they might be judged. This is the proclamation of righteousness: to those that obey, glad tidings; to those that disobey, judgment. The loud trumpet, when sounded, collects the soldiers, and proclaims war. And shall not Christ, breathing a strain of peace to the ends of the earth, gather together his own soldiers, the soldiers of peace? Well, by his blood, and by the Word, he has gathered the host unstained by blood and assigned to them the kingdom of



heaven. The trumpet of Christ is his Gospel. He hath blown it, and we have heard. "Let us array ourselves in the armour of peace, putting on the breastplate of righteousness, and taking the shield of faith, and binding our brows with the helmet of salvation; and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God," let us sharpen. So the apostle in the spirit of peace commands. These are our invulnerable weapons. O this holy and blessed power, by which God has fellowship with men! Better far, then, is it to become at once the imitator and the servant of the best of all beings; for only by holy service will anyone be able to imitate God, and to serve and worship Him only by imitating Him. The heavenly and truly Divine love comes to men thus, when in the soul itself the spark of true goodness, kindled by the Divine Word, is able to burst forth into flame; and, what is of the highest importance, salvation runs parallel with sincere willingness—choice and life being, so to speak, yoked together. Wherefore this exhortation of the truth alone, like the most faithful of our friends, abides with us till our last breath, and is to the whole and perfect spirit of the soul the kind attendant on our ascent to heaven.

From THE MISCELLANIES.

### XIII. *Greek philosophy a preparation for Christ.*

Before the advent of the Lord, philosophy was necessary to Greeks for righteousness. And now it becomes conducive to piety; being a kind of preparatory training to those who attain to faith through demonstration. "For thy foot," it is said, "will not stumble," if thou refer what is good, whether belonging to the Greeks or to us, to Providence. For God is the cause of all good things; but of some

primarily, as of the Old and New Testaments; and of others by consequence, as of philosophy. Perchance, too, philosophy was given primarily to the Greeks before the Lord called the Greeks also. For this was a schoolmaster to bring the Hellenic mind, as the law the Hebrews, to Christ. Philosophy, therefore, was a preparation, paving the way for him who is being perfected by Christ. . . . The way of truth is therefore one. But into it, as into a perennial river, streams flow from all sides.

TERTULLIAN, C. 155-C. 225.

*From the APOLOGY.*

XIV.           *The soul naturally Christian.*

The object of our worship is the One God, He who by His commanding word, His arranging wisdom, His mighty power, brought forth from nothing this entire mass of our world, with all its array of elements, bodies, spirits, for the glory of His majesty; whence also the Greeks have bestowed on it the name of cosmos. The eye cannot see Him, though He is (spiritually) visible. He is incomprehensible, though in grace He is manifested. He is beyond our utmost thought, though our human faculties conceive of Him. He is therefore equally real and great. But that which can be commonly seen and handled and conceived is inferior to the eyes by which it is taken in, and the hands by which it is touched, and the faculties by which it is discovered; but that which is infinite is known only to itself. This it is which gives some notion of God, while yet beyond all our conceptions—our very incapacity of fully grasping Him affords us the idea of what He really is. He is presented to our minds in His transcendent greatness, as

at once known and unknown. And this is the crowning guilt of men, that they will not recognize One, of whom they cannot possibly be ignorant. Would you have the proof from the works of His hands, so numerous and so great, which both contain you and sustain you, which minister at once to your enjoyment, and strike you with awe; or would you rather have it from the testimony of the soul itself? Though under the oppressive bondage of the body, though hedged around by depraving customs, though enervated by lusts and passions, though in slavery to false gods; yet whenever the soul comes to itself, as out of a surfeit, or a sleep, or a sickness, and recovers its natural health, it speaks of God; using no other word, because this is the peculiar name of the true God. "Great God," "Good God," "God grant it," are the words on every lip. It bears witness, too, that God is judge, exclaiming, "God sees," and, "I commend myself to God," and, "God will repay me". O noble testimony of the soul by nature Christian! Then, too, in using such words as these, it looks not to the Capitol, but to the heavens; for it knows that there is the throne of the living God, as from Him and from thence itself came down.

XV. *The numbers of the Christians.*

We are but of yesterday, and we have filled every place among you—cities, islands, villages, towns, market-places, the very camp, tribes, corporations, palace, senate, forum,—we have left nothing to you but the temples of your gods. For what war should we not be fit, not eager, even with unequal forces—we who so willingly yield ourselves to the sword, if in our religion it were not counted better to be slain than to slay? Without arms even, without rebellion, but simply by severance from you, we could fight against you with the injury our mere withdrawal would inflict.

For if such a multitude of men as we are were to break away from you, and betake themselves to some remote corner of the world, why, the very loss of so many citizens, whatever sort they were, would cover the empire with shame ; nay, would punish you by merely leaving you alone. Why, you would be horror-struck at the solitude in which you would find yourselves, at such an all-prevailing silence, and that stupor as of a dead world. You would have to seek subjects to govern. You would have more enemies than citizens remaining. For now it is the immense number of Christians which makes your enemies so few—since almost all the citizens of almost all your cities are Christians. Yet you choose to call us enemies of the human race, who are rather enemies of human error.

## XVI.

*Christian worship.*

We are a body knit together as such by a common religious feeling, by unity of doctrine, and by the bond of hope. We meet together as an assembly and congregation, that, offering up prayer to God as with united force, we may wrestle with Him in our supplications. This violence God delights in. We pray, too, for the emperors, for their ministers and for all in authority, for the welfare of the world, for the prevalence of peace, for the delay of the end. We assemble to read our sacred writings, if any peculiarity of the times makes either forewarning or recollection needful. However it be in that respect, with the sacred words we nourish our faith, we animate our hope, we make our confidence more steadfast ; and no less by inculcations of God's precepts we confirm good habits. In the same place also exhortations are made, rebukes and sacred censures are administered. For with a great gravity is the work of judging carried on among us, as befits those who feel assured

that they are in the sight of God ; and you have the most signal anticipation of judgment to come when anyone has sinned so grievously as to require his severance from us in prayer, and the meeting, and all holy intercourse. The tried men of our elders preside over us, obtaining that honour not by purchase, but by established character. There is no buying and selling of any sort in the things of God. Though we have our treasure-chest, no sum is raised by fees, as of a religion that has its price. On one day in the month, or when he likes, each puts in a small donation ; but only if it be his pleasure, and only if he be able : for there is no compulsion ; all is voluntary. These gifts are, as it were, piety's deposit fund. For they are not taken thence and spent on feasts, and drinking-bouts, and eating-houses, but to support and bury poor people, to supply the wants of boys and girls destitute of means and parents, and of old persons confined now to the house ; such, too, as have suffered shipwreck ; and if there happen to be any in the mines, or banished to the islands, or shut up in the prisons, for nothing but their fidelity to the cause of God's Church, they become the pensioners of their confession. But it is very specially the deeds of a love so noble that lead many to put a brand upon us. See, they say, how they love one another—for they themselves are animated by mutual hatred ; how they are ready even to die for one another—for they themselves are rather ready to kill each other. And they are wroth with us, too, because we call each other brethren ; for no other reason, as I think, than because among themselves names of consanguinity are assumed in mere pretence of affection. But we are your brethren as well, by the law of our common mother nature, though you are hardly men, because brothers so unkind. Yet how much more fittingly they are called and counted brothers who have acknowledged God as their common Father, who have drunk in one spirit of holiness, who from the same womb of a common

ignorance have found their fearful way into the same light of truth !

ORIGEN, 185 or 186—C. 254.

*From treatise ON PRINCIPLES.*

XVII. *Partial knowledge will be made perfect.*

In those arts which are usually performed by means of manual labour, the reason why a thing is done, or why it is of a special quality, or for a special purpose, is an object of investigation to the mind, while the actual work itself is unfolded to view by the agency of the hands ; so, in those works of God which were created by Him, it is to be observed that the reason and understanding of those things which we see done by Him remains undisclosed. And as, when our eye beholds the products of an artist's labour, the mind, immediately on perceiving anything of unusual artistic excellence, burns to know of what nature it is, or how it was formed, or to what purposes it was fashioned ; so, in a much greater degree, and in one that is beyond all comparison, does the mind burn with an inexpressible desire to know the reason of those things which we see done by God. This desire, this longing, we believe to be unquestionably implanted within us by God ; and as the eye naturally seeks the light and vision, and our body naturally desires food and drink, so our mind is possessed with its own natural desire to become acquainted with the truth of God and to discover the causes of things. Now we have received this desire from God, not in order that it should never be gratified or be capable of gratification ; otherwise the love of truth would appear to have been implanted by God our Creator into our minds to no purpose, if it were never



to have an opportunity of satisfaction. Whence also, even in this life, those who devote themselves with great labour to the pursuits of piety and religion, although obtaining only some small fragments from the manifold and boundless treasures of divine knowledge, yet, by the very circumstance that their mind and soul are engaged in these pursuits, and that in the eagerness of their desire they outstrip themselves, do they derive much advantage; and, because their minds are directed to the study and love of the investigation of truth, are they made more capable of receiving the instruction that is to come; as if, when one would paint an image, he were first with a light pencil to trace out the outlines of the coming picture, and prepare marks for the reception of the features that are to be afterwards added, this preliminary sketch in outline is found to prepare the way for the laying on of the true colours of the painting; so, in a measure, an outline and sketch may be traced on the tablets of our heart by the pencil of our Lord Jesus Christ. And therefore perhaps it is said, "Unto every one that hath shall be given, and be added". By which it is established, that to those who possess in this life a kind of outline of truth and knowledge, shall be added the beauty of a perfect image in the future.

ST. CYPRIAN, c. 200-258.

*From* EPISTLE TO MARTYRS AND CONFESSORS.

XVIII.

*The glory of martyrdom.*

Cyprian to the martyrs and confessors in Christ our Lord and in God the Father, everlasting salvation. I gladly rejoice and am thankful, most brave and blessed brethren, at hearing of your faith and virtue, wherein the Church, our



mother, glories. Lately indeed she gloried, when, in consequence of an enduring confession, that punishment was undergone which drove the confessors of Christ into exile; yet the present confession is so much the more illustrious and greater in honour as it is braver in suffering. The combat has increased, and the glory of the combatants has increased also. Nor were you kept back from the struggle by fear of tortures, but by the very tortures themselves you were more and more stimulated to the conflict; bravely and firmly you have returned with ready devotion, to contend in the extremest contest. Of you I find that some are already crowned, while some are even now within reach of the crown of victory; but all whom the prison has shut up in a glorious company are animated to carry on the struggle with an equal and common warmth of virtue, as it behoves the soldiers of Christ in the divine camp: that no allurements may deceive the incorruptible steadfastness of your faith, no threats terrify you, no sufferings or tortures overcome you, because "greater is He that is in us, than he that is in the world"; nor is the earthly punishment able to do more towards casting down, than is the Divine protection towards lifting up. This truth is proved by the glorious struggle of the brethren, who, having become leaders to the rest in overcoming their tortures, afforded an example of virtue and faith, contending in the strife, until the strife yielded, being overcome. With what praises can I commend you, most courageous brethren? With what vocal proclamation can I extol the strength of your heart and the perseverance of your faith? You have borne the sharpest examination by torture, even unto the glorious consummation, and have not yielded to sufferings, but rather the sufferings have given way to you. The end of torments, which the tortures themselves did not give, the crown has given.

O blessed Church of ours, which the honour of the Divine

condescension illuminates, which in our own times the glorious blood of martyrs renders illustrious! She was white before in the works of the brethren; now she has been dyed purple in the blood of the martyrs. Among the flowers are wanting neither roses nor lilies. Now let each one strive for the largest dignity of either honour. Let them receive crowns, either white, as of labour, or purple, as of suffering. In the heavenly camp both peace and strife have their own flowers, with which the soldiers of Christ may be crowned for glory. I bid you, most brave and beloved brethren, always heartily farewell in the Lord; and have me in remembrance. Fare ye well.

ST. ATHANASIUS, c. 296-373.

*From treatise ON THE INCARNATION.*

XIX. *That we must live a good life if we would understand spiritual things.*

For the searching of the Scriptures and a true knowledge of them an honourable life is needed, and a pure soul, and the virtue that is according to Christ; so that the intellect guided by it may be able to attain and comprehend the things which it desires, in so far as it is possible for human nature to arrive at an understanding of the Word of God. For without a pure mind and a modelling of the life after the saints no one can comprehend the words of the saints. For just as, if one wishes to see the light of the sun he at least wipes and brightens his eye, purifying himself in some sort like what he desires, so that the eye thus becoming light may see the light of the sun; or as, if a man would see a city or country he at any rate comes to the place to see it; thus he that would comprehend the mind of those who speak of God ought first to wash and cleanse his soul by

his manner of living, and to approach the saints themselves by imitating their works; so that leading with them a common life, he may understand also what has been revealed to them by God, and thenceforth, as closely knit to them, may receive what is laid up for the saints in the kingdom of heaven, things which "eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither entered into the heart of man," whatsoever things are prepared for them that live a virtuous life, and love the God and Father, in Christ Jesus our Lord.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM, 347-407.

*From a HOMILY.*

XX. *How we should pray.*

Let this, St. Paul saith, be your work, to give thanks in your prayers both for the seen and the unseen, and for God's benefits to the willing and unwilling, and for the kingdom, and for tribulation, and for refreshment. For thus is the custom of the saints to pray, and to give thanks for the common benefits of all. I know a certain holy man who prayeth thus. He used to say nothing before these words, but thus: "We give Thee thanks for all Thy benefits shewn forth upon us the unworthy, from the first day until the present, for what we know, and what we know not, for the seen, for the unseen, for those in deed, those in word, those with our wills, those against our wills, for all that have been bestowed upon the unworthy, even us; for tribulations, for refreshments, for punishment, for the kingdom of heaven. We beseech Thee to keep our soul holy, having a pure conscience; an end worthy of Thy loving kindness. Thou that lovedst us so as to give Thine only-begotten for us, grant us to become worthy of Thy love; give us wisdom in Thy word, and in Thy fear, inspire the

strength that is from Thee. Thou that gavest Thine only-begotten for us and hast sent Thy holy spirit for the remission of our sins, if in aught we have wilfully or unwillingly transgressed, pardon, and impute it not; remember all that call upon Thy name in truth; remember all that wish us well, or the contrary, for we are all men." Then having added the Prayer of the Faithful [that is, the Lord's Prayer] he there ended; having made that prayer as a certain crowning part and a binding together for all. For many benefits doth God bestow upon us even against our wills; many also and these greater, without our knowledge even. For when we pray for one thing, and He doeth to us the reverse, it is plain that He doeth us good even when we know it not.

ST. AUGUSTINE, 354-430.

From THE CONFESSIONS.

XXI. *No rest for the soul but in God.*

Great art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be praised; great is Thy power, and of Thy wisdom there is no end. And man, being a part of Thy creation, desires to praise Thee,—man, who bears about with him his mortality, who bears about with him the witness of his sin, even the witness that Thou "resistest the proud"—yet man, this part of Thy creation, desires to praise Thee. Thou movest us to delight in praising Thee; for Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find rest in Thee. And how shall I call upon my God—my God and my Lord? For when I call Him I ask Him to come into me. And what place is there in me into which my God can come—into which God can come, even He who made heaven and earth? Narrow is the dwelling of my soul: do Thou en-

large it, that Thou mayest enter in. It is in ruins, restore Thou it. There is that about it which must offend Thine eyes; I confess and know it. But who will cleanse it? or to whom shall I cry but to Thee? Cleanse me from my secret sins, O Lord, and keep Thy servant from those of other men.

Hear my prayer, O Lord; let not my soul faint under Thy discipline, nor let me faint in confessing unto Thee Thy mercies whereby Thou hast saved me from all my most mischievous ways, that Thou mightest become sweet to me beyond all the seductions that I used to follow; that I may love Thee entirely, and grasp Thy hand with my whole heart, and that Thou mayest deliver me from every temptation even unto the end. For even when I was learning vain things Thou didst grant me Thy discipline; and my sin in taking delight in those vanities, Thou hast forgiven me. I will now call to mind my past foulness and the carnal corruptions of my soul, not because I love them, but that I may love Thee, O my God. For love of Thy love I do it, recalling in the very bitterness of my remembrance my most vicious ways, that Thou mayest grow sweet to me, and recollecting myself out of that my dissipation, in which I was torn to pieces, while turned away from Thee, the One, I lost myself among many vanities. But Thou wert always by me, mercifully angry, and dashing with the bitterest vexations all my illicit pleasures in order that I might seek pleasures free from vexation. But where I could meet with such except in Thee, O Lord, I could not find,—except in Thee, who teachest by sorrow, and woundest to heal, and killest us that we may not die from Thee.

XXII. *His mother Monica's solicitude.*

Thou sendedst Thine hand from above, and drewest my soul out of that profound darkness, when my mother, Thy

faithful one, wept to Thee on my behalf more than mothers are wont to weep the bodily deaths of their children. For she saw that I was dead by that faith and spirit which she had from Thee, and Thou heardest her, O Lord. Thou heardest her, and despisedst not her tears, yea Thou heardest her. Whence was this, unless that Thine ears were inclined towards her heart? O Thou Good Omnipotent, who so carest for every one of us as if Thou caredst for him only, and so for all as if they were but one!

And meanwhile Thou grantedst her another answer, which I recall; for much I pass over, hastening on to those things which the more strongly impel me to confess unto Thee, and much I do not remember. Thou didst grant her then another answer, by a priest of Thine, a certain bishop, reared in Thy Church and well versed in Thy books. He, when this woman had entreated that he would vouchsafe to have some talk with me, refute my errors, unteach me evil things, and teach me good (for this he was in the habit of doing when he found people fitted to receive it) refused, very prudently, as I afterwards came to see. "But leave him alone for a time," saith he, "only pray God for him; he will of himself, by reading, discover what that error is and how great its impiety". Which when he had said, and she would not be satisfied, but repeated more earnestly her entreaties, shedding copious tears, that he would see and discourse with me, he, a little vexed at her importunity, exclaimed, "Go thy way, and God bless thee, for it is not possible that the son of these tears should perish". Which answer (as she often mentioned in her conversations with me) she accepted as though it were a voice from Heaven.

## XXIII.

*His conversion.*

In the midst of the great strife of my inner dwelling, which I had strongly raised up against my soul in



the chamber of my heart, troubled both in mind and countenance, I seized upon Alypius, and exclaimed: "What is wrong with us? What is this? What heardest thou? The unlearned start up and 'take' heaven, and we, with our learning, but wanting heart, see where we wallow in flesh and blood! Because others have preceded us, are we ashamed to follow, and not rather ashamed at not following?" Some such words I gave utterance to, and in my excitement flung myself from him, while he gazed upon me in silent astonishment. For I spoke not in my wonted tone, and my brow, cheeks, eyes, colour, tone of voice, all expressed my emotion more than words. There was a little garden belonging to our lodging, of which we had the use, as of the whole house; for the master, our landlord, did not live there. Thither had the tempest within my breast hurried me, where no one might hinder the fiery struggle in which I was engaged with myself, until it came to the issue that Thou knewest, though I did not know. But I was mad that I might be whole, and dying that I might have life, knowing what evil thing I was, but not knowing what good thing I was shortly to become. Into the garden, then, I retired, Alypius following my steps. For his presence was no bar to my solitude; or how could he desert me so troubled? We sat down at as great a distance from the house as we could. I was disquieted in spirit, being most impatient with myself that I entered not into Thy will and covenant, O my God, which all my bones cried out unto me to enter, extolling it to the skies.

But when a profound reflection had, from the secret depths of my soul, drawn together and heaped up all my misery before the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm, accompanied by as mighty a shower of tears. Which, that I might pour forth fully, with its natural expressions, I stole away from Alypius; for it suggested itself to me that

solitude was fitter for the business of weeping. So I retired to such a distance that even his presence could not be oppressive to me. Thus was it with me at that time, and he perceived it; for something, I believe, I had spoken, wherein the sound of my voice appeared choked with weeping, and in that state had I risen up. He then remained where we had been sitting, most completely astonished. I flung myself down, how, I know not, under a certain fig-tree, giving free course to my tears, and the streams of mine eyes gushed out an acceptable sacrifice unto Thee. And, not indeed in these words, yet to this effect, spake I much unto Thee—"But Thou, O Lord, how long? How long, Lord? Wilt Thou be angry for ever? O remember not against us former iniquities"; for I felt that I was enthralled by them. I sent up these sorrowful cries—"How long, how long? To-morrow, and to-morrow? Why not now? Why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?"

I was saying these things and weeping in the most bitter contrition of my heart, when, lo, I heard the voice as of a boy or girl, I know not which, coming from a neighbouring house, chanting, and oft repeating, "Take up and read; take up and read". Immediately my countenance was changed, and I began most earnestly to consider whether it was usual for children in any kind of game to sing such words; nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, restraining the torrent of my tears, I rose up, interpreting it no other way than as a command to me from Heaven to open the book and to read the first chapter I should light upon. For I had heard of Antony, that, accidentally coming in whilst the Gospel was being read, he received the admonition as if what was read was addressed to him, "Go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me". And by such oracle was he forthwith converted unto Thee. So

quickly I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting ; for there had I put down the volume of the Apostle, when I rose thence. I grasped the book, opened it, and in silence read that paragraph on which my eyes first fell—"Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying ; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof". No further would I read, nor did I need ; for instantly, as the sentence ended—by a light, as it were, of security infused into my heart—all the gloom of doubt vanished away.

## XXIV.

*The death of Monica.*

As the day now approached on which she was to depart this life (which day Thou knewest, we did not), it fell out—Thou, as I believe, by Thy secret ways arranging it—that she and I stood alone, leaning in a certain window, from which the garden of the house we occupied at Ostia could be seen ; at which place, removed from the crowd, we were resting ourselves for the voyage, after the fatigues of a long journey. We then were conversing alone very pleasantly ; and, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before," we were seeking between ourselves in the presence of the Truth, which Thou art, of what nature the eternal life of the saints would be, "which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man."

And when our conversation had arrived at that point, that the very highest pleasure of the carnal senses, and that in the very brightest material light, seemed by reason of the sweetness of that life not only not worthy of comparison, but not even of mention, we, lifting ourselves with a more ardent affection towards "the Self-same," did gradually pass

through all corporeal things, and even the heaven itself whence sun, and moon, and stars shine upon the earth ; yea, we soared higher yet by inward musing, and discoursing, and admiring Thy works ; and we came to our own minds, and went beyond them, that we might advance as high as that region of unfailing plenty, where Thou feedest Israel for ever with the food of truth, and where life is that wisdom by whom all these things are made, both which have been, and which are to come ; and she is not made, but is as she hath been, and so shall ever be ; yea, rather to “ have been,” and “ to be hereafter,” are not in her, but only “ to be,” seeing she is eternal, for to “ have been,” and “ to be hereafter,” are not eternal.

We were saying, then, if to any man the tumult of the flesh were silenced—silenced the fantasies of earth, waters and air, silenced, too, the poles ; yea, the very soul be silenced to herself, and go beyond herself by not thinking of herself—silenced fancies and imaginary revelations, every tongue and every sign and whatsoever exists by passing away, since, if any could hearken, all these say, “ We created not ourselves, but were created by Him who abideth for ever”. If, having uttered this, they now should be silenced, having only quickened our ears to Him who created them, and He alone speak not by them, but by Himself, that we may hear His word, not by fleshly tongue, nor angelic voice, nor sound of thunder, nor the obscurity of a similitude, but might hear Him—Him whom in these we love—without these, like as we two now strained ourselves, and with rapid thought touched on that Eternal Wisdom which remaineth over all. If this could be sustained, and other visions of a far different kind be withdrawn, and this one ravish, and absorb, and envelop its beholder amid these inward joys, so that his life might be eternally like that one moment of knowledge which we now sighed after, were not this *Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord?* And when shall that be?

When we shall all rise again; but all shall not be changed.

Such things was I saying, and if not after this manner, and in these words, yet, Lord, Thou knowest, that in that day, when we were talking thus, this world with all its delights grew contemptible to us, even while we spake. Then said my mother, "Son, for myself, I have no longer any pleasure in aught in this life. What I want here further, and why I am here, I know not, now that my hopes in this world are satisfied. There was indeed one thing for which I wished to tarry a little in this life, and that was that I might see thee a Catholic Christian before I died. My God has exceeded this abundantly, so that I see thee, despising all earthly felicity, made His servant—what do I here?"

What reply I made unto her to these things I do not well remember. However, scarcely five days after, or not much more, she was prostrated by fever; and while she was sick, she one day sank into a swoon, and was for a short time unconscious of visible things. We hurried up to her; but she soon regained her senses, and gazing on me and my brother as we stood by her, she said to us inquiringly, "Where was I?" Then looking intently at us, stupefied with grief, "Here," saith she, "shall you bury your mother". I was silent, and refrained from weeping; but my brother said something, wishing her, as the happier lot, to die in her own country and not abroad. She, when she heard this, with anxious countenance arrested him with her eye, as savouring of such things, and then gazing at me, "Behold," saith she, "what he saith," and soon after to us both she saith, "Lay this body anywhere, let not the care for it trouble you at all. This only I ask, that you will remember me at the Lord's altar wherever you be." And when she had given forth this opinion in such words as she could, she was silent, being in pain with her increasing sickness. On



the ninth day, then, of her sickness, the fifty-sixth year of her age, and the thirty-third of mine, was that religious and devout soul set free from the body.

I closed her eyes, and there flowed a great sadness into my heart, and it was passing into tears, when mine eyes at the same time by the violent control of my mind, sucked back the fountain dry, and woe was me in such a struggle! But, as soon as she breathed her last, the boy Adeodatus burst out into wailing, but, being checked by us all, he became quiet. In like manner also my own childish feeling, which was, through the youthful voice of my heart, finding escape in tears, was restrained and silent. For we did not consider it fitting to celebrate that funeral with tearful complaints and groanings; for on such wise are they who die unhappy, or are altogether dead, wont to be mourned. But she neither died unhappy, nor did she altogether die. For of this were we assured by the witness of her good conversation, her faith unfeigned and other sufficient grounds.

What, then, was that which did grievously pain me within, but the newly-made wound, from having that most sweet and dear habit of living together suddenly broken off? I was full of joy indeed in her testimony, when, in that her last illness, flattering my dutifulness, she called me "kind," and recalled, with great affection of love, that she had never heard any harsh or reproachful sound come out of my mouth against her. But yet, O my God, who madest us, how can the honour which I paid to her be compared with her slavery for me? As, then, I was left destitute of so great comfort in her, my soul was stricken, and that life torn apart as it were, which, of hers and mine together, had been made but one.

The boy then being restrained from weeping, Evodius took up the Psalter and began to sing—the whole house responding—the Psalm, *I will sing of mercy and judgment unto thee, O Lord.*



From THE CITY OF GOD.

XXV. *What the Christians lost during the sack of Rome.*

These are the considerations which one must keep in view, that he may answer the question whether any evil happens to the faithful and godly which cannot be turned to profit. Or shall we say that the question is needless, and that the Apostle is vapouring when he says, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God". They lost all they had. Their faith? Their godliness? The possessions of the hidden man of the heart which in the sight of God are of great price? Did they lose these? For these are the wealth of Christians. But as to those feeblér spirits who, though they cannot be said to prefer earthly possessions to Christ, do yet cleave to them with a somewhat immoderate attachment, they have discovered by the pain of losing these things how much they were sinning in loving them. For their grief is of their own making; in the words of the Apostle, "They have pierced themselves through with many sorrows". For it was well that they who had so long despised verbal admonitions should receive the teaching of experience. Our Lord's injunction runs, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is there will your heart be also". And they who have listened to this injunction have proved in the time of tribulation how well they were advised in not despising this most trustworthy teacher, and most faithful and mighty guardian of their treasure. For if many

were glad that their treasure was stored in places which the enemy chanced not to light upon, how much better founded was the joy of those who, by the counsel of their God, had fled with their treasure to a citadel which no enemy can possibly reach !

Again, they say that the long famine laid many a Christian low. But this, too, the faithful turned to good uses by a pious endurance of it. For those whom famine killed outright it rescued from the ills of this life as a kindly disease would have done ; and those who were only hunger-bitten were taught to live more sparingly, and inured to longer fasts.

But, it is added, many Christians were slaughtered, and were put to death in a hideous variety of cruel ways. Well, if this be hard to bear, it is assuredly the common lot of all who are born into this life. Of this at least I am certain that no one has ever died who was not destined to die some time. Now the end of life puts the longest life on a par with the shortest. For of two things which have alike ceased to be, the one is not better, the other worse—the one greater, the other less. And of what consequence is it what kind of death puts an end to life since he who has died once, is not forced to go through the same ordeal a second time ? And as in the daily casualties of life every man is, as it were, threatened with numberless deaths, so long as it remains uncertain which of them is his fate, I would ask whether it is not better to suffer one and die, than to live in fear of all ? I am not unaware of the poor-spirited fear which prompts us to choose rather to live long in fear of so many deaths than to die once and so escape them all ; but the weak and cowardly shrinking of the flesh is one thing, and the well-considered and reasonable persuasion of the soul quite another. That death is not to be judged an evil which is the end of a good life.

XXVI. *The two cities, the earthly and the heavenly.*

The earthly city, which does not live by faith, seeks an earthly peace, and the end it proposes, in the well-ordered concord of civic obedience and rule, is the combination of men's wills to attain the things which are helpful to this life. The heavenly city, or rather the part of it which sojourns on earth and lives by faith, makes use of this peace only because it must, until this mortal condition which necessitates it shall pass away. Consequently, so long as it lives like a captive and a stranger in the earthly city, though it has already received the promise of redemption, and the gift of the Spirit as the earnest of it, it makes no scruple to obey the laws of the earthly city, whereby the things necessary for the maintenance of this mortal life are administered; and thus as this life is common to both cities, so there is a harmony between them in regard to what belongs to it. This heavenly city, then, while it sojourns on earth, calls citizens out of all nations, and gathers together a society of pilgrims of all languages, not scrupling about diversities in the manners, laws, and institutions whereby earthly peace is secured and maintained, but recognizing that, however various these are, they all tend to one and the same end of earthly peace. It therefore is so far from rescinding and abolishing these diversities, that it even preserves and adopts them, so long only as no hindrance to the worship of the one supreme and true God is thus introduced. Even the heavenly city, therefore, while in its state of pilgrimage, avails itself of the peace of earth, and, so far as it can without injuring faith and godliness desires and maintains a common agreement among men regarding the acquisition of the necessities of life, and makes this earthly peace bear upon the peace of heaven; for this alone can be truly called and esteemed the peace of the reasonable creatures, consisting as it does in the perfectly

ordered and harmonious enjoyment of God and of one another in God. In its pilgrim state the heavenly city possesses this peace by faith; and by this faith it lives righteously when it refers to the attainment of that peace every good action towards God and man; for the life of the city is a social life.

ST. PATRICK, 373-C. 463.

*From* THE CONFESSION.

XXVII.

*The story of his life.*

I, Patrick the Sinner, am the most untutored and the least of all the faithful, and am held in contempt by many.

My father was Calpornius a deacon, a son of Potitus a presbyter, who belonged to the village of Benaven Taberniae. He had a farmstead near at hand where I was taken captive. I was at that time about sixteen years of age, and I was carried into Ireland into captivity. And there the Lord opened the understanding of my unbelief, that even though late, I might recall to mind my sins, and that I might be converted with all my heart to the Lord my God who regarded my humility and took pity on the youth of my ignorance, and protected me before I knew Him and before I had discernment or could distinguish between good and evil, and fortified and consoled me as a father his son. Whence I, at first a rustic and an exile and unlearned, as is plain, who know not how to make provision for the future, but this I know most certainly, that truly before I was afflicted I was as a stone lying in a deep mire and that He that is powerful came and in His mercy lifted me, and indeed raised me up again and placed me on the top of the wall. Therefore I ought to cry aloud mightily, so that I

also may render somewhat to the Lord for His so great benefits here and in eternity, such as the mind of man is unable to estimate. And I was not worthy, nor such an one as that the Lord should grant this to His servant, that, after cares and such great obstacles, after captivity, after many years, He should endow me with such a great grace with regard to that nation, what formerly in my youth I never hoped for nor dreamt of.

But after I had come to Ireland I tended flocks daily, and frequently in the day did I pray. The love of God and the fear of Him increased more and more, and faith grew and the spirit was roused, so that in a single day I prayed as often as a hundred times, and by night almost as frequently, even while I was sojourning in the woods and on the mountain. Before daybreak I used to be awakened to prayer in snow, frost, and rain, and I felt no hurt, and there was no sloth in me, as I now perceive, because the spirit then was fervent in me. And there, indeed, on a certain night I heard in my sleep a voice saying to me: "Well dost thou fast; thou who art soon to go to thy native country". And again, after a little time, I heard a response saying to me, "Lo, thy ship is ready". And it was not near, but was, perhaps, distant two hundred miles. And I had never been there nor did I know any person there. And so I fled soon after and left the man with whom I had been for six years, and I came by the power of God who was directing my path unto good, and I was afraid of nothing until I reached that ship. And once more, after a few years, I was in Britain with my parents, who received me as a son, and earnestly besought me that now, at least, after such tribulation as I had suffered, I should not leave them any more. And there, truly, I beheld in a vision of the night a man called Victoricus coming as it were from Ireland with letters innumerable. And he gave me one of them, and I read the beginning of the letter which contained: The voice of the

Irish ; and while I was reading aloud the beginning of the letter methought that at that very moment I heard the voice of those who lived beside the wood of Foclut, which is near the Western Sea. And as with one voice they thus exclaimed : " We beseech thee, O holy youth, that thou come hither and still walk amongst us ". And I was greatly affected at heart and could read no more. And so I awoke. Thanks be to God that after many years the Lord granted to them according to their solicitation.

Whence to me this wisdom which was not in me, who neither knew the number of my days nor relished God ? Whence to me afterwards that gift so great, so saving, to know and love God but so as to lose fatherland and parents ?

And many gifts they offered to me with weeping and tears. And I displeased them, and also, against my will, some of my seniors, but under the guidance of God I did in no wise consent or yield to them. It was not my grace but God who prevaieth in me, and He resisted them all so that I came to the heathen Irish to preach the Gospel and to suffer reproaches from unbelievers, so as to hear the reproach of my journeying abroad and endure many persecutions even unto chains, and that I should cede my freedom for the benefit of others. And if I be worthy I am ready to give up my life without hesitation and most willingly for His name's sake, and I desire to spend it there even unto death, if the Lord permit me. Because I am greatly indebted to God who bestowed such grace on me, that many people should through me be regenerated to God, and afterwards confirmed, and that clerics should be ordained for them everywhere, for a people newly come to the faith, whom the Lord took from the ends of the earth, as He formerly promised through His prophets.

Behold, again and again, I shall briefly declare the words of my confession. I testify in truth and in joy of



heart, before God and His holy angels, that I never had any motive except the Gospel and His promises, for ever returning to that nation from whom on a former occasion I with difficulty escaped. But I beseech those who believe and fear God, whosoever shall have deigned to look into or receive this document, which Patrick the Sinner, unlearned, as is manifest, wrote in Ireland, that no one ever say that it was my ignorance that did whatever little I have done or demonstrated according to God's will, but consider ye, and let it be most truly believed, that it was the gift of God. And this is my Confession before I die.

BOËTHIUS, c. 470-524.

*From THE CONSOLATION OF PHILOSOPHY.*

XXVIII. *The meaning of eternity.*

Since whatever is known is known not by its own nature, but by the nature of those who comprehend it, let us now consider, so far as we reverently may, what may be the condition of the Divine Being, that we may at the same time learn what His knowledge may be.

That God is eternal is the common judgment of all who enjoy reason. Let us consider, then, what eternity may be. For this will reveal to us the Divine nature and the Divine knowledge at the same time. Eternity, then, is the complete and perfect possession of unlimited life all at once; and this becomes clearer by the comparison of the things of time; for whatever lives in time, itself present, proceeds from past to future; and there is nothing which is established in time, which can embrace the whole space of its life at once; but what pertains to to-morrow, it has not yet laid hold of; what pertains to yesterday, it has

already lost ; and even in the life of to-day, ye live only in the fluctuating and transitory moment. Whatsoever, then, endures the conditions of time, although, as Aristotle thought of the universe, it should never have begun, and should never cease to be, and its life should be stretched out in infinity of time, would not yet deserve on that account to be regarded as eternal ; for it does not comprehend and embrace the whole space of its life, infinite though that life may be, at once ; but the future it hath not yet ; the past it hath no longer. That then which embraces and possesses the whole plenitude of unlimited life at once, from which nought of the future is absent, from which nought of the past has flowed away, *that* is rightly deemed eternal ; and that of necessity, in possession of itself, must ever be present to itself, and must grasp the infinity of moving time as present. Wherefore not rightly do certain who, when they hear that Plato thought this universe had neither had a beginning of time, nor would have an end, deem that, at that rate, the created universe becomes co-eternal with the Creator. No, for it is one thing to be drawn on through an interminable life, which Plato attributed to the universe ; it is another thing for the whole of that interminable life to be embraced all at once as a present, which is manifestly the prerogative of the Divine mind. Nor should God be deemed more venerable than created things because of the quantity of His time, but rather because of that which is proper to His unified being. For this unmoving present state of life is imitated by that infinite movement of the things of time ; which, since it cannot express and equal the other, lapses from immobility into motion, and from the simplicity of the present tails off into an infinite quantity of future and of past ; and since it cannot possess the whole plenitude of its life at once, from the sheer fact of, in a sort of sense, never ceasing to be, seems in a way to rival that which it cannot fill out and express ; binding itself to

the presentness, such as it is, of this thin and fleeting moment, which presentness, since it bears a certain image of that abiding presentness, gives a resemblance of being to such things as it attaches itself to. Since, then, it could not abide, it set out upon the infinite path of time, and so it came about that it stretched out by going that life the plenitude of which it could not grasp by staying. And so, if we would give the right names to things, we should follow Plato and say that God is eternal, and the universe perpetual.

ST. BENEDICT, 480-543.

*From* THE RULE.

XXIX. *The reception of guests at the monastery.*

All guests shall be received as though they were Christ : for he himself said : " I was a stranger and ye took me in ". And to all, fitting honour shall be shown ; but most of all to servants of the faith and to pilgrims. When, therefore, a guest is announced, the prior or the brothers shall run to meet him, with every office of love. And first they shall pray together, and thus they shall be joined together in the kiss of peace. In the salutation itself, moreover, all humility shall be exhibited. In the case of all guests arriving or departing : with inclined head, or with prostrating of the whole body upon the ground, Christ, who is also received in them, shall be adored. The guests, moreover, having been received, shall be conducted to prayer ; and afterwards the prior, or one whom he himself orders, shall sit with them. The law of God shall be read before the guest that he may be edified ; and after this every kindness shall be exhibited. The abbot shall give water into the hands of

his guests ; and the abbot as well as the whole congregation shall wash the feet of all guests. Which being done, they shall say this verse: "We have received, O Lord, Thy loving kindness in the midst of Thy temple". Chiefly in the reception of poor and of pilgrims shall care be most anxiously exhibited: for in them Christ is received the more.

XXX.

*The office of an abbot.*

In ordaining an abbot this consideration shall always be observed: that such a one shall be put into office as the whole congregation, according to the fear of God, with one heart—or even a part, however small, of the congregation with more prudent counsel—shall have chosen. He who is to be ordained, moreover, shall be elected for merit of life and learnedness in wisdom; even though he be of the lowest in rank in the congregation. The abbot who is ordained, moreover, shall reflect always what a burden he is undertaking, and to whom he is to render account of his stewardship. He shall know that he ought rather to be of help than to command. He ought, therefore, to be learned in the Divine law, that he may know how to give forth both the new and the old; chaste, sober, merciful. He shall always exalt mercy over judgment, that he may obtain the same. He shall hate vice, he shall love the brethren. In his blame itself he shall act prudently and do nothing excessive; lest while he is too desirous of removing the rust, the vessel be broken. And he shall always suspect his own frailty; and shall remember that a bruised reed is not to be crushed. By which we do not say that he shall permit vice to be nourished; but prudently, and with charity, he shall remove it, according as he finds it to be expedient in the case of each one. And he shall strive rather to be loved than feared. He shall not be troubled

and anxious ; he also shall not be too obstinate ; he shall not be jealous and too suspicious ; for then he will have no rest. In his commands he shall be prudent, and shall consider whether they be of God or of the world. He shall use discernment and moderation with regard to the labours which he enjoins, thinking of the discretion of St. James who said : " If I over-drive my flocks they will die all in one day " Accepting therefore this and other testimony of discretion, the mother of the virtues, he shall so temper all things that there may be both what the strong desire, and the weak do not flee.

### XXXI. *Concerning the good zeal that monks ought to have.*

As there is an evil zeal of bitterness, which separates from God and leads to hell ; so there is a good zeal, which separates from vice and leads to God and to eternal life. Let the monks therefore exercise this zeal with the most fervent love : that is, let them mutually surpass each other in honour. Let them most patiently tolerate their weaknesses, whether of body or of character ; let them vie with each other in showing obedience. Let no one pursue what he thinks useful for himself, but rather what he thinks useful for another. Let them love the brotherhood with a chaste love ; let them fear God ; let them love their abbot with a sincere and humble love ; let them prefer nothing whatever to Christ, who leads us alike to eternal life.

### ST. COLUMBA, 521-597.

### XXXII. *Sources of Joy.*

Delightful would it be to me in Uchd Ailiun  
On the pinnacle of a rock,

That I might often see  
    The face of the ocean ;  
That I might see its heaving waves  
    Over the wide ocean,  
When they chant music to their Father  
    Upon the world's course ;  
That I might see its level sparkling strand,  
    It would be no cause of sorrow ;  
That I might hear the song of the wonderful birds,  
    Source of happiness  
That I might hear the thunder of the crowding waves  
    Upon the rocks ;  
That I might hear the roar by the side of the church  
    Of the surrounding sea ;  
That I might see its noble flocks  
    Over the watery ocean ;  
That I might see the sea monsters,  
    The greatest of all wonders ;  
That I might see its ebb and flood  
    In their career ;  
That my mystical name might be, I say,  
    " Cul-ri-Erin " ;  
That contrition might come upon my heart  
    Upon looking at her ;  
That I might bewail my evils all,  
    Though it were difficult to compute them ;  
That I might bless the Lord  
    Who conserves all,  
Heaven with its countless bright orders,  
    Land, strand, and flood ;  
That I might search the books all,  
    That would be good for my soul ;  
At times kneeling to beloved Heaven ;  
    At times at psalm-singing ;



At times contemplating the King of Heaven,  
 Holy the Chief;  
 At times at work without compulsion;  
 This would be delightful.  
 At times plucking *duilisc* from the rocks;  
 At times fishing;  
 At times giving food to the poor;  
 At times in a carcair.<sup>1</sup>  
 The best advice in the presence of God  
 To me has been vouchsafed.  
 The King whose servant I am will not let  
 Anything deceive me.

ST. ADAMNAN, 625-704.

*From* THE LIFE OF ST. COLUMBA.

XXXIII.

*St. Columba.*

He was a man of venerable life and blessed memory, a father and founder of monasteries, and his name was the same as that of Jonah the prophet, for, although different in sound in the three different languages, this word, which in Hebrew is pronounced as *Iona*, but which Greek utters as *Peristera*, is also in the Latin tongue translated *Columba*. Such and so great a name is believed to have been given to the man of God not without a Divine providence. For also according to the faith of the Gospels, the Holy Spirit is shown to have descended upon the Only-begotten of the Eternal Father in the form of that little bird which is called *columba* (dove); whence for the most part in the Holy Scrip-

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Solitary cell.

tures the dove is distinguished as mystically signifying the Holy Spirit. Accordingly the Saviour also in his Gospel taught his disciples to preserve the simplicity of doves implanted in a pure heart, for the dove is a simple and innocent bird. It was right therefore that a simple and innocent man, who by his dove-like disposition made a dwelling-place within himself for the Holy Spirit, should be called by this name, to which name not unfitly corresponds that which is written in the Proverbs, "Better is a good name than great riches." Not undeservedly, then, was this our abbot, being already adorned by the gift of God, endowed with this his proper name.

St. Columba, then, was born of noble parentage; his father was Fedilmith son of Fergus, his mother Aethne by name, whose father can be called in Latin Filius Navis (son of Nave), but in the Scotie (Irish) tongue Mac Nave. In the second year after the battle of Cooladrummon, and the forty-second of his age, being desirous to make a journey for Christ from Ireland into Britain, he sailed forth. And he, who from his boyhood had been devoted to the service of Christ and the study of wisdom, preserving, by the gift of God, soundness of body and purity of soul, showed that though placed upon earth he was fitted for the heavenly life. For he had as it were the face of an angel, he was polished in speech, holy in work, the best of men in disposition, great in counsel, living for thirty-four years an island soldier (of Christ). Not even the space of a single hour could pass by without his devoting himself to prayer, or reading, or writing, or even to some manual labour. Day and night he was so engaged, without any intermission, in unwearied exercises of fasts and vigils, that the particular burden of any one labour might seem to be beyond human possibility. And meanwhile he was dear to all, ever showing a cheerful, holy face, and was gladdened in his inmost heart by the joy of the Holy Spirit.

## THE VENERABLE BEDE, c. 673-735.

*From* THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

XXXIV.     *The conversion of King Edwin.*

King Edwin, delaying to receive the Word of God at the preaching of Paulinus, and using for some time to sit several hours alone, and seriously to ponder with himself what he was to do, and what religion he was to follow, the man of God came to him, laid his right hand on his head, and asked, "Whether he knew that sign?" The king, in a trembling condition, was ready to fall down at his feet, but he raised him up, and in a familiar manner said to him, "Behold, by the help of God, you have escaped the hands of the enemies whom you feared. Behold you have of his gift obtained the kingdom which you desired. Take heed not to delay that which you promised to perform; embrace the faith, and keep the precepts of Him who, delivering you from temporal adversity, has raised you to the honour of a temporal kingdom; and if, from this time forward, you shall be obedient to His will, which through me He signifies to you, He will not only deliver you from the everlasting torments of the wicked, but also make you partake with Him of His eternal kingdom in heaven."

The king, hearing these words, answered that he was both willing and bound to receive the faith which he taught; but that he would confer about it with his principal friends and councillors, to the end that if they also were of his opinion, they might altogether be cleansed in Christ the Fountain of Life. Paulinus consenting, the king did as he said; for, holding a council with the wise men, he asked of every one in particular what he thought of the new doctrine, and the new worship that was preached? To which the chief of his

own priests, Coifi, immediately answered, "O king consider what this is which is now preached to us; for I verily declare to you that the religion which we have hitherto professed has, as far as I can learn, no virtue in it. It remains, therefore, that if upon examination you find those new doctrines, which are now preached to you, better and more efficacious, we immediately receive them without any delay."

Another of the king's men, approving of his words and exhortations, presently added: "The present life of man, O king, seems to me, in comparison of that time which is unknown to us, like to the swift flight of a sparrow through the room wherein you sit at supper in winter, with your commanders and ministers, and a good fire in the midst, whilst the storms of rain and snow prevail abroad; the sparrow, I say, flying in at one door, and immediately out at another, whilst he is within, is safe from the wintry storm; but after a short space of fair weather, he immediately vanishes out of your sight, into the dark winter from which he had emerged. So this life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before, or what is to follow, we are utterly ignorant. If, therefore, this new doctrine contains something more certain, it seems justly to deserve to be followed." The other elders and king's councillors, by Divine inspiration spoke to the same effect.

In short, the king publicly gave his licence to Paulinus to preach the Gospel, and renouncing idolatry, declared that he received the faith of Christ.

King Edwin, therefore, with all the nobility of the nation, and a large number of the common people received the faith, and the washing of regeneration, in the eleventh year of his reign, which is the year of the incarnation of our Lord 627, and about one hundred and eighty years after the coming of the English into Britain. He was baptized at York on the holy day of Easter.

XXXV.

*Cædmon.*

There was in the Abbess Hilda's monastery a certain brother particularly remarkable for the grace of God, who was wont to make pious and religious verses, so that whatever was interpreted to him out of Scripture, he soon after put the same into poetical expressions of much sweetness and humility in English, which was his native language. By his verses the minds of many were often excited to despise the world, and to aspire to heaven. Others after him attempted, in the English nation, to compose religious poems, but none could ever compare with him, for he did not learn the art of poetry from men, but from God; for which reason he never could compose any trivial or vain poem, but only those which relate to religion suited his religious tongue; for having lived in a secular habit till he was well advanced in years, he had never learned anything of versifying; for which reason being sometimes at entertainments, when it was agreed for the sake of mirth that all present should sing in their turns, when he saw the instrument come towards him, he rose up from table and returned home.

Having done so at a certain time, and gone out of the house where the entertainment was, to the stable, where he had to take care of the horses that night, he there composed himself to rest at the proper time; a person appeared to him in his sleep, and saluting him by his name, said, "Cædmon, sing some song to me". He answered, "I cannot sing; for that was the reason why I left the entertainment and retired to this place because I could not sing". The other who talked to him, replied, "However, you shall sing". "What shall I sing?" rejoined he. "Sing the beginning of created beings," said the other. Hereupon he presently began to sing verses to the praise of God, which he had never heard, the purport whereof was thus: We

are now to praise the Maker of the heavenly kingdom, the power of the Creator and His counsel, the deeds of the Father of glory, how He, being the eternal God, became the author of all miracles, who first, as almighty preserver of the human race, created heaven for the sons of men as the roof of the house, and next the earth. This is the sense, but not the words, in order as he sang them in his sleep ; for verses, though never so well composed, cannot be literally translated out of one language into another without losing much of their beauty and loftiness. Awaking from his sleep, he remembered all that he had sung in his dream, and soon added much more to the same effect in verse worthy of the Deity.

In the morning he came to the steward, his superior, and having acquainted him with the gift he had received, was conducted to the abbess, by whom he was ordered, in the presence of many learned men, to tell his dream, and repeat the verses, that they might all give their judgment what it was, and whence his verse proceeded. They all concluded that heavenly grace had been conferred on him by our Lord. They expounded to him a passage in holy writ, either historical, or doctrinal, ordering him, if he could, to put the same into verse. Having undertaken it, he went away, and returning the next morning, gave it to them, composed in most excellent verse : whereupon the abbess, embracing the grace of God in the man, instructed him to quit the secular habit and take upon him the monastic life ; which being accordingly done, she associated him to the rest of the brethren in her monastery, and ordered that he should be taught the whole series of sacred history. Thus Cædmon, keeping in mind all he heard, and as it were chewing the cud, converted the same into most harmonious verse ; and sweetly repeating the same, made his masters in their turn his hearers. He sang the creation of the world, the origin of man, and all the history



of Genesis : and made many verses on the departure of the children of Israel out of Egypt, and their entering into the land of promise, with many other histories from holy writ ; the incarnation, passion, resurrection of our Lord, and His ascension into heaven ; the coming of the Holy Spirit, and the preaching of the apostles ; also the terror of future judgment, the horror of the pains of hell, and the delights of heaven ; besides many more about the Divine benefits and judgments, by which he endeavoured to turn away all men from the love of vice, and to excite in them the love of, and application to, good actions ; for he was a very religious man, humbly submissive to regular discipline, but full of zeal against those who behaved themselves otherwise ; for which reason he ended his life happily.

CUTHBERT, A PUPIL OF THE VENERABLE BEDE.

*From* LETTER TO CUTHWIN.

XXXVI.

*The death of Bede.*

During these days our father and master, Bede, laboured to compose two works worthy to be remembered, besides the lessons we had from him, and singing the Psalms ; viz. he translated the Gospel of St. John as far as the words : “ But what are these among so many,” etc.<sup>1</sup> into our own tongue, for the benefit of the Church ; and some collections out of the Book of Notes of Bishop Isidorus, saying : “ I will not have my pupils read a falsehood, nor labour therein without profit after my death ”. When the Tuesday before the ascension of our Lord came, he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a slight swelling appeared in his feet : but

<sup>1</sup> St. John vi. 9.

he passed all that day and dictated cheerfully, and now and then among other things, said, "Write quickly, I know not how long I shall last, and whether my Maker will not soon take me away". But to us he seemed very well to know the time of his departure; and so he spent the night awake in thanksgiving; and when the morning appeared, that is, Wednesday, he ordered us to write with all speed what he had begun; and this done, we walked till the third hour with the relics of saints, according to the custom of that day. There was one of us with him, who said to him, "Most dear master, there is still one chapter wanting: do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?" He answered, "It is no trouble. Take your pen, and make ready, and write fast." Which he did; but at the ninth hour he said to me, "I have some little articles of value in my chest, such as pepper, napkins, and incense: run quickly, and bring the priests of our monastery to me, that I may distribute among them the gifts which God hath bestowed upon me. The rich in this world are wont to give gold and silver and other precious things. But I, in charity, will joyfully give my brothers what God has given unto me." He spoke to every one of them, admonishing and entreating them that they would carefully say masses and prayers for him, which they readily promised; but they all mourned and wept, especially because he said, "They should no more see his face in this world". They rejoiced for that he said, "It is time that I return to Him who formed me out of nothing: I have lived long: my merciful Judge well foresaw my life for me; the time of my dissolution draws nigh; for I desire to die and to be with Christ". Having said much more, he passed the day joyfully till the evening; and the boy, above mentioned, said: "Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written". He answered, "Write quickly". Soon after, the boy said, "It is finished". He replied, "It is well; you have said the

truth. It is finished. Raise my head in thy hands, for I greatly desire to sit facing my holy place, where I was wont to pray; that sitting there I may call upon my Father." And thus on the pavement of his little cell, he sang; "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and when he had named the Holy Ghost, he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom.

JOHN SCOTUS ERIGENA, 820?-895?

*From* THE DIVISION OF NATURE.

XXXVII. *The students' prayer.*

Assuredly the Divine clemency suffereth not those who piously and humbly seek the truth to wander in the darkness of ignorance, to fall into the pits of false opinions, and to perish in them. For there is no worse death than the ignorance of truth, no deeper whirlpool than the accepting of false things for true, which is the essential note of error. For out of these, foul and abominable monsters are wont to shape themselves in human thoughts, while loving and following which, as if they were true, turning its back upon the true light, striving to embrace flying shadows and not able to do it, the carnal soul falls ever into the abyss of misery. Wherefore we ought continually to pray and to say, "God, our salvation and redemption, who hast given us nature, grant to us also grace. Shew forth Thy light to us, as we grope after Thee, and seek Thee, in the shades of ignorance. Recall us from our errors. Stretch out Thy right hand to us weak ones who cannot, without Thee, attain to Thee. Show Thy very Self to those who seek nothing besides Thee! Break the clouds of vain phantasies which suffer not the eye of the mind to behold The after

that fashion in which Thou permittest Thyself, the invisible, to be seen of them who seek Thy face, which is their rest, their goal, beyond which they crave for nothing, seeing that there is nought beyond the supreme good that is above all sense."

KING ALFRED, 849-901.

*From his version of THE CONSOLATION OF BOËTHIUS.*

XXXVIII.

*His aims as a king.*

I desired instruments and materials to carry out the work I was set to do, which was that I should virtuously and fittingly administer the authority committed unto me. Now no man, as thou knowest, can get full play for his natural gifts, nor conduct and administer government, unless he hath fit tools, and the raw material to work upon. By material I mean that which is necessary to the exercise of natural powers; thus a king's raw material and instruments of rule are a well-peopled land, and he must have men of prayer, men of war, and men of work. As thou knowest, without these tools no king may display his special talent. Further, for his materials he must have means of support for the three classes above spoken of, which are his instruments; and these means are land to dwell in, gifts, weapons, meat, ale, clothing, and what else soever the three classes need. Without these means he cannot keep his tools in order, and without these tools he cannot perform any of the tasks entrusted to him. I have desired material for the exercise of government that my talents and my power might not be forgotten and hidden away, for every good gift and every power soon groweth old and is no more heard of, if Wisdom be not in them. Without Wisdom no

faculty can be fully brought out, for whatsoever is done unwisely can never be accounted as skill. To be brief, I may say that it has ever been my desire to live honourably while I was alive, and after my death to leave to them that should come after me my memory in good works.

ANONYMOUS, TENTH CENTURY?

XXXIX.           *Veni, Creator Spiritus.*

Come, O Creator Spirit blest !  
And in our souls take up Thy rest ;  
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid  
To fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

Great Paraclete ! To Thee we cry :  
O highest gift of God most high !  
O fount of life ! O fire of love !  
And solemn unction from above !

The sacred sevenfold grace is Thine,  
Dread finger of the hand divine !  
The promise of the Father Thou !  
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

Our senses touch with light and fire ;  
Our hearts with charity inspire ;  
And with endurance from on high  
The weakness of our flesh supply.

Far back our enemy repel,  
And let Thy peace within us dwell,  
So may we having Thee for guide  
Turn from each hateful thing aside.

O may Thy grace on us bestow  
The Father and the Son to know,  
And evermore to hold confess'd  
Thyself of Each the Spirit blest.

To God the Father praise be paid,  
Praise to the Son who from the dead  
Arose, and perfect praise to Thee  
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

ST. ANSELM, 1033-1109.

*From* THE PROSLGION.

XL. *The search for God.*

Lord, teach me to seek Thee, and show Thyself to me as I seek, for I cannot seek Thee unless Thou teach me, nor find Thee, unless Thou show Thyself. May I seek Thee in longing for Thee, and long for Thee in seeking; may I find Thee in loving Thee, and love Thee in finding. I confess, Lord, and I offer Thee thanks, that Thou hast created in me this Thy image in order that I may remember Thee, and think on Thee, and love Thee. But this image of Thee is so worn by the pressure of my faults, and obscured by the fume of my sins, that it cannot accomplish its purpose unless Thou renew it and reshape it. Lord, I strive not to penetrate Thy lofty nature, for in no way do I compare my understanding with it; but I desire in some degree to understand Thy truth, believed and loved already in my heart. For, indeed, I do not seek to understand in order that I may believe, but I believe in order that I may understand. For this also I believe, namely, that unless I believe I shall not understand.

Therefore, Lord, Thou who givest understanding to



faith, grant to me that as far as Thou knowest it to be expedient I may understand that Thou art, as we believe, and that Thou art what we believe Thee to be. Our belief is this—Thou art a being than which no greater can be conceived. Is there, indeed, no such nature because “the foolish man hath said in his heart ‘There is no God’?” But certainly that very man, when hearing the term, understands what he hears; what he understands is in his understanding, even though he does not go on to understand that such a Being exists. For there is a difference between having a thing in the understanding, and understanding that the thing is in existence. When, for example, a painter prepares in his mind what he is about to produce, he has the conception in his understanding, but he understands that what he has not yet produced is not yet in existence. When, however, he has painted his picture, he both has it in his understanding, and also understands that the thing which he has now produced is in existence. Even the foolish man, therefore, is convinced that something than which no greater can be conceived is in his understanding, because when he hears this he understands it, and whatever is understood is in the understanding. Now, certainly that than which no greater can be conceived cannot be in the understanding alone, for if it were only in the understanding it could then be further conceived to be also in reality, which would be a greater thing. Therefore, if that than which no greater can be conceived were only in the understanding, there would be something still greater than it, which assuredly is impossible. Something, therefore, without doubt, exists than which no greater can be conceived, and it is both in the understanding and in reality.

And certainly this greatest possible exists so truly that it cannot be thought not to exist. For we can think that there is something which cannot be thought of as non-existent, and so is superior to anything that can be so

thought of. So that if that than which no greater can be conceived can be thought of as non-existent, it must at the same time be the highest object of thought and not the highest—which is an inconsistency. Therefore, there so truly is something than which no greater can be thought, that it cannot be thought of as non-existent. And this Thou art, O Lord our God.

## XLI.

*The unapproachable Light.*

Hast thou found, O my soul, that which thou wert seeking? Thou wert seeking God, and hast found Him to be that supreme entity than which nothing greater can be conceived; and that it is life itself, light, wisdom, goodness, eternal blessedness and blessed eternity, and that it exists everywhere and always. Why doth not my soul feel Thee, O Lord my God, if she hath found Thee? Hath she not found Thee whom she hath found to be light and truth? Is her eye darkened by its infirmity or dazzled by Thy brightness? Ah, surely it is both darkened in itself and dazzled by Thee.

Truly, O Lord, this is the light inaccessible in which Thou dwellest; for truly there is nothing that may penetrate that light so as to look upon Thee. Truly indeed I see not that light, which is too bright for me; and yet whatever I see, I see by means of it, even as what the weak eye sees, it sees by means of the sun though into the sun itself it may not look. The understanding cannot bear that light, so brilliant it is; it takes it not in; nor may the eye of the soul endure it long. It is dazzled by its brightness, overcome by its spaciousness, overwhelmed by its immensity, confounded by its all-containing nature. O supreme and most unapproachable Light! O perfect and blessed Truth, how far art Thou from me who am yet so near to

Thee ! How remote art Thou from my sight who yet am present to Thine ! Everywhere Thou art wholly present and I see Thee not. In Thee I move and in Thee have my being, yet to Thee I am not able to approach. Thou art within and around me and I see Thee not.

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1091-1153.

*From a LETTER TO HIS COUSIN ROBERT.*

XLII. *Reproaches and counsels.*

From the world thou didst come, Robert, as thou thyself dost know, not from Cluny, when thou didst come to Citeaux. Thou didst ask for admission, thou didst beg, thou didst entreat ; but wert put off for two years, on account of thy tender age, though thou wert most unwilling to wait ; which time being patiently and blamelessly fulfilled, thou didst beg with many prayers and even, as thou mayst remember, with tears, and at length obtained the wished-for favour and the entrance which thou hadst so desired. After this, being patiently proven for a year according to the Rule, and thy behaviour being resolved and without reproach, thou wert professed at thine own wish ; then first thou didst cast aside the secular dress and put on the habit of religion. O foolish youth ! Who hath bewitched thee, that thou shouldst not fulfil the vows of thine own lips ? Shalt thou not be justified or be condemned out of thine own mouth ? “ No man,” says Jesus, “ having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God.” Listen to thine own heart, examine thine intention ; take counsel with truth ; let thy conscience answer thee why thou didst go away, why thou didst desert thine Order, thy

brethren, thy place, and me ; me, who am near to thee in blood and still nearer in spirit. If thou art now living more severely, more correctly, more perfectly than before, then thou mayst be sure that thou hast not looked back, and mayst glory with the apostle who says : " Forgetting those things that are behind and reaching forth unto the things that are before, I press toward the mark ". But if it be otherwise, be not high minded, but fear ; because whatever indulgence thou givest to thyself in food, in superfluous dress, in idle words, in lax and inquisitive ways beyond what thou hast promised and observed here, this without doubt is to look back, to walk crookedly, to apostatize.

And these things I say unto thee, my son, not to vex thee but to warn thee ; for though thou hast many teachers in Christ, thou hast not many fathers. For both by word and by my example have I begotten thee to religion. Now for what advantage to thee, or for what need of thine have our friends endeavoured to do this ? For I confess they have taken not the bone of my bone, nor flesh of my flesh, but the joy of my heart, the fruit of my spirit, the crown of my hope, and, as I verily feel, the half of my soul. Is thy salvation likely to be advanced by fineness of dress and abundance of dainties ? If such things make a saint why should not I follow thy example ? But these are the comforts of invalids, not the weapons of fighting men. Rise, soldier of Christ, rise, shake off the dust, return to the battle whence thou hast fled. Contending more bravely after thy flight, thou shalt conquer the more gloriously. Christ hath indeed many soldiers who have begun most bravely, stood fast and overcome, but few who having taken flight have turned back again and faced anew the danger from which they shrank, and have put to flight the foe from whom they had fled. And because every rare thing is precious, I rejoice that thou shouldst be of those who shall appear the

more glorious the rarer they are. Woe to thee if, in declining the fight, thou lovest at once the victory and the crown ! Which loss may God avert from thee, my dearest son.

*From A SERMON.*

XLIII. *The detestable vice of detraction.*

According to the prophet "death enters in through our windows" when with slaving mouths and itching ears we give to, and receive from, each other in turn the mortal cup of scandal and detraction. Let not my soul come into the meeting of detractors, for they are hated by God. Nor is this wonderful when we perceive that this vice, even more than other vices, conflicts with and persecutes that charity which is God Himself, as ye yourselves can easily discern. For every one who slanders his neighbour gives proof that he is wholly devoid of charity. What other object can he have in uttering the slander than to induce others to hate and despise those of whom the slander is spoken ? The slanderous tongue strikes, therefore, a deadly blow at charity in all those who hear the calumny, and, as far as its power extends, entirely destroys and extinguishes it ; and not only in them but in all those who are absent to whom the calumny is, perhaps, repeated, as words fly from lip to lip by those who have heard it. Ye see, then, how, a malicious report may in a brief space of time easily infect with the plague of its malice a great number of souls. A heart full of the venom of envy can scatter bitter words through its bitter instrument the tongue. There are different varieties of this pest. There are some persons who vomit forth the poison of detraction nakedly and without discrimination as it comes into their heads. And again, there are those who take pains to conceal the malice they have conceived and which they are no longer able to keep to themselves, with the cloak of an affected reserve.



*From treatise ON LOVING GOD.*

XLIV. *That God is to be loved for His own sake.*

Love is an affection of the soul, not a contract : it cannot rise from a mere agreement, nor is it so to be gained. It is spontaneous in its origin and impulse ; and true love is its own satisfaction. It has its reward ; but that reward is the object beloved. For whatever you seem to love, if it is on account of something else, what you do really love is that something else, not the apparent object of desire. St. Paul did not preach the Gospel that he might earn his bread ; he ate that he might be strengthened for his ministry. What he loved was, not bread, but the Gospel. True love does not demand a reward but it deserves one. Surely no one offers to pay for love ; yet some recompense is due to one who loves, and if his love endure, he will doubtless receive it. On a lower plane of action, it is the reluctant, not the eager, whom we urge by promises of reward. Who would think of paying a man to do what he was yearning to do already ? For instance, no one would hire a hungry man to eat, or a thirsty man to drink, or a mother to nurse her own child. Who would think of bribing a farmer to dress his own vineyard, or to dig about his orchard, or to rebuild his house ? So, all the more, one who loves God truly asks no other compensation than God Himself ; for if he should demand something else, it would be the prize that he loved, and not God.

XLV. *That the soul cannot be satisfied with earthly things.*

Is it not mad folly always to be craving for things which can never quiet our longings, much less satisfy them ? No matter how many such things one has, he is always lusting after what he has not ; never at peace he sighs for new



possessions. Discontented he spends himself in fruitless toil, and finds only weariness in the evanescent and unreal pleasures of the world. In his greediness, he counts all that he has clutched as nothing in comparison with what is beyond his grasp, and loses all pleasure in his actual possessions by longing after what he has not, yet covets. No man can ever hope to own all things. Even the little one does possess is got only with toil, and is held in fear; since each is certain to lose what he hath when God's day, appointed though unrevealed, shall come. But the perverted will struggles towards the ultimate good by devious ways, yearning after satisfaction, yet led astray by vanity and deceived by wickedness. Ah, if you wish to attain to the consummation of all desire, so that nothing unfulfilled will be left, why weary yourself with fruitless efforts, running hither and thither, only to die long before the goal is reached?

It is so that these impious ones wander in a circle, longing after something to gratify their yearnings, yet madly rejecting that which alone can bring them to their desired end, not by exhaustion but by attainment. They weary themselves out in vain travail without reaching their blessed consummation, because they delight in creatures, not in the Creator. They want to traverse creation, trying all things one by one, rather than think of coming to Him who is Lord of all. And if their utmost longing were realized, so that they should have all the world for their own, yet without possessing Him who is the Author of all being, then the same law of their desire would make them condemn what they had, and restlessly seek Him whom they still lacked, that is God Himself. Rest is in Him alone. Man knows no peace in the world; but he has no disturbance when he is with God. And so the soul says with confidence, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee; and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee. God

is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever. It is good for me to hold me fast by God, to put my trust in the Lord God." Even by this way one would eventually come to God, if only he might have time to test all lesser goods in turn.

But life is too short, strength too feeble, and competitors too many for that course to be practicable. One could never reach the end, though he were to weary himself with the long effort and fruitless toil of testing everything that might seem desirable. It would be far easier and far better to make the assay in imagination rather than in experiment.

## XLVI.

*On union with God.*

Seeing that the Scripture saith, God has made all for His own glory, surely His creatures ought to conform themselves, as much as they can, to His will. In Him should all our affections centre, so that in all things we should seek only to do His will, not to please ourselves. And real happiness will come, not in gratifying our desires, or in gaining transient pleasures, but in accomplishing God's Will for us; even as we pray every day: "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." O chaste and holy love! O sweet and gracious affection! O pure and cleansed purpose, thoroughly washed and purged from any admixture of selfishness, and sweetened by contact with the Divine Will! To reach this state is to become godlike. As a drop of water, poured into wine, loses itself, and takes the colour and savour of wine; or as a bar of iron, heated red-hot, becomes like fire itself, forgetting its own nature: or as the air, radiant with sunbeams, seems not so much to be illuminated as to be light itself; so, in the saints, all human affections melt away, by some unspeakable transmutation, into the will of God. For how could God be all in all, if anything merely human remained in man? The substance will endure, but in another beauty,

a higher power, a greater glory. When will that be? Who will see it, who possess it? "When shall I come to appear before the Presence of God?" "My heart hath talked of Thee, Seek ye My face: Thy face, Lord, will I seek." Lord thinkest Thou that I, even I, shall see Thy holy temple?

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, 1182-1226.

XLVII. *The Canticle of the Sun.*

O most high, Almighty, good Lord God, to Thee be-long praise, glory, honour, and all blessing!

Praised be my Lord God with all His creatures; and specially our brother the sun, who brings us the day, and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendour: O Lord, he signifies to us Thee!

Praised be my Lord for our sister the moon, and for the stars, the which he has set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praised be my Lord for our brother the wind, and for air and cloud, calms and all weather, by the which Thou upholdest in life all creatures.

Praised be my Lord for our sister water, who is very serviceable unto us, and humble and precious and clean.

Praised be my Lord for our brother fire, through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness; and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty and strong.

Praised be my Lord for our mother the earth, the which doth sustain us and keep us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colours, and grass.

Praised be my Lord for all those who pardon one another for His love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure, for Thou, O most Highest, shalt give them a crown!

Praised be my Lord for our sister the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth. Woe to him who dieth in mortal sin!

Blessed are they who are found walking by Thy most holy will, for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

Praise ye and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with great humility.

## FRANCISCAN LITERATURE.

*From* THE MIRROR OF PERFECTION.

### XLVIII.

#### *The duty of gladness.*

The blessed Francis ever made it his highest and chief study, apart from prayer and the Divine office, to have continually spiritual joy, both inwardly and outwardly; and this likewise he particularly loved in his brothers, often rebuking them for sadness and for showing their grief. And he was wont to say to them, "Since this spiritual joy comes of cleanness of heart and the purity of continual prayer, ye should seek above all to acquire and conserve these two things, that ye may possess, within and without, that joy which with the intensest longing I desire and wish to know and feel in you and myself, to the edification of our neighbours and the reproach of the enemy. For to him and his members it pertaineth to be sad, but to us always to rejoice and be glad in the Lord. On a certain occasion he reprov'd one of his companions who appeared sad of face, and said to him, "Why makest thou an outward show of sorrow and sadness for thy offences? Let this sadness be between thyself and God, and pray to Him that of His mercy He may spare thee, and may restore to thy soul the gladness of

His salvation, which is taken from thee on account of thy sin; but before me and others, study always to have joy, for it becomes not the servant of God to show before his brother or another sadness or a troubled face." Not that it should be understood or believed that our Father, a lover of all sobriety and decency, wished this gladness to be shown by laughter or by the least vain word, since by this not spiritual joy but rather vanity and folly is shown. By gladness of face he meant fervour and solicitude and the disposition and preparation of mind and body to do freely every good work, for by such fervour and disposition others are sometimes more provoked than by the good deed itself.

*From THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS.*

XLIX. *St. Francis and the love of poverty.*

The wonderful servant and follower of Christ, St. Francis, in order to conform himself perfectly in all things to Christ—who, as it is said in the Gospel, sent out his disciples, two and two, to all the cities and places whither he was intending to go—had, after the example of Christ, chosen twelve companions, and sent them forth into the world to preach, two and two. And in order to give them an example of true obedience, he was the first to set forth, after the example of Christ, who began to act before he taught. Now, having assigned to the others another part of the world, he himself, with brother Masseo for companion, took the way which leads towards the land of France. And coming one day to a certain town and being very hungry, they went, according to the Rule, to beg bread for the love of God; St. Francis going down one street and brother Masseo down another. But, because St. Francis was a man of mean appearance and small of stature and accounted a vile beggar



by those who knew him not, he received nothing but a few mouthfuls and crumbs of dry bread ; whilst brother Masseo, being tall and comely in person, had good pieces and large and many given to him, and entire loaves. When they had begged enough, they went together to a place outside the town where there was a fair fountain, that they might eat ; and beside which was also a broad and convenient stone, on which each placed all the alms which he had begged. And St. Francis, seeing that the pieces of bread which brother Masseo had were larger and better than his own, had great joy, and spoke thus : “ O brother Masseo, we are not worthy of so great treasure ”. And as he repeated these words several times, brother Masseo answered him : “ Father, how can this be called treasure, when we are in such poverty, and lack the things of which we have need ; we, who have neither cloth, nor knives, nor plates, nor porringer, nor house, nor table, nor manservant, nor maidservant ? ” Then said St. Francis : “ And this is what I call a great treasure, that there is nothing here provided by human industry, but everything is provided by Divine Providence, as we may see manifestly in this bread which we have begged, in this stone which serves so beautifully for our table, and in this so clear fountain ; and therefore I desire that we should pray to God that He would cause holy poverty, which is a thing so noble that God Himself was made subject to it, to be loved by us with our whole heart ”. And when he had said these words, and they had made their prayer, and partaken for bodily refreshment of the pieces of bread, and drunk of the water, they arose, and went on their way to France. And they having come to a church, St. Francis said to his companion : “ Let us go into this Church and pray ”. And entering, St. Francis placed himself behind the altar and betook himself to prayer. And as he prayed, he received from the Divine visitation such excessive fervour which so vehemently inflamed his soul with the love of holy poverty that by the



increased colour of his face, and the unaccustomed opening of his lips, it seemed as though he were breathing out flames of love.

L. *The grace of courtesy.*

St. Francis, the servant of Christ, came late one evening to the house of a great and powerful nobleman, who received him hospitably, both him and his companion, and treated them as though they had been angels of God with the greatest courtesy and devotion. For which cause St. Francis bore him great love, seeing that at their entering the house he had embraced them as friends and kissed them, and then washed and wiped their feet and kissed them humbly, and had lit a great fire and prepared the table with many good things, and whilst they supped, continually served them with a joyful countenance. Now when St. Francis and his companion had eaten, this nobleman said: "Behold, my father, I offer thee myself and my possessions: whenever you have need of tunics or mantles, or of anything whatever, buy them, and I will pay for them; and see, I am ready to provide for all your wants as by the grace of God I can, seeing I abound in all temporal goods; and therefore, for the love of God, who has given them to me, I gladly do good to his poor". Whence St. Francis, seeing so much courtesy and good will in him and the largeness of his offer, conceived so much love for him that when he was departing, as he went he said to his companion: "Verily this nobleman, who is so mindful of and grateful towards God, and so loving and courteous towards his neighbours and the poor, would do well for our religious life and our company. Know, most dearly beloved brother, that courtesy is one of the properties of God, who gives His sun and rain to the just and the unjust by courtesy; and courtesy is the sister of charity, by which hatred is extinguished and love is cherished."

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS, 1226-1274.

*From the SUMMA THEOLOGICA.*

LI.           *On the gifts of the Holy Spirit.*

To distinguish [spiritual] gifts from virtues we must note the diction of Scripture, which enumerates them not under the name of gifts, but under the name of spirits: for it is said in Isaiah XI.: "The spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him; the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and piety; and the spirit of the fear of the Lord shall fill him". So it is clear that these seven excellences, as here enumerated, are considered in that form in which we receive them from Divine inspiration. Now inspiration implies a certain coming from without. For we must remember that there is a twofold moving principle in man: one from within, which is reason; and the other from without, which is God, as we have already seen. And the Philosopher says the same in his chapter on Good Fortune.

But it is clear that nothing can be moved if it is not adapted to that which is to move it: indeed this adaptation is the perfecting of its mobility, that is to say the preparation that makes it capable of receiving due motion from its mover. And the more exalted the mover is, the more perfectly must that which is moved be prepared in order to adapt itself to it: just as the pupil must be more perfectly prepared, in proportion to the loftiness of the teaching he is to receive from the master. Now it is clear that that which human virtues perfect a man in is his natural capacity of receiving impulses from reason to inward and outward action. It remains then that what man has to attain to by any loftier excellences there may be is the capacity to receive impulses from the Deity. And so these loftier

excellences are called gifts not only because it is God that pours them in ; but because it is by them that man is prepared to respond more quickly to the Divine inspiration ; as is said in Isaiah L : " The Lord hath opened mine ear, and I was not rebellious, neither turned away backward." And the Philosopher also says, in his chapter on Good Fortune, that those who are moved by Divine instinct should not take counsel with human reason, but should follow this inner instinct : because they are moved by a higher principle than human reason. And this is what is meant by those who say that the [spiritual] gifts qualify a man for loftier acts than the acts of the virtues.

LII. *Whether the rewards which are ascribed to the Beatitudes pertain to this life.*

I answer that expositors of sacred Scripture have spoken diversely concerning these rewards. For some say that all of them refer to the future bliss : as Ambrose, on Luke. But Augustine says that they pertain to the present life. Whereas Chrysostom says in his Homilies that some of them pertain to the future life, but some to the present.

For the elucidation of which we are to consider that the hope of future bliss may exist in us in virtue of two things : first, in virtue of a certain preparation or qualification for future bliss, which comes through merit ; and secondly, by virtue of a certain imperfect beginning of future bliss in holy men, even in this life. For the promise of fruit in a tree is there in one fashion when it throws out its green foliage : but in another fashion when the first formation of the fruit begins to appear.

And thus the merits spoken of in the Beatitudes are of the nature of preparations or qualifications for blessedness, whether perfect or incipient. Whereas the rewards set forth may be either the perfect bliss itself, in which case

they pertain to the future life: or a certain beginning of bliss, as found in perfect men, and in that case they pertain to the present life. For so soon as a man begins to make progress in the acts appropriate to the virtues and (spiritual) gifts, there may be good hope of him that he shall come to the perfection alike of the pilgrimage [of earth], and of the fatherland [of heaven].

LIII. *Whether the Beatitudes are enumerated in fitting order.*

The Beatitudes are enumerated in the most fitting order, as we see if we consider that there are three ways in which blessedness has been conceived: for some have made it consist in the life of indulgence; some in the life of action; and some in the life of contemplation. Now these three are diversely related to that future bliss, in the hope of which we are said to be blessed already. For the bliss of indulgence, in as much as it is false and counter to reason, is an impediment to future blessedness. But the blessedness of the active life prepares us for future blessedness. Whereas contemplative blessedness, if it be perfect, is in its very nature no other than the future blessedness itself: but if it is imperfect, it is a certain beginning thereof.

And therefore the Lord first set forth certain blessings as clearing away the impediment of the bliss sought in indulgence. For the life of indulgence consists in two things. First, in the abundance of outward goods: whether they be riches, or honours. Concerning which man is under such restraint from virtue as to use them in moderation: but from the gift [of God] more excellently, so as utterly to contemn them. Wherefore the first blessing is set forth, "Blessed are the poor in spirit": which may refer either to the contempt of riches, or to that contempt of honours which comes about through humility. But secondly, the life of indulgence consists in following our passions, whether of

resentment or of desire. Now from following the passions of resentment to excess, a man is restrained by virtue, according to the rule of reason: but by the gift [of God] in a more excellent way, so that, in obedience to the Divine will, he comes to be absolutely undisturbed by them. Wherefore the second beatitude is set forth, "Blessed are the meek". And in following the passions of desire a man is so restrained by virtue as only to give them moderate range: but by the gift [of God] he will, on occasion, absolutely fling them off; nay, if need be, he will spontaneously go to meet suffering instead of pleasure. Whence the third beatitude is set forth, "Blessed are they that mourn".

Next the active life consists chiefly in our conduct to others, whether prompted by a sense of obligation, or by spontaneous beneficence. Virtue then disposes us not to refuse to discharge our duty to our neighbour: which is a matter of justice. But the gift [of God] induces us to the same with a certain superabundance of love: so as to fulfil the deeds of justice with fervent longing, even as he who hungers or thirsts desires food or drink with fervent longing. Wherefore the fourth beatitude is set forth, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness". And as concerns spontaneous gifts the perfection of virtue is to give to those to whom reason declares such gifts suitable, for instance friends or others united to us: all which pertains to the virtue of liberality. But the gift [of God] makes a man, for reverence Godward, consider naught save the need of those to whom he offers gratuitous benefits: whence it is said in Luke XIV.: "When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind"; which is true compassion. And therefore the fifth beatitude is set forth, "Blessed are the merciful".



Finally, those things which pertain to the contemplative life are either the ultimate bliss itself or some certain beginning thereof: and therefore they do not appear in the beatitudes as merits [on which the blessings are pronounced], but only as rewards [which constitute the blessing itself]: the corresponding merits being supplied by those effects of the active life, by which man is led up to the contemplative life. Now the effect of the active life, in so far as concerns the virtues and gifts [of God] whereby man is perfected in himself, is cleanness of heart: to wit that the mind of man be not stained by passions. Whence the sixth beatitude is set down, "Blessed are the pure in heart". But as for the virtues and gifts [of God] whereby man is perfected in relation to his neighbour, the effect of the active life is peace; according to that word of Isaiah xxxii.: "And the work of righteousness shall be peace". And therefore the seventh beatitude is set forth, "Blessed are the men of peace".

#### JACOBUS BENEDICTIS? THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

##### LIV.

##### *Stabat mater dolorosa.*

At the cross her station keeping  
 Stood the mournful Mother weeping,  
     Close to Jesus to the last.  
 Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,  
 All his bitter anguish bearing,  
     Now at length the sword had passed.

Oh, how sad and sore distress'd  
 Was that Mother highly blest  
     Of the sole-begotten One!  
 Christ above in torment hangs;  
 She beneath beholds the pangs  
     Of her dying glorious Son.



Is there one who would not weep  
Whelmed in miseries so deep  
Christ's dear Mother to behold ?  
Can the human heart refrain  
From partaking in her pain,  
In that Mother's pain untold ?

Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,  
She beheld her tender Child  
All with bloody scourges rent ;  
For the sins of his own nation,  
Saw him hang in desolation,  
Till his spirit forth he sent.

O thou Mother ! Fount of love !  
Touch my spirit from above,  
Make my heart with thine accord ;  
Make me feel as thou hast felt ;  
Make my soul to glow and melt  
With the love of Christ my Lord.

Holy Mother ! pierce me through ;  
In my heart each wound renew  
Of my Saviour crucified :  
Let me share with thee his pain,  
Who for all my sins was slain,  
Who for me in torments died.

Let me mingle tears with thee,  
Mourning him who mourn'd for me,  
All the days that I may live :  
By the Cross with thee to stay,  
There with thee to weep and pray,  
Is all I ask of thee to give.

## MEISTER ECKHART, 1260-1329.

*From a SERMON.*

LV. *God desires that we should know Him.*

If the soul is to know God it must forget itself and lose itself, for as long as it contemplates self it cannot contemplate God. When it has lost itself and everything in God, it finds itself again in God when it attains to the knowledge of Him, and it finds also everything which it had abandoned complete in God. It is not from severity that God demands much from men in order to obtain knowledge of Himself: it is of His kindness that He wills the soul by effort to grow capacious of receiving much that He may give much. Let no man think that to attain this knowledge is too difficult, although it may sound so, and indeed the commencement of it, and the renouncement of all things, is difficult. But when one attains to it, no life is easier or more pleasant or more lovable, since God is always endeavouring to dwell with man, and teach him in order to bring him to Himself. No man desires anything so eagerly as God desires to bring men to the knowledge of Himself. God is always ready, but we are very unready. God is near us, but we are far from Him. God is within, and we are without. God is friendly; we are estranged. The prophet saith, "God leadeth the righteous by a narrow path into a broad and wide place," that is into the true freedom of those who have become one spirit with God. May God help us all to follow Him that He may bring us to Himself. Amen.

*From a SERMON.*

LVI. *The co-operation of God's grace and man's will.*

Grace is from God, and works in the depth of the soul whose powers it employs. It is a light which issues forth

to do service under the guidance of the Spirit. The Divine Light permeates the soul, and lifts it above the turmoil of temporal things to rest in God. The soul cannot progress except with the light which God has given it ; love works the likeness of God into the soul. The peace, freedom and blessedness of all souls consists in their abiding in God's will. Towards this union with God for which it is created the soul strives perpetually. To produce real moral freedom, God's grace and man's will must co-operate. As God is the Prime Mover of Nature, so also He creates free impulses towards Himself and to all good things. Grace renders the will free that it may do everything with God's help, working with grace as with an instrument that belongs to it. So the will arrives at freedom through love, nay, becomes itself love, for love unites with God. All true morality, inward and outward, is comprehended in love, for love is the foundation of all the commandments. As for outward works, they are ordained for this purpose that the outward man may be directed to God. But the inner work, the work of God in the soul, is the chief matter ; when a man finds this within himself, he can let go externals. No law is given to the righteous because he fulfils the law inwardly, and bears it in himself. Seeing that good works are the witness of the Holy Spirit, man can never do without them. The aim of man is not outward holiness by works, but life in God, yet this last expresses itself in works of love. Outward as well as inward morality helps to form the idea of true Christian freedom. We are right to lay stress on inwardness, but in this world there is no inwardness without an outward expression. The essence of morality is inwardness, the intensity of will from which it springs, and the nobleness of aim for which it is practised. When a good work is done by a man, he is free of it, and through that freedom is liker and nearer to his Original than he was before. The moral task of man is a process of spiritualiza-

tion. All created things are mediators, and we are placed in time that by diligence in spiritual business we may grow liker and nearer God. The aim of man is beyond the temporal—in the serene region of the everlasting Present.

DANTE ALIGHIERI, 1265-1321.

*From the PARADISE.*

LVII.

*Piccarda.*

Straight to the shadow which for converse seemed  
Most earnest, I addressed me, and began,  
As one by over-eagerness perplexed :  
“ O spirit born for joy ! Who in the rays  
Of life eternal of that sweetness know’st  
The flavour, which, not tasted, passes far  
All apprehension, me it well would please,  
If thou wouldst tell me of thy name, and this  
Your station here.” Whence she, with kindness prompt,  
And eyes glist’ring with smiles : “ Our charity,  
To any wish by justice introduced,  
Bars not the door, no more than she above,  
Who would have all her court be like herself.  
I was a virgin sister in the earth ;  
And if thy mind observe me well, this form,  
With such addition graced of loveliness,  
Will not conceal me long, but thou wilt know  
Piccarda, in the tardiest sphere thus placed,  
Here ’mid these other blessed also blest.  
Our hearts, whose high affections burn alone  
With pleasure, from the Holy Spirit conceived,  
Admitted to His order dwell in joy.  
And this condition, which appears so low,

Is for this cause assigned us, that our vows  
Were in some part neglected and made void."  
Whence I to her replied: "Something divine  
Beams in your countenances wondrous fair,  
From former knowledge quite transmuting you.  
Therefore to recollect was I so slow.  
But what thou sayst hath to my memory  
Given now such aid, that to retrace your forms  
Is easier. Yet inform me, ye, who here  
Are happy, long ye for a higher place  
More to behold, and more in love to dwell?"  
She with those other spirits gently smiled,  
Then answered with such gladness, that she seemed  
With love's first flame to glow: "Brother! our will  
Is in composure settled by the power  
Of charity, who makes us will alone  
What we possess, and nought beyond desire;  
If we should wish to be exalted more,  
Then must our wishes jar with the high will  
Of Him, who sets us here, which in these orbs  
Thou wilt confess not possible, if here  
To be in charity must needs befall,  
And if her nature well thou contemplate.  
Rather it is inherent in this state  
Of blessedness, to keep ourselves within  
The Divine will, by which our wills with His  
Are one. So that as we from step to step  
Are placed throughout this kingdom, pleases all,  
E'en as our king, who in us plants His will;  
And in His will is our tranquillity;  
It is the mighty ocean, whither tends  
Whatever it creates and nature makes."  
Then saw I clearly how each spot in heaven  
Is Paradise, though with like gracious dew  
The supreme virtue shower not over all.

## LVIII.

*The Rose of Paradise.*

In fashion, as a snow-white rose, lay then  
Before my view the saintly multitude,  
Which in his own blood Christ espoused.    Meanwhile  
That other host, that soar aloft to gaze  
And celebrate his glory, whom they love,  
Hovered around; and, like a troop of bees,  
Amid the vernal sweets alighting now,  
Now, clustering, where their fragrant labour glows,  
Flew downward to the mighty flower, or rose  
From the redundant petals, streaming back  
Unto the steadfast dwelling of their joy.  
Faces had they of flame, and wings of gold;  
The rest was whiter than the driven snow.  
And as they flitted down into the flower,  
From range to range, fanning their plummy loins,  
Whispered the peace and ardour, which they won  
From that soft winnowing.    Shadow none, the vast  
Interposition of such numerous flight  
Cast, from above, upon the flower, or view  
Obstructed ought.    For through the universe,  
Wherever merited, celestial light  
Glides freely and no obstacle prevents.

    . . . As a pilgrim when he rests  
Within the temple of his vow, looks round  
In breathless awe, and hopes sometime to tell  
Of all its goodly state: e'en so mine eyes  
Cours'd up and down along the living light,  
Now low, and now aloft, and now around,  
Visiting every step.    Looks I beheld,  
Where charity in soft persuasion sat,  
Smiles from within and radiance from above,  
And in each gesture grace and honour high.



So roved my ken, and in its general form  
All Paradise surveyed: when round I turned  
With purpose of my lady to inquire  
Once more of things, that held my thought suspense,  
But answer found from other than I weened;  
For Beatrice, when I thought to see,  
I saw instead a senior, at my side,  
Robed, as the rest, in glory. Joy benign  
Glowed in his eye, and o'er his cheek diffused,  
With gestures such as spake a father's love.  
And, "Whither is she vanished?" straight I asked.  
"By Beatrice summoned," he replied,  
"I come to aid thy wish. Looking aloft  
To the third circle from the highest, there  
Behold her on the throne, wherein her merit  
Hath placed her." Answering not, mine eyes I raised,  
And saw her, where aloof she sat, her brow  
A wreath reflecting of eternal beams.  
Not from the centre of the sea so far  
Unto the region of the highest thunder,  
As was my ken from hers; and yet the form  
Came through that medium down, unmixed and pure.  
"O lady! thou in whom my hopes have rest!  
Who, for my safety, hast not scorned, in hell  
To leave the traces of thy footsteps marked!  
For all mine eyes have seen, I, to thy power  
And goodness, virtue owe, and grace. Of slave,  
Thou hast to freedom brought me; and no means,  
For my deliverance apt, hast left untried.  
Thy liberal bounty still toward me keep,  
That when my spirit which thou madest whole,  
Is loosened from this body, it may find  
Favour with thee." So I my suit preferred:  
And she, so distant, as appeared, looked down,  
And smiled; then towards th' eternal fountain turned.

JOHN RUYSBROEK, 1293-1381.

*From* THE BOOK ON THE SEVEN WATCHES.

LIX.

*The three books.*

Ever ere thou goest to thy nightly couch place before thee three books which thou must continually possess. The first is old, worm-eaten, musty, written in the blackest of characters; the second is white and beautiful, with red writing; the third glitters in golden letters. First, thou shalt read the old book; that is to say, contemplate thy past life, which, in common with all mortals, is black in guilt and sorrow. Go in and open the door of conscience, which at the last judgment of Christ shall be displayed before God and the universe. Reflect on the evil of thy ways, how indifferent thou hast been in words, works, wishes, and thoughts; cast down thine eyes with the publican and say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner. O Lord I have sinned, I have sinned, do thou have mercy upon me." Then shall the Lord drive from thee fear and anguish, and bestow upon thee faith and hope. He will excite within thee the desire to praise Him, and will make thee faithful even unto death. Now lay aside the old book, and fetch from thy memory the white one. Behold, this is the spotless life of Christ, typical of his pure soul, and written in red, in remembrance of his crown of thorns and bleeding wounds. These are the red letters which witness to us his undying love. Gaze upon them in sympathy, and bless him that he has opened to thee the gates of heaven, and prepared for thee a place therein. Lastly, raise thine eyes to the heights, and read there the golden writing of the third book; that is, contemplate the glories of eternal life, compared to which all earthly brightness disappears, as torchlight in the blaze of the mid-day sun.

HENRY SUSO, 1295-1365.

*From* THE LIFE OF HENRY SUSO WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

LX.

*The knight of God.*

At the beginning of his new life the Servitor thought that he had been wholly and pre-eminently well-pleasing to God, but without labour and suffering. Now it happened once when he went forth into the country to preach that he entered a ship on the Lake of Constance; and there sat among the other passengers a comely youth in brave attire. Going forward to him he asked him what manner of man he was. "I am an esquire-errant," said the youth, "and I bring the gentlemen together, so that they may feast and tilt and fight and pay homage to fair ladies; and he who proves himself to be the best of all receives the honour and the reward." "And what is the reward?" inquired the Servitor. "The most beautiful lady there puts a gold ring upon his finger," replied the youth. "But tell me, dear friend," said the Servitor again, "what must one do to win the honour and the ring?" He answered, "He who proves himself to be best at bearing sword-strokes and assaults, and who shows no faintheartedness in this, but behaves himself courageously and manfully, and sits firm, and bears up against the blows—he it is who receives the prize." "Tell me," said the Servitor, "if a man were only brave in the first onset, would that be enough?" "No," was the reply, "he must remain firm to the end of the tournament, and though the blows which he receives bring sparks of fire into his eyes and make the blood flow from his face, he must endure them all, if he is to obtain the glory of victory." "But, dear comrade," quoth the Servitor, "may he not weep or look miserable when he gets such dreadful blows?" "No," was the

answer ; " and though his heart sinks within him, as happens to many, he may do nothing of the kind, but he must bear himself joyously and bravely, otherwise he will become a laughing-stock, and lose the glory and the ring." At these words the Servitor was greatly impressed, and, sighing deeply, he exclaimed, " Ah ! glorious Lord God ! must the knights of this world endure so much suffering for so small a reward, which is in itself a mere nothing ! How fitting then it is that one should endure much greater labours for the everlasting prize ! O sweet Lord, would that I were worthy to be Thy spiritual knight ! O beautiful loving Wisdom whose richness of grace is incomparable in any land, would that my soul might receive a ring from Thee ! For it would I suffer whatever might be Thy will ! " And he began to weep, from the great fervour that he felt. Now when he reached the place to which he was going, God sent him great and cruel sufferings in such number that the poor Servitor nearly lost all his trust in God ; and many eyes became wet with tears through pity of him. He had forgotten all his knightly daring and his vow, and he became melancholy and resentful towards God, who had drawn upon him and sent him such sufferings. In the morning, however, there came a calm over his soul ; and his bodily senses being stilled, a voice spoke within him, " Where is now thy knightly prowess ? What a knight of straw and scare-crow of a man he must be who is so daring in prosperity and so despairing in adversity ! Not thus is won the everlasting ring for which thou longest." He answered, " O Lord ! the jousts which a man must wage within himself for Thee are long and wearisome." " Therefore," said the voice, " the glory and the honour and the ring of my knights who are honoured by me are stable and everlasting." Upon this the Servitor, in deep contrition, said very humbly, " Lord I am in the wrong. Only let me weep while I suffer, for my heart is very full." The

answer came, "Alas for thee! Wilt thou weep like a woman, and disgrace thyself before the court of heaven? Wipe thine eyes and bear thyself joyously, so that neither God nor men may know that thou hast wept on account of thy sufferings." Then the Servitor began to laugh, though the tears were streaming down his cheeks, and he vowed to God that he would no more wish to weep, that so he might obtain from Him the spiritual ring.

## I.XI.

*The Divine Nature.*

The Divine essence, of which it is said that it is a rational substance, of such a nature that no mortal eye can see it in itself, may nevertheless be discerned in its effects, just as we trace a good craftsman in his works. For, as Paul says, creatures are like a mirror which reflect God. And this mode of gaining knowledge we term reflection. But let us pause here a while, and reflect upon the high and venerable Master as mirrored in his works. Look above thee and around thee to the four quarters of the universe, and see how wide and high the beautiful heaven is in its swift course, and how nobly its Master has adorned it with the seven planets, and how He has decked it with the countless multitudes of bright stars. Oh! when in summer time the beautiful sun bursts forth unclouded and serene, what fruitfulness and blessings it bestows unceasingly upon the earth! See how the leaves and grass shoot up, and the lovely flowers smile; how forest, heath, and meadow ring again with the sweet song of nightingales and other little birds; how all those little creatures, which stern winter had shut up, issue forth rejoicing, and pair together; and how mankind too, both young and old, rejoice and make merry. Oh, gentle God, if Thou art so lovely in Thy creatures, how lovely and blessed must Thou be in Thyself! But look

again I pray thee, and behold the four elements—earth, water, air, and fire, with all the wondrous things which they contain in manifold variety—men, beasts, birds, fishes, and sea monsters; and mark how they all cry aloud together, “Praise and honour be to the unfathomable immensity that is in Thee!” Who is it, Lord, that sustains all this? Who feeds it all? It is Thou who provided for all, each in its own way; for great and small, for rich and poor. It is Thou, O Lord, who doest this. Thou, O God, art God indeed!

JOHN TAULER, 1300-1361.

*From a SERMON.*

LXII.                   *The fulfilling of our desire.*

Dear children, ye ought not to cease from hearing or declaring the word of God because you do not always live according to it, nor keep it in mind. For inasmuch as you love it and crave after it, it will assuredly be given unto you; and you shall enjoy it for ever with God, according to the measure of your desire after it. Do not relinquish your desire though it be not fulfilled immediately, or though ye may swerve from your aspirations or even forget them for a time. It were a hard case if this were to cut you off for ever from the end of your being. But when ye hear the Word of God, surrender yourselves wholly to it as if for eternity, with a full purpose of will to retain it in your mind and to order your life according to it; and let it sink down right deep into your heart as into an eternity. If afterward it should come to pass that you let it slip, and never think of it again, yet the love and aspiration which once really existed live forever before God, and in



Him ye shall find the fruit thereof; that is, to all eternity it shall be better for you than if you had never felt them.

What we can *do* is a small thing; but we can will and aspire to great things. Thus, if a man cannot be great, he can yet be good in will; and what he with his whole heart and mind, love and desire, wills to be, that without doubt he most truly is. It is little we can bring to pass; but our will and desire may be large. Nay, they may grow till they lose themselves in the infinite abyss of God. Not that we ought to think within ourselves that we wish to be this or that, like such a saint or angel, for we ought to be much more than we can conceive or fathom; wherefore our part is to give ourselves over to God and leave ourselves utterly in His hands, being wholly His. And if ye cannot be as entirely His as ye fain would be, be His as much as ye may attain unto; but whatever ye are, be that truly and entirely; and what ye cannot be, that be contented not to be, in a sincere spirit of resignation, for God's sake and in Him. So shall you peradventure possess more of God in lacking than in having. Therefore be God's; yield to His hand, suffer Him to do in thee, and to thee, and with thee, what He will; and then nothing here or hereafter shall be able to confound you.

LXIII. *On subjecting our wills to the will of God.*

Think not that God will be always caressing His children, or shine upon their head, or kindle their hearts, as He does at the first. He does so only to lure us to Himself, as the falconer lures the falcon with its gay hood. Our Lord acts like a prudent father, who, while his children are young, lets them live at his cost, and manages everything for them. What is needful for them, he provides, and lets them go and play; and so long as this lasts they are at leisure, free

from care, happy, and generous at their father's expense. Afterwards he gives a portion of his estate into their own hands, because he will have them to take care of themselves, and earn their own living, to leave off childish play, and thus learn how to grow rich. So it is with us. In the beginning of a holy life, there is nothing but brightness, enjoyment and feeling, and God draws us after Him with His gifts, that we may praise Him in the influencing of our wills, and we do all with a good will, and we know and recognize therein God's will. But now it is very different ; now God will have us to give up ourselves and our own will, and to accept Him with readiness in His acts of severity, and in all kinds of suffering, and in darkness of mind, whatever He may do, and however contrary it may be to all our natural wishes. As the Lord said to Peter : " When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest ; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not ". Thus did the Lord in our early days go beside us, drawing us onward by His benefits ; then we went whither we would, for our will was sweetly girded with the pleasantness of Divine things. But now it must be otherwise : another shall gird us and lead us whither we would not.

The Lord will draw us and securely lead us to Himself, in a way contrary to all our natural will, until He have divested us thereof, and consumed it and made it thoroughly subject unto the Divine will. For this is His will : that we should cease to regard our own wishes or dislikes ; that it should become a light matter to us whether He give or take away, whether we have abundance or suffer want, and let all things go ; if only we may receive and apprehend God Himself ; that whether things please or displease us, we may leave all things to take their course, and cleave to Him alone. Then first do we attain to the fullness of God's

love as His children, when it is no longer happiness or misery, prosperity or adversity, that draws us to Him, or keeps us back from Him. What we should then experience none can utter ; but it would be something far better than when we were burning with the first flame of love, and had great emotion but less true submission ; for here, though there may be less show of zeal, and less vehemence of feeling, there is more true faithfulness to God. That we may attain thereunto, may God help us with His grace. Amen !

ANONYMOUS, FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

*From the THEOLOGIA GERMANICA.*

LXIV. *That virtue is from within.*

We should mark and know of a very truth that all manner of virtue and goodness, and even that Eternal Good which is God Himself, can never make a man virtuous, good, or happy, so long as it is outside the soul. Therefore although it be good and profitable that we should ask, and learn and know what good and holy men have wrought and suffered, and how God hath dealt with them, and what He hath wrought in and through them, yet it were a thousand times better that we should in ourselves learn and perceive and understand, who we are, how and what our own life is, what God is and is doing in us, what He will have from us, and to what ends He will or will not make use of us. Further we should learn that eternal blessedness lieth in one thing alone, and in nought else. And if ever man or the soul is to be made blessed, that one thing alone must be in the soul. Now some might ask, " But what is that one thing ? " I answer, it is goodness, or that which has

been made good, and yet neither this good nor that, which we can name, or perceive or show ; but it is all and above all good things. Moreover, it needeth not to enter into the soul, for it is there already, only it is unperceived. When we say we should come unto it, we mean that we should seek it, feel it, and taste it. And now since it is One, unity and singleness is better than manifoldness. For blessedness lieth not in much and many, but in One and oneness. In one word, blessedness lieth not in any creature, or work of the creatures, but it lieth alone in God and in His works. Therefore I must wait only on God and His work, and leave on one side all creatures with their works, and first of all myself. In like manner all the great works and wonders that God has ever wrought or shall ever work in or through the creatures, or even God Himself with all His goodness, so far as these things exist or are done outside of me, can never make me blessed, but only in so far as they exist and are done and loved, known, tasted and felt within me.

LXV. *We are to live the Christian life from love.*

Wherever a man hath been made a partaker of the Divine nature, in him is fulfilled the best and noblest life, and the worthiest in God's eyes, that hath been or can be. And of that eternal love which loveth goodness as goodness and for the sake of goodness, a true, noble, Christ-like life is so greatly beloved, that it will never be forsaken or cast off. Where a man hath tasted this life, it is impossible for him ever to part with it, were he to live until the judgment day. And though he must die a thousand deaths and though all the sufferings that ever befell all creatures could be heaped upon him, he would rather undergo them all, than fall away from this excellent life ; and if he could exchange it for an angel's life, he would not. This is one

answer to the question, "If a man, by putting on Christ's life, can get nothing more than he hath already and serve no end, what good will it do him?" This life is not chosen in order to serve any end, or to get anything by it, but for love of its nobleness, and because God loveth and esteemeth it so greatly. And whoever saith that he hath had enough of it, and may now lay it aside, hath never tasted nor known it; for he who hath truly felt or tasted it, can never give it up again. And he who hath put on the life of Christ with the intent to win or deserve aught thereby, hath taken it up as an hireling, and not for love, and is altogether without it. For he who doth not take it up for love, hath none of it at all; he may dream indeed that he hath put it on, but he is deceived. Christ did not lead such a life as his for the sake of reward, but out of love; and love maketh such a life light and taketh away all its hardships; so that it becometh sweet and is gladly endured. But to him who hath not put it on from love, but hath done so, as he dreameth, for the sake of reward, it is utterly bitter and a weariness, and he would fain be quit of it. And it is a sure token of an hireling that he wisheth his work were at an end. But he who truly loveth it, is not offended at its toil nor suffering, nor the length of time it lasteth. Therefore it is written: "To serve God and live to Him, is easy to him who doeth it". Truly it is so to him who doeth it from love, but it is hard and wearisome to him who doeth it for hire. It is the same with all virtue and good works, and likewise with order, laws, obedience or precepts and the like. But God rejoiceth more over one man who truly loveth than over a thousand hirelings.

## LXVI.

*Four sorts of men.*

There are four sorts of men who are concerned with order, laws, and customs. Some keep them neither for God's sake,



nor to serve their own ends, but from constraint : these have as little to do with them as may be, and find them a burden and heavy yoke. The second sort obey for the sake of reward : these are men who know nothing beside, or better than laws and precepts, and imagine that by keeping them they may obtain the kingdom of heaven and eternal life, and not otherwise ; and him who practiseth many ordinances they think to be holy, and him who omitteth any tittle of them they think to be lost. Such men are very much in earnest and give great diligence to the work and yet they find it a weariness. The third sort are wicked, false-hearted men, who dream and declare that they are perfect and need no ordinances, and make a mock of them. The fourth are those who are enlightened with the True Light, who do not practise these things for reward, for they neither look nor desire to get anything thereby, but all that they do is from love alone. And these are not so anxious and eager to accomplish much and with all speed as the second sort, but rather seek to do things in peace and good leisure ; and if some not weighty matter be neglected, they do not therefore think themselves lost, for they know very well that order and fitness are better than disorder, and therefore they choose to walk orderly, yet know at the same time that their salvation hangeth not thereon. Therefore they are not in so great anxiety as the others. Furthermore, ye must mark, that to receive God's commands and His counsel and all His teaching, is the privilege of the inward man, after that he is united with God. And where there is such a union, the outward man is surely taught and ordered by the inward man, so that no outward commandment or teaching is needed. But the commandments and laws of men belong to the outer man, and are needful for those men who know nothing better, for else they would not know what to do and what to refrain from.



LXVII. *That where a Christian life is, there Christ dwelleth.*

He who knoweth and understandeth Christ's life, knoweth and understandeth Christ himself; and in like manner, he who understandeth not his life, doth not understand Christ himself. And he who believeth on Christ believeth that his life is the best and noblest life that can be, and if a man believe not this, neither doth he believe on Christ himself. And in so far as a man's life is according to Christ, Christ himself dwelleth in him, and if he hath not the one neither hath he the other. For where there is the life of Christ, there is Christ himself, and where his life is not, Christ is not, and where a man hath his life, he may say with St. Paul: "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me". And this is the noblest and best life; for in him who hath it, God Himself dwelleth, with all goodness. So how could there be a better life? When we speak of obedience, of the new man, of the True Light, the True Love, or the life of Christ, it is all the same thing, and where one of these is, there are they all, and where one is wanting, there is none of them, for they are all one in truth and substance. And whatever may bring about that new birth which maketh alive in Christ, to that let us cleave with all our might and to nought else; and let us forswear and flee all that may hinder it.

JOHN WYCLIFFE, C. 1320-1384.

*From the TRIALOGUS.*LXVIII. *The soldiery of Christ.*

All Christians should be soldiers of Christ, and it is plain how many are chargeable with insensibility to this duty, inasmuch as the fear of losing temporal goods, and worldly friendships, and apprehensions of the insecurity of life and fortune, prevent so great a number from being faithful either

in setting forth the cause of God, in standing manfully for its defence, or, if need be, suffering death in its behalf. From such a source, also, comes that subterfuge of Lucifer urged by our modern hypocrites, who say that to suffer martyrdom cannot be a duty now as it was in the primitive church, since in our time all men or at least the great majority are believers—so that the tyrant is no more who may persecute Christ and his members to the death, and this is the cause why there are not martyrs now, as formerly. But it is certain that this excuse has been devised by Satan, to shield sin; for the believer in maintaining the law of Christ should be prepared, as his soldier, to endure all things at the hands of the proud rulers of this world, so as to declare boldly to the Pope and cardinals and prelates, how unjustly, according to the testimony of the Gospel, they serve God in their offices, inflicting perilous injury on those committed to their care, such as must bring on them a speedy destruction, one way or another. All this applies to temporal lords, but not in so great a degree as to the clergy; for as the abomination of desolation begins with a perverted clergy, so the consolation begins with a converted clergy. Hence we Christians need not go and convert the heathen in order to endure martyrdom; we have only to declare with constancy the law of Christ even before Cæsarean prelates and straightway the flower of martyrdom will be at hand.

WALTER HILTON,—? -1396.

*From* THE SCALE (OR LADDER) OF PERFECTION.

LXIX. *Mastery shown in loving men and yet hating their sins.*

It is no mastery to watch and fast till thy head ache;  
nor to run to Rome or Jerusalem on pilgrimage upon thy

bare feet ; nor to stir about and preach, as if thou wouldst turn all men by thy preaching. Nor is it any mastery to build churches or chapels, or to feed poor men and build hospitals. But it is a mastery for a man to love his neighbour in charity, and wisely hate his sin and love the man. For though it be true that all those deeds before said be good in themselves, yet are they common to good men and to bad, for every man may do them if that he would and have wherewith. And for thee to do that which every man may do, I hold it no mastery ; but to love thy neighbour in charity and hate his sin can no man do, save only good men, who have it by the gift of God, and not by their own travail, as St. Paul saith : " Love and charity is shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given to you ". And therefore it is more precious and more dainty to come by. All other good deeds without this make not a man good nor worthy of the bliss of heaven, but this alone, and only this, maketh a man good and all his good deeds to be medeful. All other gifts of God and works of man are common to good and bad, to the chosen and the reprobate ; but this gift of charity is proper only to good and chosen souls.

JULIANA OF NORWICH, 1343-C. 1413.

*From REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE.*

LXX.

*The love of God.*

Truly our Lover desireth that the soul cleave to Him with all the might, and that we be evermore cleaving to His goodness : for of all things that heart can think, it pleaseth most God, and soonest speedeth. For our soul is so preciousely loved of Him that is highest, that it over-passeth

the knowing of all creatures : that is to say, there is no creature that is made, that may wit how much, and how sweetly, and how tenderly that our Maker loveth us. And, therefore we may, with His grace and His help, stand in ghostly beholding with everlasting marvelling in this high over-passing unmeasurable love, that our Lord hath to us of His goodness. And, therefore, we may ask of our Lover with reverence all that we will : for our kindly<sup>1</sup> will is to have God, and the goodwill of God is to have us : and we may never cease of willing, nor of loving, till we have Him in fulness of joy. And then we may no more will ; for He will that we be occupied in knowing and loving, till the time cometh that we shall be fulfilled in heaven. Of all things, the beholding and the loving of the Maker maketh the soul to seem least in his own sight, and most filleth him with reverent dread and true meekness and with plenty of charity to his even<sup>2</sup> Christians.

ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA, 1347-1380.

*From THE DIALOGUE.*

LXXI.

*Perfect filial love.*

"I require of you [saith God] that you love Me with that love wherewith I love you. This you cannot do to Me, because I loved you without being loved. All love that you bear Me you owe Me as a debt, and not as a free gift, because you are bound to give it Me ; and I love you freely, not in duty bound. You cannot, then, render to Me the love that I require of you ; and therefore have I set you in the midst of others, in order that you may do to them what you cannot do to Me ; that is, love them freely

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* natural.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.* fellow.

and without reserve, and without expecting any return from it ; and then I consider done to Me whatever you do to them. So this love must be flawless, and you must love them with the love wherewith you love Me. And knowest thou how he who loves with spiritual love perceives that he is not perfect ? If he feels pain and affliction when it does not seem to him that the creature whom he loves corresponds to his love, and he deems that he is not loved as much as he thinks he loves : or when he is deprived of the consolation of familiar intercourse with that creature, or sees another loved more than himself. In this and in many other things he will be able to perceive that this love towards Me and his neighbour is still imperfect, and that he had drunk from this vessel outside the fountain-head, albeit he first drew this love from Me. But because his love for Me is still imperfect, therefore he shows it imperfect towards the one whom he loves with spiritual love. All comes from the root of spiritual self-love not being entirely plucked out from his heart. And thus I often permit a soul to love in this wise, in order that she may know herself and her own imperfection. I withdraw Me from her in feeling, in order that she may enclose herself in the cell of self-knowledge, where she may acquire all perfectness ; and then I return to her with more light and more knowledge of My truth, so that she may deem it a grace to be able to slay her own will for My sake, and never cease from watering her vineyard, and plucking out the thorns of evil thoughts."

*From a LETTER.*

LXXII.     *On obeying God rather than men.*

Thou didst write me, and as I understood from thy letter it seems that thou art troubled in heart. And this is not a slight feeling ; nay, it is mighty, stronger than any other,

when on the one side thou dost feel thyself called of God in new ways, and his servants put themselves on the contrary side, saying that this is not well. I have a very great compassion for thee ; for I know not what burden is like that, from the jealousy the soul has for itself ; for it cannot offer resistance to God, and it would also fulfil the will of His servants, trusting more in their light and knowledge than in its own ; and yet it does not seem able to. Now I reply to thee simply according to my low and poor sight. Do not make up thy mind obstinately, but as thou feelest thyself called without thine own doing, so respond. So, if thou dost see souls in danger, and thou canst help them, do not close thine eyes, but exert thyself with perfect zeal to help them, even to death. And never mind about thy past resolutions to silence or anything else—lest it be said to thee later : “ Cursed be thou, that thou wast silent ! ” Our every principle and foundation is in the love of God and our neighbour alone ; all our other activities are instruments and buildings placed on this foundation. Therefore thou shouldst not, for pleasure in the instrument or the building, desert the principal foundation in the honour of God and the love of our neighbour. Work, then, in that field where thou seest that God calls thee to work ; and do not get distressed or anxious in mind over what I have said to thee, but endure manfully. Fear and serve God, with no regard to thyself ; and then do not care for what people say, except to have compassion on them.

JOHN HUS, 1369?–1415.

LXXIII. LETTER TO THE WHOLE BOHEMIAN NATION.

10 June, 1415.

Master John Hus, in good hope a servant of God, hopes that the Lord God will grant to all true Bohemians who



love and will love the Lord God, to live and die in His grace, and to reside for ever in celestial joy. Amen.

Faithful in God, men and women, rich and poor! I beg and entreat you to love the Lord Jesus, praise his word, gladly hear it and live according to it. Cling, I beg you, to the Divine truth, which I have preached to you according to God's Law. I also beg that if anyone has heard either in my sermons, or privately, anything contrary to God's truth, or if I have written anything such—which I trust to God is not the case—he should not retain it. I further beg also that if anyone has seen levity in me in word or deed, he should not retain [remember] it; but let him pray to God for me that God may forgive. I beg you to love, praise and honour those priests who lead a moral life, those in particular who work for the Word of God. I beg you to beware of crafty people, particularly of unworthy priests of whom our Saviour has said that they are clothed like sheep, but are inwardly greedy wolves. I beg the nobles to treat the poor people kindly and rule them justly. I beg the burghers to conduct their business honestly. I beg the artisans to perform their duties conscientiously and joyfully. I beg the servants to serve their masters and mistresses faithfully. I beg the teachers to live honestly, to instruct their pupils carefully, to love God above all; for the sake of His glory and the good of the community, not from avarice and worldly ambition, should they teach. I beg the students and other scholars to obey and follow their masters in everything that is good, and to study for the praise of God, for their own salvation, and that of others.

I write this letter to you in prison and in fetters, expecting to-morrow the sentence of death, full of hope in God, resolved not to recede from the Divine truth. How God has acted towards me, how He has been with me during all my troubles—that you will only know when by the grace of God we shall meet again in heaven. Of Master Jerome,

my beloved comrade, I hear nothing except that he is in prison, as I am, expecting death and that because of his faith, which he bravely expounded to the Bohemians. It was those Bohemians who are our bitterest enemies who delivered us up for imprisonment to our other enemies. I beg you to pray to God for these men. I also beg you to love each other, not to allow good men to be oppressed, and to grant to all that which is due to them.

THOMAS A KEMPIS, c. 1379-1471.

*From* THE IMITATION OF CHRIST.

LXXIV. *On bearing with the defects of others.*

Those things that a man cannot amend in himself or in others, he ought to suffer patiently until God order otherwise.

Think that perhaps it is better for thy trial and patience, without which all our good deeds are not much to be esteemed.

Thou oughtest to pray notwithstanding when thou hast such impediments, that God would vouchsafe to help thee, and that thou mayest be able to bear them.

If one that is once or twice warned will not give over, contend not with him, but commit all to God, that His will may be done, and His name honoured in all His servants, Who knoweth well how to turn evil into good.

Endeavour to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be: for that thyself also hast many failings, which must be borne with by others.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldest, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?

We are desirous to have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

We will have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.

The large liberty of others displeaseth us ; and yet we will not have our own desires denied us.

We will have others kept under by strict laws ; but in no sort will we ourselves be restrained.

And thus it appeareth, how seldom we weigh our neighbour in the same balance with ourselves.

If all men were perfect, what should we have to suffer of our neighbour for God ?

But now God hath thus ordered it, that we may learn to bear one another's burdens ; for no one is without fault ; no man but hath his burden ; no man is sufficient of himself : no man is wise enough of himself, but we ought to bear with one another, comfort one another, help, instruct, and admonish one another.

Occasions of adversity soonest discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

LXXV.

*Of a good peaceable man.*

First, keep thyself in peace and then thou shalt be able to keep peace among others.

A peaceable man doth more good than he that is well learned.

A passionate man draweth even good into evil, and easily believeth the worst.

A good peaceable man turneth all things to good.

He that is at peace is not suspicious. But he that is discontented and troubled, is tossed with divers suspicions :

he is neither quiet himself nor suffereth others to be quiet.

He often speaketh that which he ought not to speak ; and omitteth what it were more expedient for him to do.

He considereth what others are bound to do, and neglecteth that which he is bound to do himself.

First, therefore, have a careful zeal over thyself, and then thou mayest justly show thyself zealous also of thy neighbour's good.

Thou knowest well how to excuse and colour thine own deeds, but thou art not willing to receive the excuses of others.

It were more just that thou shouldst accuse thyself, and excuse thy brother.

If thou wilt thyself be borne with, bear also with another.

Behold, how far off thou art yet from true charity and humility ; for that knows not how to be angry with any, or to be moved with indignation, but only against one's self.

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle : for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willingly enjoyeth peace, and loveth those best that agree with him.

But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly, or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.

Some there are that keep themselves in peace, and are in peace also with others.

And there are some that neither are in peace themselves, nor suffer others to be in peace : they are troublesome to others, but always more troublesome to themselves.

And others there are that keep themselves in peace, and study to bring others unto peace.

Nevertheless, our whole peace in this life consisteth rather in humble endurance, than in not feeling adversities.

He that knows best how to suffer, will best keep himself in peace.

That man is conqueror of himself, and lord of the world, the friend of Christ, and an heir of heaven.

LXXVI. *On purity of mind and simplicity of intention.*

By two wings, a man is lifted up from things earthly, namely, by simplicity and purity.

Simplicity ought to be in the intention; purity in the affection. Simplicity doth tend towards God; purity doth apprehend and taste him.

No good action will hinder thee, if thou be inwardly free from inordinate affection.

If thou intend and seek nothing else but the will of God and the good of thy neighbour, thou shalt thoroughly enjoy inward liberty.

If thy heart were sincere and upright, then every creature would be unto thee a mirror of life, and a book of holy doctrine.

There is no creature so small and abject, that it representeth not the goodness of God.

If thou wert inwardly good and pure, then wouldest thou be able to see and understand all things well without impediment.

A pure heart penetrateth heaven and hell.

Such as every one is inwardly, so he judgeth outwardly.

If there be joy in the world, surely a man of a pure heart possesseth it.

And if there be anywhere tribulation and affliction, an evil conscience best knoweth it.

As iron put into the fire loseth its rust, and becometh

red hot, so he that wholly turneth himself unto God, puts off all slothfulness, and is transformed into a new man.

When a man begins to grow lukewarm, then he is afraid of a little labour, and willingly receives comfort from external things.

But when he once begins to overcome himself perfectly, and to walk manfully in the way of God ; then he esteemeth those things to be light, which before seemed grievous.

LXXVII. *Of the royal way of the Holy Cross.*

Go where thou wilt, seek whatsoever thou wilt, thou shalt not find a higher way above, nor a safer way below, than the way of the Holy Cross.

Dispose and order all things according to thy will and judgment ; yet thou shalt ever find, that of necessity thou must suffer somewhat, either willingly or against thy will, and so thou shalt ever find the Cross.

For either thou shalt feel pain in thy body, or in thy soul thou shalt suffer tribulation.

Sometimes thou shalt be forsaken of God, sometimes thou shalt be troubled by thy neighbours ; and, what is more, oftentimes thou shalt be wearisome to thyself.

Neither canst thou be delivered or eased by any remedy or comfort ; for so long as it pleaseth God, thou must bear it.

For God will have thee learn to suffer tribulation without comfort ; and that thou subject thyself wholly to Him, and by tribulation become more humble.

No man hath in his heart a sympathy with the passion of Christ, so much as he who hath suffered the like himself.

The Cross therefore is always ready, and everywhere waits for thee.

Thou canst not escape it whithersoever thou runnest ; for



wheresoever thou goest, thou carriest thyself with thee, and shalt ever find thyself.

Both above and below, without and within, which way soever thou dost turn thee, everywhere thou shalt find the Cross, and everywhere of necessity thou must hold fast patience, if thou wilt have inward peace and enjoy an everlasting crown.

If thou bear the Cross cheerfully, it will bear thee, and lead thee to the desired end, namely, where there shall be an end of suffering, though here there shall not be.

If thou bear it unwillingly, thou makest for thyself a burden, and increasest thy load, and yet notwithstanding thou must bear it.

If thou cast away one cross, without doubt thou shalt find another, and that perhaps a more heavy one.

Set thyself, therefore, like a good and faithful servant of Christ, to bear manfully the Cross of thy Lord, who out of love was crucified for thee.

Prepare thyself to bear many adversities and divers kinds of troubles in this life; for so it will be with thee, wheresoever thou art, and so surely thou shalt find it, wheresoever thou hide thyself.

So it must be; nor is there any remedy nor means to escape from tribulation and sorrow, but only to endure them.

Drink of the Lord's cup with hearty affection, if thou desire to be his friend, and to have part with him.

As for comforts, leave them to God, let Him do therein as shall best please Him.

But do thou set thyself to suffer tribulations and account them the greatest comforts; for the sufferings of this present time, although thou alone couldst suffer them all, cannot worthily deserve the glory which is to come.

When thou shalt come to this estate that tribulation shall seem sweet, and thou shalt relish it for Christ's sake;

then think it to be well with thee, for thou hast found a paradise upon earth.

LXXVIII. *On listening to the Divine voice.*

Blessed is the soul which heareth the Lord speaking within her, and receiveth from His mouth the word of consolation.

Blessed are the ears that gladly receive the pulses of the Divine whisper, and give no heed to the many whisperings of the world.

Blessed indeed are those ears which listen not after the voice which is sounding without, but for the Truth teaching within.

Blessed are the eyes which are shut to outward things, but intent on inward things.

Blessed are they that enter far into inward things, and endeavour to prepare themselves more and more, by daily exercises, for the receiving of heavenly secrets.

Blessed are they who are glad to have time to spare for God, and shake off all worldly impediments.

Consider these things, O my soul, and shut up the door of thy sensual desires that thou mayest hear what the Lord thy God shall speak in thee.

The children of Israel in times past said unto Moses, "Speak thou unto us, and we will hear: let not the Lord speak unto us lest we die".

Not so, Lord, not so, I beseech Thee: but rather with the prophet Samuel, I humbly and earnestly entreat, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth".

Let not Moses speak unto me, nor any of the prophets, but rather do Thou speak, O Lord God, the Inspirer and Enlightener of all the prophets; for Thou alone without

them canst perfectly instruct me, but they without Thee can profit nothing.

They indeed may sound forth words, but they cannot give the Spirit.

Most beautifully do they speak, but if Thou be silent, they inflame not the heart.

They teach the letter, but Thou openest the sense: they bring forth mysteries, but Thou unlockest the meaning of sealed things.

They declare Thy commandments, but Thou helpst us to fulfil them.

They point out the way, but Thou givest strength to walk in it.

They work outwardly only, but Thou instructest and enlightenest the heart.

They water, but Thou givest the increase.

They cry aloud in words, but Thou impartest understanding.

Let not Moses speak unto me, but Thou, O Lord my God, the Everlasting Truth; lest I die and prove unfruitful, if I be only warned outwardly, and not inflamed within.

Lest it turn to my condemnation—the Word heard and not fulfilled, known and not loved, believed and not observed.

Speak, therefore, Lord, for Thy servant heareth; for Thou hast the words of eternal life.

Speak Thou unto me, to the comfort, however imperfect, of my soul, and to the amendment of my whole life, and to Thy praise and glory and honour everlasting.

LXXIX.      *On the proof of a true lover.*

My son, thou art not yet a courageous and considerate lover.

Wherefore sayest Thou this, O Lord?

Because for a slight opposition thou givest over thy undertakings, and too eagerly seekest consolation.

A courageous lover standeth firm in temptations, and giveth no credit to the crafty persuasions of the enemy. As I please him in prosperity, so in adversity I am not displeasing to him.

A considerate lover regardeth not so much the gift of him who loves him, as the love of the giver.

He esteems the good will rather than the value, and sets all gifts below him whom he loves.

A noble minded lover resteth not in the gift, but in Me above every gift.

All therefore is not lost, if sometimes, thou hast less feeling for Me or My saints than thou wouldest.

That good and sweet affection which thou sometimes feelest, is the effect of grace present, and is a foretaste of thy heavenly home: but hereon thou must not lean too much, for it cometh and goeth.

But to strive against evil motions of the mind which may befall thee, and to reject with scorn the suggestions of the devil, is a notable sign of virtue, and brings great reward.

Let no strange fancies therefore trouble thee, which on any subject whatever may crowd into thy mind. Keep thy purpose with courage, and preserve an upright intention towards God.

Neither is it an illusion that sometimes thou art suddenly rapt on high, and presently returnest again unto the accustomed vanities of thy heart.

For these thou dost rather unwillingly suffer, than commit; and so long as they displease thee, and thou strivest against them, it is matter of reward and no loss.

Fight like a good soldier: and if thou sometimes fall through frailty, take again greater strength than before, trusting in My more abundant grace: and take great heed of vain pleasing of thyself, and of pride.

Pride brings many into error, and makes them sometimes fall into blindness almost incurable.

Let the fall of the proud, thus foolishly presuming on themselves, serve thee for a warning, and keep thee ever humble.

ST. CATHERINE OF GENOA, 1447-1510.

From A TREATISE ON PURGATORY.

LXXX.        *The purification of the soul.*

I see that the love of God directs towards the soul certain burning rays and shafts of light, which seem penetrating and powerful enough to annihilate not merely the body, but, were it possible, the very soul itself. These work in two ways; they purify and they annihilate. Look at gold: the more it is melted, the better it becomes; and it could be melted so as to destroy every single defect. Such is the action of fire on material things. Now the soul cannot be annihilated so far as it is in God, but only in itself; and the more it is purified, so much the more it annihilates self, till at last it becomes quite pure and rests in God. Gold which has been purified to a certain point ceases to suffer any diminution from the action of fire, however great it be; for fire does not destroy gold, but only the dross that it may chance to have. In like manner the Divine fire acts on souls: God holds them in the furnace until every defect has been burnt away; and He has brought them, each in his own degree, to a certain standard of perfection. Thus purified, they rest in God without any alloy of self; their very being is God; they become impassible because there is nothing left to be consumed. And if in this state of purity they were kept in the fire, they would feel no pain;

rather it would be to them a fire of Divine love, burning on without opposition, like the fire of life eternal.

GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, 1452-1498.

*From* THE TRIUMPH OF THE CROSS.

LXXXI. *Christianity the best means of blessedness.*

There is no method more adapted to conduct man to the end which we have established, than that which forms the faith of Christianity. For, in the first place, it is not doubtful that some measure is necessary to conduct man to blessedness, God and nature not acting by chance, for everything which did not arrive at an end would be created by chance. In vain would a being have the power of motion, if it had not the members capable of receiving the impulsion of that interior force. Therefore, men having by nature a desire of happiness, will be uselessly consumed by this desire, if they are not provided with means necessary to its realization. There must, then, be some means by which man can attain to the vision of God. This means, the Christians call purity of heart and Divine grace, which, being supernaturally infused, perfects souls in every kind of virtue.

No one will contest that purity of heart is a means of arriving at the contemplation of the first truth, for the means and the end should be proportionate. Knowledge of God exacts a great application of the mind, God being the supreme intelligible, and the purest being, the most elevated above all sensible beings. To arrive at the contemplation of God, then, there is a necessity for an extreme purity of soul, a complete distraction from sensible things and external embarrassments; for what is pure is so only



by virtue of being detached from an inferior nature. This is why our intelligence being distinct from every corporeal organ, and our soul being a rational substance, the more completely it separates itself from corporeal things, and attaches itself to spiritual, the more pure it becomes.

Now all that the philosophers have taught about purity of heart, virtues, and good manners, the Christian religion not only teaches and prescribes, but, in addition, it gives us the most perfect principles for living holily, and maintaining our heart in perfect purity. Christians are right in establishing that the grace of God, as well as natural virtues, is necessary to us, for they know that God has not made us defectively by this necessity, but that He will give us all that is indispensable to arrive at our goal, and the end to which all our desires tend.

DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, 1466-1536.

*From* LETTER TO CARDINAL CAMPEGGIO, 6 DECEMBER, 1520.

LXXXII. *Erasmus' attitude towards Luther.*

Jerome, who was himself a monk, was the most effective painter of monastic vices, and sketches with satiric salt the lives of the brothers and sisters. The scene is shifted, the actors are changed, but the play is the same. When the Reuchlin storm was over came these writings of Luther, and they snatched at them to finish Reuchlin, Erasmus and learning all together. They cried that learning was producing heresies, schisms and Antichrist, and they published my private letters to the Archbishop of Mentz and to Luther. As to Luther himself, I perceived that the better a man was the less he was Luther's enemy. The world

was sick of teaching which gave it nothing but glosses and formulas, and was thirsting after the water of life from the Gospels and Epistles. I approved of what seemed good in his work. I told him in a letter that if he would moderate his language he might be a shining light, and that the Pope, I did not doubt, would be his friend. What was there in this to cry out against? I gave him the truest and kindest advice. I had never seen him—I have not seen him at all. I had read little that he had written, nor had matters taken their present form. A few persons only were clamouring at him in alarm for their own pockets. They called on me to pronounce against him. The same persons had said before that I was nothing but a grammarian. How was a grammarian to decide a point of heresy? I said I could not do it till I had examined his authorities. He had taken his opinions from the early Fathers, and if he had quoted them by name he could hardly have been censured. I said I had no leisure for it, nor could I indeed properly meddle when great persons were busy in replying to him. They accused me of encouraging him by telling him that he had friends in England. I told him so to induce him to listen to advice. Not a creature hitherto has given him any friendly counsel at all. No one has yet answered him or pointed out his faults. They have merely howled out heresy and Antichrist.

I have myself simply protested against his being condemned before he has been heard in his defence. The penalty for heresy used to be only excommunication. No crime now is more cruelly punished. But how, while there are persons calling themselves bishops, and professing to be guardians of the truth, whose moral character is abominable, can it be right to persecute a man of unblemished life, in whose writings distinguished and excellent persons have found so much to admire? The object has been simply to destroy him and his books out of mind and memory, and it

can only be done when he is proved wrong by argument and Scripture before a respectable commission that can be trusted. Doubtless the Pope's authority is vast ; but the vaster it is, the less it ought to be influenced by private affections. The opinions of pious, learned men should receive attention, and the Pope has no worse enemies than his foolish defenders. He can crush any man if he pleases, but empires based only on terror do not last, and the weightier the Pope's judgment and the graver the charge, the greater caution should be used. Every sensible man, secular or spiritual, even among the Dominicans themselves, thinks as I do about this. Those who wish Luther condemned disapprove of the methods now pursued against him, and what I am here saying is more for the good of the Pope and theology than in the interest of Luther. If the decrees of the Holy See and of the doctors of the Church are to carry weight they must come from men of irreproachable character, whose judgment we can feel sure will not be influenced by worldly motives.

If we want truth, every man ought to be free to say what he thinks without fear. If the advocates of one side are to be rewarded with mitres, and the advocates on the other with rope or stake, truth will not be heard. Out of the many universities in Europe, two have condemned certain propositions of Luther ; but even these two did not agree. Then came the terrible Bull, with the Pope's name upon it. Luther's books were to be burnt and he himself was denounced to the world as a heretic. Nothing could have been more invidious or unwise. The Bull itself was unlike Leo X, and those who were sent to publish it only made matters worse. It is dangerous however for secular princes to oppose the Papacy, and I am not likely to be braver than princes, especially when I can do nothing. The corruptions of the Roman Court may require reform extensive and immediate, but I and the like of me are not called on

to take a work like that upon ourselves. I would rather see things left as they are than see a revolution which may lead to one knows not what. Others may be martyrs if they like. I aspire to no such honour. Some hate me for being a Lutheran; some for not being a Lutheran. You may assure yourself that Erasmus has been, and always will be, a faithful subject of the Roman See. But I think, and many think with me, that there would be better chance of a settlement if there was less ferocity, if the management was placed in the hands of men of weight and learning, if the Pope would follow his own disposition and would not let himself be influenced by others.

SIR THOMAS MORE, 1478-1535.

*From* UTOPIA.

LXXXIII. *The religion of the Utopians.*

There are several sorts of religions, not only in different parts of the island, but even in every town; some worshipping the sun, others the moon, or one of the planets: some worship such men as have been eminent in former times for virtue, or glory, not only as ordinary deities, but as the supreme God: yet the greater and wiser sort of them worship none of these, but adore one eternal, invisible, infinite, and incomprehensible Deity; as a Being that is far above all our apprehensions, that is spread over the whole universe, not by His bulk, but by His power and virtue; Him they call the Father of all, and acknowledge that the beginnings, the increase, the progress, the vicissitudes, and the end of all things come only from Him; nor do they offer Divine honours to any but to Him alone.

They have magnificent temples, that are not only nobly

built, but extremely spacious ; which is the more necessary as they have so few of them ; they are a little dark within, which proceeds not from any error in the architecture, but is done with design ; for their priests think that too much light dissipates the thoughts and that a more moderate degree of it both recollects the mind and raises devotion. Though there are many different forms of religion among them, yet all these, how various soever, agree in the main point which is the worshipping the Divine Essence ; and therefore there is nothing to be seen or heard in their temples in which the several persuasions among them may not agree ; for every sect performs those rites that are peculiar to it in their private houses, nor is there anything in the public worship that contradicts the particular ways of those different sects. Both priests and people offer up very solemn prayers to God in a set form of words ; and these are so composed, that whatsoever is pronounced by the whole assembly may be likewise applied by every man in particular to his own condition ; in these they acknowledge God to be the author and governor of the world, and the fountain of all the good they receive, and therefore offer up to Him their thanksgiving ; and in particular bless Him for His goodness in ordering it so, that they are born under the happiest government in the world, and are of a religion which they hope is the truest of all others : but if they are mistaken and if there is either a better government or a religion more acceptable to God, they implore His goodness to let them know it, vowing that they resolve to follow Him whithersoever he leads them. But if their government is the best, and their religion the truest, then they pray that He may fortify them in it, and bring all the world both to the same rules of life, and to the same opinions concerning Himself ; unless, according to the unsearchableness of His mind, He is pleased with a variety of religions.



MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546.

*From* THE GREATER CATECHISM.

LXXXIV.      *The first commandment.*

"Thou shalt have none other gods but Me." That is, thou shalt have Me alone for thy God. What is meant by these words, and how are they to be understood? What means it to have a God, or what is God? The answer is: God is one from whom we expect all good, and in whom we can take refuge in all our needs, so that to have God is nothing else than to trust and believe in Him with all our hearts; as I have often said, that trust and faith of the heart alone make both God and Idol. If the faith and trust are right, then thy God is also the right God, and, again, if thy trust is false and wrong, then thou hast not the right God. For the two, faith and God, hold close together. Whatever, then, thy heart clings to (I say), and relies upon, that is properly thy God.

Therefore the meaning of this commandment is that it requires true faith and trust in our hearts, which shall find the one true God and cling to Him alone. And this is as much as to say, Look to it that I am thy sole God, and seek no other. That is, Whatever good is wanting to thee, look to Me for it, and seek it of Me, and whenever thou sufferest misfortune and evil, come to Me, and cling to Me. I, I will give thee enough, and will help thee out of thy necessity; only let not thy heart cling to nor rely on any other.

Now I must deal with this very plainly, so that it be understood and remembered, by means of common examples to the contrary. Many a one thinks he has God and an abundance of all things if he has money and goods. He relies on them, and boasts that he cares for no one. Lo, he



has indeed a god, who is called mammon, that is, money and goods, on which he sets all his heart, and this is the commonest idol in the world. Whoever has money and goods deems himself secure, and is joyful and fearless, as though he were in the midst of paradise ; and, on the other hand, he who has none doubts and despairs, as though he knew of no God. For we shall find few enough who are glad of heart, and neither mourn nor lament, if they have no mammon. It sticks and clings to human nature till the grave.

So, again, whoever is confident and boastful because he has great skill, cleverness, power, favour, friendship, and honour, he also has a god, but not the one true God. Here thou mayest see again how confident, secure, and proud men feel when they have these things, and how timid and despairing if they have them not, or if they lose them. Therefore I say again that the primary meaning of this article is that to have a God means to have something in which the heart puts all its trust. Hence thou canst easily understand what and how much this commandment demands, namely, the whole heart of man and perfect confidence in God alone, and in no one else.

*From THE BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY OF THE CHURCH.*

LXXXV. *Plea for Christian liberty.*

I say then, neither pope, nor bishop, nor any man whatever has the right of making one syllable binding on a Christian man, unless it be done with his own consent. Whatever is done otherwise is done in a spirit of tyranny ; and thus the prayers, fastings, almsgiving, and whatever else the Pope ordains and requires in the whole body of his decrees, which are as many as they are iniquitous, he has absolutely no right to require and ordain ; and he sins

against the liberty of the Church as often as he attempts anything of the kind. Hence it has come to pass that while the churchmen of the present day are strenuous defenders of Church liberty—that is, of wood, stone, fields, and money (for in this day things ecclesiastical are synonymous with things spiritual)—they yet by their false teaching not only bring into bondage the true liberty of the Church, but utterly destroy it.

I cry aloud on behalf of liberty and conscience, and I proclaim with confidence that no kind of law can with any justice be imposed on Christians, whether by men or by angels, except so far as they themselves will, for we are free from all. If such laws are imposed on us, we ought so to endure them as still to preserve the consciousness of our liberty. We ought to know and steadfastly protest that a wrong is being done to that liberty, though we may bear and even glory in that wrong, taking care neither to justify the tyrant nor to murmur against the tyranny. "Who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?" (1 Peter III. 13). All things work together for good to the elect of God.

#### LXXXVI. LETTER TO PHILIP MELANCHTHON.

26 May, 1521.

Do not be anxious about me, for I am very well, but my weak faith still torments me. My withdrawal from the scene of conflict is of no great moment; for, although glad to be excluded from the heavy responsibility connected with God's Word, yet for the honour of that Word we would rather burn amid fiery coals, than rot solitary and half-alive, if it were God's will. We have often talked of faith and hope, so let us try for once to put our theory into practice, seeing God has brought it all about, and not we

ourselves. If I perish it will be no loss to the gospel, for you far surpass me, and as Elisha was endued with a double portion of Elijah's spirit after his ascension, so may you be enabled to follow on. Amen! Do not be troubled in spirit; but sing the Lord's song in the night, as we are commanded, and I shall join in. Let us only be concerned about the Word. If any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant! If any man perish, let him perish! But we must see that no one can lay the fault at our door. Your despondency is my greatest trial, your joy is mine also; so live at peace in the Lord, to whom I hope you commit me even as I do you. In the region of the birds who sing beautifully on the trees, praising God night and day with all their might.

MARTIN LUTHER.

LXXXVII. LETTER TO SON HANS.

19 June, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ be with thee, my dear little son! I am very pleased to see you so diligent, and also praying. Continue to do so, my child, and when I return I shall bring you something from the great Fair. I know a beautiful garden, where there are many children with golden robes. They pick up the rosy-cheeked apples, pears, plums, etc., from under the trees, sing, jump, and rejoice all day long. They have also pretty ponies with golden reins and silver saddles. I asked whose garden it was, and to whom the children belonged. The man said, "These are the children who love to pray and learn their lessons". I then said, "Dear sir, I also have a son, Hanschen Luther; might not he too come into the garden and eat the beautiful fruit, and ride upon these pretty ponies, and play with those children?" "If he loves prayer and

is good," said the man, "he can, and Lippus and Jost;<sup>1</sup> and they shall get whistles and drums, and all sorts of musical instruments, and dance, and shoot with little cross-bows." And he showed me a lovely lawn, all ready for dancing, where whistles, flutes, etc., hung. But it was early, and the children not having breakfasted, I could not wait for the dancing, so I said to the man, "Dear sir, I must hurry away and write all this to my dear little son Hans, and tell him to pray and be good, that he may come into this garden; but he has an Aunt Lene, whom he must bring also". "That he can," said the man; "write him to do so." Therefore, my dear little sonny, learn your lessons and pray, and tell Lippus and Jost to do so too, and then you will all get into the garden together. I commend you to God, and give Aunt Lene a kiss from me. Thy dear father,

MARTIN LUTHER.

#### LXXXVIII. LETTER TO GEORGE BRÜCK.

5 August, 1530.

Grace and peace in Christ. Highly esteemed Lord and Sir—I have written several times to you and others, as if I fancied I experienced more of God's help and consolation than was afforded to his Electoral Grace. But I was impelled to do this through the depression into which some of our friends had sunk, as if God had forgotten them. But He cannot do so unless He forget Himself first.

Lately, I saw two wonders. First, as I looked out of the window I saw the stars shining in God's beautifully vaulted heavens, and yet there were no visible pillars supporting the firmament, and still the heavens fell not. Now

<sup>1</sup> Sons of Melanchthon.

there are always some who search for those pillars to grasp them, and, failing in their quest, they go about in fear and trembling, as if the heaven must fall because they cannot grasp the said pillars. If they could, then all would be right, they fancy.

Second, I beheld great clouds hovering over us, borne down by their great weight, like unto a mighty ocean, and yet I saw no foundation upon which they rested and no shore which bounded them, and still they did not fall, but, greeting us stiffly, fled on apace. But when they had vanished, a rainbow feebly lit up earth and sky, till it too disappeared like a mist among the clouds, making us fear as much for the foundation as for the water-charged clouds above. But in very deed this almost invisible mist supported the heavily charged clouds and protected us.

So there are some who pay more attention to, and are more afraid of the waters and the dark clouds than give heed to the tiny bow of promise. They would like to feel the fine mist, and because they cannot they fear a second flood.

Our rainbow is weak and faint, but we shall see who conquers. I commend your Excellency to Christ's loving faithfulness. From the desert.

MARTIN LUTHER.

HUGH LATIMER, 1485?-1555.

*From a SERMON.*

LXXXIX. *The livery of Christ.*

There be many things that pertain to a Christian man, and yet all those things are contained in this one thing, that is love; he lappeth up all things in love. Our whole duty is contained in these words, "Love together".

Therefore, St. Paul saith, "He that loveth another fulfilleth the law": so it appeareth that all things are contained in this word "love". This love is a precious thing: our Saviour saith, "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye shall have love one to another". So that he maketh love his cognizance, his badge, his livery. Like as every lord, most commonly, giveth a certain livery to his servants, whereby they may be known that they pertain unto him: and so we say, "Yonder is this lord's servant," because he weareth his livery; so our Saviour, which is Lord above all lords, would have his servants to be known by their liveries and badge, which badge is love. Whosoever now is endued with love and charity is his servant: him we may call Christ's servant, for love is the token whereby you shall know such a servant that pertaineth to Christ; so that charity may be called the very livery of Christ: he that hath charity is Christ's servant.

XC.

*St. Anthony and the cobbler.*

God would have every man to live in that order that He hath ordained for him. And no doubt the man that plieth his occupation truly, without any fraud or deceit, the same is acceptable to God, and he shall have everlasting life.

We read a pretty story of St. Anthony, who being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strait life, insomuch that none at that time did the like; to whom came a voice from heaven, saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria". Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, "Come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy



time". "Sir," said the cobbler, "as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender. I am but a poor cobbler: in the morning when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, specially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have; after, I set me at my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness: wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly; and so I spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life." In this story you see how God loveth those that follow their vocation and live uprightly, without any falsehood in their dealing. This Anthony was a great, holy man, yet this cobbler was as much esteemed before God as he.

WILLIAM TYNDALE, 1490 ?-1536.

*From the EPISTLE TO THE READER, subjoined to his first published version of the New Testament, 1526.*

XCI.

Give diligence, reader, I exhort thee, that thou come with a pure mind, and, as the Scripture saith, with a single eye, unto the words of health and of eternal life; by the which, if we repent and believe them, we are born anew, created afresh, and enjoy the fruits of the blood of Christ: which blood crieth not for vengeance, as the blood of Abel, but hath purchased life, love, favour, grace, blessing, and whatsoever is promised in the Scriptures to them that believe and obey God; and standeth between us and wrath, vengeance, curse, and whatsoever the Scripture threateneth against the unbelievers and disobedient, which resist and

consent not in their hearts to the Law of God, that it is right, wholly just, and ought so to be. Mark the plain and manifest places of the Scriptures, and in doubtful places see that thou add no interpretation contrary to them ; but, as Paul saith, let all be conformable and agreeing to the faith. Note the difference of the Law and of the Gospel. The one asketh and requireth, the other pardoneth and forgiveth. The one threateneth, the other promiseth all good things to them that set their trust in Christ only. The Gospel signifieth glad tidings, and is nothing but the promises of good things. All is not gospel that is written in the gospel-book ; for if the Law were away, thou couldst not know what the Gospel meant ; even as thou couldst not see pardon and grace, except the Law rebuked thee, and declared unto thee thy sin, misdeed and trespass. Repent and believe the Gospel, as saith Christ in the first of Mark. Apply alway the Law to thy deeds, whether thou find lust in thine heart to the Law-ward ; and so shalt thou no doubt repent, and feel in thyself a certain sorrow, pain, and grief to thine heart, because thou canst not with full lust do the deeds of the Law. Apply the Gospel, that is to say the promises, unto the deserving of Christ, and to the mercy of God and His truth, and so shalt thou not despair ; but shalt feel God as a kind and merciful Father. And His Spirit shall dwell in thee, and shall be strong in thee, and the promises shall be given thee at the last (though not by and by<sup>1</sup> lest thou shouldst forget thyself and be negligent), and all threatenings shall be forgiven thee for Christ's blood sake, to whom commit thyself altogether, without respect either of thy good deeds, or of thy bad.

Them that are learned Christianly I beseech, forasmuch as I am sure, and my conscience beareth me record, that of a pure intent, singly and faithfully, I have interpreted it,

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* immediately.

as far forth as God gave me the gift of knowledge and understanding, that the rudeness of the work now at the first time offend them not ; but that they consider how that I had no man to counterfeit, neither was helped with English of any that had interpreted the same or such like thing in the Scripture before-time.

The grace that cometh of Christ be with them that love him. Amen.

JOHN CALVIN, 1509-1564.

*From* INSTITUTES OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

XCII. *Pure and genuine religion.*

The pious mind does not devise for itself any kind of God, but looks alone to the one true God ; nor does it feign for Him any character it pleases, but is contented to have Him in the character in which He manifests Himself, always guarding, with the utmost diligence, against transgressing His will, and wandering, with daring presumption, from the right path. He by whom God is thus known, perceiving how He governs all things, confides in Him as his guardian and protector, and casts himself entirely upon His faithfulness—perceiving Him to be the source of every blessing, if he is in any strait or feels any want, he instantly recurs to His protection and trusts to His aid—persuaded that He is good and merciful, he reclines upon Him with sure confidence, and doubts not that, in the Divine clemency, a remedy will be provided for his every time of need—acknowledging Him as his Father and his Lord, he considers himself bound to have respect to His authority in all things, to reverence His majesty, aim at the advancement of His glory, and obey His commands—regarding Him as a just judge, armed with severity to punish crimes, he keeps the judgment-seat always in his view. Standing in awe of it,

he curbs himself, and fears to provoke His anger. Nevertheless, he is not so terrified by an apprehension of judgment as to wish he could withdraw himself, even if the means of escape lay before him; nay, he embraces Him not less as the avenger of wickedness than as the rewarder of the righteous; because he perceives that it equally appertains to His glory to store up punishment for the one, and eternal life for the other. Besides it is not the mere fear of punishment that restrains him from sin. Loving and revering God as his Father, honouring and obeying Him as his Master, although there were no hell, he would revolt at the very idea of offending Him.

JOHN KNOX, 1513-1572.

*From* THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

XCIII. *What works are reputed good before God.*

We confess and acknowledge that God has given to man His holy law, in which not only are forbidden all such works which displease and offend His Godly Majesty; but also are commanded all such as please Him, and as He hath promised to reward. And these works be of two sorts; the one are done to the honour of God, the other to the profit of our neighbours; and both have the revealed will of God for their assurance. To have one God, to worship and honour Him; to call upon Him in all our troubles; to reverence His holy name; to hear His word; to believe the same; to communicate with His holy Sacraments;—are the works of the First Table. To honour father, mother, princes, rulers, and superior powers; to love them; to support them, yea, to obey their charges (not repugnant to the commandment of God); to save the lives of innocents; to repress tyranny; to defend the oppressed; to keep our bodies clean and holy; to live in sobriety and temperance;

to deal justly with all men, both in word and in deed ; and, finally, to repress all appetite of our neighbours' hurt ;—are the good works of the Second Table, which are most pleasing and acceptable unto God, as those works that are commanded by Himself.

XCIV. LETTER TO JAMES LAWSON.

All worldly strength (yea even in things spiritual) decayeth ; and yet shall never the work of God decay !

Beloved brother, seeing that God of His mercy, far above my expectation, has called me once again to Edinburgh, and yet that I feel nature so decayed, and daily to decay, that I look not for a long continuance of my battle, I would gladly once discharge my conscience into your bosom, and into the bosom of others, in whom I think the fear of God remains. If I had had the ability of body, I should not have put you to the pain to the which I now require you, that is, once to visit me, that we may confer together of heavenly things ; for upon earth there is no stability, except the Kirk of Jesus Christ, ever fighting under the Cross, to whose mighty protection I heartily commit you. Of Edinburgh the vii of September, 1572.

JOHN KNOX.

Haste, lest you come too late.

ST. TERESA, 1515–1582.

From THE INTERIOR CASTLE.

XCv. *The surest sign that we love God.*

There are only two duties which our Lord requires of us, namely, the love of God, and the love of our neighbour ; these are the objects we must labour for ; by observing these laws perfectly, we do His will, and consequently we shall be united with Him. But, how far are we from observing these

two duties as we ought to do to so great a God! May His Majesty grant us grace, in order that we may deserve to arrive at this state; and this is in our power if we wish. In my opinion, the surest sign for discovery whether we observe these two duties, is the love of our neighbour; since we cannot know whether we love God, though we may have strong proof of it; but this can be more easily discovered respecting the love of our neighbour. And be assured, that the further you advance in that love the more will you advance in the love of God likewise; for the affection which His Majesty has for us is so great, that as a return for the love we show our neighbour, He will make that love go on increasing which we have for Himself.

JOHN FOXE, 1516-1587.

*From* THE ACTS AND MONUMENTS (BOOK OF MARTYRS).

XCVI. *The divine origin of printing.*

Notwithstanding what man soever was the instrument whereby this invention of printing was made, without all doubt God Himself was the ordainer and disposer thereof; no otherwise than He was of the gift of tongues, and that for a similar purpose.

Now to consider to what end and purpose the Lord hath given this gift of printing to the earth, and to what great utility and necessity it serveth, it is not hard to judge, who so wisely perpendeth both the time of the sending, and the sequel which thereof ensueth.

And, first, touching the time of this faculty given to the use of man, this is to be marked: that when the Bishop of Rome, with the whole and full consent of the cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, lawyers, doctors, provosts, deans, archdeacons, assembled together in the Council of Constance, had condemned poor John



Hus and Jerome of Prague to death for heresy, notwithstanding they were no heretics; and after they had subdued the Bohemians, and all the whole world under the supreme authority of the Romish see; and had made all Christian people obedienciaries and vassals unto the same, having (as one would say) all the world at their will, so that the matter now was past not only the power of all men, but the hope also of any man to be recovered: in this very time so dangerous and desperate, when man's power could do no more, there the blessed wisdom and omnipotent power of the Lord began to work for His Church; not with sword and target to subdue His exalted adversary, but with printing, writing, and reading; to convince darkness by light, error by truth, ignorance by learning. So that by this means of printing, the secret operation of God hath heaped upon that proud kingdom a double confusion. . . . The reason whereof is this: for that hereby tongues are known, knowledge groweth, judgment increaseth, books are dispersed, the Scripture is seen, the doctors be read, stories be opened, times compared, truth discerned, falsehood detected and with finger pointed, and all (as I said) through the benefit of printing. By this printing, as by the gift of tongues, and as by the singular organ of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of the Gospel soundeth to all nations and countries under heaven: and what God revealeth to one man, is dispersed to many; and what is known in one nation, is open to all.

## ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS, 1542-1591.

*From THE ASCENT OF MOUNT CARMEL.*

### XCVII. *The danger of self-conceit.*

When men are conscious of certain feelings, and devotional sweetness in the things of God, as they imagine, they

become so self-satisfied that they look upon themselves as most near unto God, and upon others unconscious of the like feelings, as most unworthy, and they despise them as the Pharisee did the publican. To avoid this pestilent evil, abominable in the sight of God, there are two considerations to help us. The first is, that virtue does not consist in these apprehensions and feelings about God, however sublime they may be, nor in any personal experiences of this kind, but on the contrary, in that which is not matter of feeling at all,—in great humility, contempt of ourselves, and of all that belongs to us, profoundly rooted in the soul; and in being glad that others have the same opinion of us, and in not wishing to be thought well of by others at all. The second is, that all visions, revelations, and heavenly feelings, and whatever else is greater than these, are not worth the least act of humility, bearing the fruits of that charity which neither values nor seeks itself, which thinketh no evil except of self, which thinketh well not of self, but of all others. Let men, therefore, cease to regard these supernatural apprehensions, and labour rather to forget them that they may be free.

RICHARD HOOKER, 1554-1600.

*From* THE ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.

XCVIII.

*Of Divine service.*

There is an inward reasonable, and there is a solemn outward serviceable worship belonging unto God. Of the former kind are all manner virtuous duties that each man in reason and conscience to Godward oweth. Solemn and serviceable worship we name for distinction' sake, whatsoever belongeth to the Church or public society of God,

by way of external adoration. It is the latter of these two whereupon our present question groweth.

Touching the nature of religious services, and the manner of their due performance, thus much generally we know to be most clear; that whereas the greatness and dignity of all manner actions is measured by the worthiness of the subject from which they proceed, and of the object whereabout they are conversant, we must of necessity in both respects acknowledge, that this present world affordeth not any thing comparable unto the public duties of religion. For if the best things have the perfectest and best operations, it will follow, that seeing man is the worthiest creature upon earth, and every society of men more worthy than any man, and of societies that most excellent which we call the Church; there can be in this world no work performed equal to the exercise of true religion, the proper operation of the Church of God.

Again, forasmuch as religion worketh upon Him who in majesty and power is infinite, as we ought we account not of it, unless we esteem it even according to that very height of excellency which our hearts conceive when Divine sublimity itself is rightly considered. In the powers and faculties of our souls God requireth the uttermost which our unfeigned affection towards Him is able to yield. So that if we affect Him not far above and before all things, our religion hath not that inward perfection which it should have, neither do we indeed worship Him as our God.

That which inwardly each man should be, the Church outwardly ought to testify. And therefore the duties of our religion which are seen must be such as that affection which is unseen ought to be. Signs must resemble the things they signify. If religion bear the greatest sway in our hearts, our outward religious duties must show it as far as the Church hath outward ability. Duties of religion

performed by whole societies of men, ought to have in them according to our power a sensible excellency, correspondent to the majesty of Him whom we worship. Yea, then are the public duties of religion best ordered when the militant Church doth resemble by sensible means, as it may in such cases, that hidden dignity and glory wherewith the Church triumphant in heaven is beautified.

## XCIX.

*Of music.*

Touching musical harmony whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds, a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is or hath in it harmony. A thing which delighteth all ages and beseebeth all states ; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy ; as decent being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject ; yea so to imitate them, that whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony ;

than some nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness; of some, more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous, grave and sober mediocrity, there is also that carrieth as it were into ecstasies, filling the mind with an heavenly joy and for the time in a manner severing it from the body. So that although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is by a native puissance and efficacy greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager, sovereign against melancholy and despair, forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them, able both to move and to moderate all affections.

In church music, curiosity and ostentation of art, wanton or light or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and doth not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions, which the matter that goeth with it leaveth or is apt to leave in men's minds, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, these faults prevented, the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it drowneth not utterly but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom the melody of psalms doth not sometimes draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth.



ST. FRANCIS DE SALES, 1567-1622.

*From his* CONVERSATIONS.

C.                    *On cherishing the small virtues.*

We ought to cherish the small virtues which grow at the foot of the Cross for they are watered with the blood of the Son of God. These virtues are humility, patience, sweet temper, kindness, helpfulness to our neighbours, graciousness, good will, heartiness, sympathy, readiness to forgive, simplicity, truthfulness, and others like them. Such virtues are like the violets which love the coolness of the shade, which are fed with dew, and which, though they have no brilliancy, cease not to shed fragrance around. There are great virtues on the top of the Cross which have great splendour, especially when they are accompanied with love; such are wisdom, justice, zeal, liberality and the like: and every one wishes to have these virtues because they are the most esteemed and make us the most thought of. But we should not judge of the greatness or littleness of a virtue by that which it appears to the outward eye; for a virtue that is very small in appearance may be practised with great love to God, while one that is more shining may go along with very little love; yet this is the measure of their true value before God. I put more value on prayer, which is the torch of all the virtues; on devotion, which consecrates all our actions to the service of God; on humility, which makes us have a low esteem of ourselves and of our actions; on sweet temper, which makes us kind to all the world; on patience, which makes us bear all things; than on heroism, magnanimity, liberality, virtues which do not cover so much ground and are more seldom in use. And these more splendid virtues are a little dangerous, because their brilli-



ancy gives more occasion for vain glory, which is the true poison of all the virtues.

JACOB BOEHME, 1575-1624.

*From* THE SUPERSENSUAL LIFE.

CI.        *On keeping in the presence of God.*

My son, let not the eye of nature with the will of the wonders depart from that eye which is introverted into the Divine Liberty, and into the eternal light of the holy Majesty : but let it draw to thee those wonders by union with that heavenly internal eye, which are externally wrought out and manifested in visible nature. For while thou art in the world, and hast an honest employment, thou art certainly by the order of Providence obliged to labour in it, and to finish the work given thee, according to thy best ability, without repining in the least ; seeking out and manifesting for God's glory the wonders of nature and art. Since let the nature be what it will, it is all the work and art of God : and let the art also be what it will, it is still God's work, and His art, rather than any art or cunning of man. And all both in art and nature serveth but abundantly to manifest the wonderful works of God ; that He for all and in all may be glorified. Yea all serveth, if thou knowest rightly how to use them, but to recollect thee more inwards, and to draw thy spirit into that majestic Light, wherein the original patterns and forms of things visible are to be seen. Keep therefore in the centre, and stir not out from the presence of God revealed within thy soul. Let the hands or the head be at labour, thy heart ought nevertheless to rest in God. God is a Spirit ; dwell in the Spirit, pray in the Spirit, and do everything in the Spirit ;

for remember thou also art a spirit, and thereby created in the image of God.

JOHN ROBINSON, 1576?-1625.

From ADDRESS TO HIS CONGREGATION ON THE EVE  
OF ITS DEPARTURE FROM HOLLAND TO AMERICA,  
21 July, 1620.

CII. *The growing revelation of Divine truth.*

We are now ere long to part asunder, and the Lord knoweth whether I shall live to see your faces again. But whether the Lord hath appointed it or not, I charge you before God and His blessed angels, to follow me no further than I have followed Christ; and if God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument of His, to be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am very confident the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of His holy Word. I bewail the condition of the reformed churches who are come to a period in religion, and will go no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; for whatever part of God's will has been imparted and revealed to Calvin they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, as you see, stick where Calvin left them. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though Luther and Calvin were precious shining lights in their times, yet God did not reveal His whole will to them; and were they living now they would be as ready and willing to embrace further light as that which they had received. I beseech you to remember your church covenant, at least that part of it whereby you promise and covenant with God and with one another, to receive whatsoever light or truth shall be made known to you from the written Word of God.

THOMAS FULLER, 1608-1661.

From THE HOLY STATE.

CIII. *The martyrdom of Latimer and Ridley.*

Ridley's whole life was a letter written full of learning and religion, whereof his death was the seal. Brought he was with Cranmer and Latimer to Oxford to dispute in the days of Queen Mary, though before a syllogism was formed, their deaths were concluded on, and as afterwards came to pass, being burnt the sixteenth of October, *anno* 1555, in the ditch over against Balliol College. Old Hugh Latimer was Ridley's partner at the stake, sometime Bishop of Worcester, who crawled thither after him, one who had lost more learning than many ever had, who flout at his plain sermons. Though he came after Ridley to the stake, he got before him to heaven: his body, made tinder by age, was no sooner touched by fire, but instantly this old Simeon had his *Nunc dimittis*, and brought the news to heaven that his brother was following after. But Ridley suffered with far more pain, the fire about him being not well made: and yet one would think that age should be skilful in making such bonfires, as being much practised in them. The gunpowder that was given him did him little service, and his brother-in-law, out of desire to rid him out of pain, increased it (great grief will not give men leave to be wise with it), heaping fuel upon him to no purpose; so that neither the fagots which his enemies' anger nor his brother's good will cast upon him, made the fire to burn kindly. In like manner not much before, his dear friend Master Hooper suffered with great torment; the wind (which too often is the bellows of great fires) blowing it away from him once or twice. Of all the martyrs in those days these two endured most pain, it being true of each of them,

And still he did desire  
For fire in midst of fire;

both desiring to burn, and yet both their upper parts were but confessors, when their lower parts were martyrs and burnt to ashes. Thus God, where He hath given the stronger faith, He layeth on the greater pain. And so we leave them going up to heaven, like Elijah, in a chariot of fire.

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674.

*From the AREOPAGITICA.*

CIV. *On knowing evil and yet abstaining from it.*

As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continuance to forbear without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true wayfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with

his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.

Wherefore did God create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue? They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste that came not thither so: such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point. Suppose we could expel sin by this means; look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of both is the same; remove that, and ye remove them both alike. This justifies the high providence of God, who, though he commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us, even to a profuseness, all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety.

CV.

*On Truth and Liberty.*

Well knows he who uses to consider that our faith and knowledge thrive by exercise, as well as our limbs and complexion. Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain; if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition.

Truth indeed came into the world with her Divine master, and was a perfect shape and most glorious to look on: but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of

deceivers, who, as the story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down, gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, nor ever shall do, till her master's second coming: he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection. We boast our light; but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness. The light which we have gained, was given us not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge. There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. 'Tis their own pride and ignorance that cause the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not in their syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of Truth. To be still searching what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneous and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church; not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral, and inwardly divided minds. Where there is much desire to learn, there of necessity will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism, we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and under-



standing which God hath stirred up. What some lament of we rather rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men to reassume the ill-reputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join, and unite in one general and brotherly search after Truth ; could we but forego this prelati- cal tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men. Give me the liberty to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties. The Temple of Janus with his two controversial faces might now not insignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple ; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter ? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing.

*From PARADISE LOST.*

CVI.      *Adam's morning hymn in Paradise.*

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,  
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,  
Thus wondrous fair : Thyself how wondrous then !  
Unspeakable ! Who sit'st above these heavens  
To us invisible, or dimly seen  
In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare  
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.  
Speak ye who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,  
Angels—for ye behold Him, and with songs  
And choral symphonies, day without night  
Circle His throne rejoicing—ye in Heaven ;

On Earth join, all ye creatures, to extol  
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.  
Fairest of Stars, last in the train of Night,  
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,  
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn  
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere  
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.  
Thou Sun, of this great World both eye and soul,  
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise  
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,  
And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st.  
Moon, that now meet'st the orient Sun, now fliest,  
With the fixed Stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;  
And ye five other wandering Fires, that move  
In mystic dance, not without song, resound  
His praise who out of Darkness called up Light.  
Air, and ye Elements, the eldest birth  
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix  
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change  
Vary to your great Maker still new praise.  
Ye Mists and Exhalations, that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,  
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,  
In honour of the World's great Author rise ;  
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,  
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,  
Rising or falling, still advance His praise.  
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye Pines,  
With every Plant, in sign of worship wave.  
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,  
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise,  
Join voices all ye living souls. Ye Birds,  
That, singing, up to Heaven-gate ascend,

Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord! Be bounteous still  
 To give us only good; and, if the night  
 Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

## CVII.

## ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent  
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,  
 And that one talent which is death to hide  
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent  
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present  
 My true account, lest He returning chide,  
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"  
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent  
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need  
 Either man's work or His own gifts. Who best  
 Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best. His state  
 Is kingly: thousands at His bidding speed,  
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE, 1609-1683.

## CVIII.

*Aphorisms.*

A man has as much right to use his own understanding,  
 in judging of truth, as he has a right to use his own eyes,

to see his way : therefore it is no offence to another, that any man uses his own right.

It is not to be expected that another man should think as I would, to please me, since I cannot think as I would to please myself ; it is neither in his nor my power to think as we will, but as we see reason, and find cause.

It is better for us that there should be difference of judgment, if we keep charity : but it is most unmanly to quarrel because we differ.

Men's apprehensions are often nearer than their expressions ; they may mean the same thing, when they seem not to say the same thing.

It is a great deal easier to commit a second sin, than it was to commit the first ; and a great deal harder to repent of a second, than it was to repent of the first.

A man is not excessively wicked on a sudden ; but no man knows, when he is going, how far he shall go.

Take heed of the first stumble, for it is ominous : and at best there is a good step lost.

Good men study to spiritualize their bodies, bad men to incarnate their souls.

We are none of us at all better than we mean.

The more you are offended at your evil thoughts the less they are yours ; the more they are your burden, the less they are your guilt. The knowledge or thought of evil is not evil ; it is not what you know but what you consent to.

Heaven is first a temper and then a place.

None more deceive themselves than they who think their religion is true and genuine, though it refines not their spirits and reforms not their lives.

When we make nearer approaches to God, we have more use of ourselves.

He that takes himself out of God's hands into his own by-and-by will not know what to do with himself.

To do good, and to serve God are materially the same ; and the service of God is the imitation of Him.

ROBERT LEIGHTON, 1611-1684.

*From* AN EXPOSITION OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

CIX.

*On chastity.*

They that give their tongues the liberty of scurrilous jesting, and impure speeches, cannot but have filthy hearts ; their noisome breath argues rottenness within. Rotten speech grieves the Holy Spirit, and so do such thoughts too, which are a man's speech with himself ; and therefore, being most familiar and frequent with him, ought to be most regarded and watched over. There is not anything will more readily dry up the sweetness and spiritual moisture of the soul, and cause the graces in it to wither, than the impure fire of lust ; therefore you that have any beginnings of grace, and would have it flourish, beware of this, and quench it in its first sparkles ; if you do not, it may in a little time rise above your power, and still prove very dangerous.

If you would be freed from the danger and importunity of this evil, make use of these usual and very useful rules. Be sober and temperate in diet. Be modest and circumspect in your carriage ; guard your ears, and eyes, and watch over all your deportment ; beware of undue and dangerous familiarities with any, upon what pretence soever. Be choice in your society, for there is much in that. In general, fly all occasions and incentives to uncleanness. But truly the solid care must begin within, otherwise all these outward remedies will prove but empiric medicines, as they call them.

1. First then, lean not upon moral resolves and particular purposes against uncleanness, but seek a total, entire change of heart, and to find the sanctifying spirit of grace dwelling within you.

2. Labour to have the heart possessed with a deep apprehension of the holiness and purity of God, and then of His presence and eye upon all thy actions, yea thy most secret thoughts.

3. Acquaint yourselves with spiritual delights, and this will make a happy diversion from those that are sensual and earthly. Somewhat a man must have to delight in. It is the philosopher's remark, that they that know not the true pleasure of the mind, turn to the base pleasures of the body. Nothing indignifies the soul more than lust.

4. Increase in the love of Christ ; for as that grows there is a decrease of the love of sin, yea of the immoderate love of all inferior things : as the sunbeams eat out the fire, this Divine and heavenly love consumes the other. That love of Christ is strong as death, and kills all opposite affections ; and indeed it alone is worthy of the soul, the noble immortal soul.

Remember to what a pure and excellent condition we are called as Christians, and with what a price we are bought to be holy ; and let it be our firm purpose and study to glorify God in our souls, and bodies, for they are His.

JEREMY TAYLOR, 1613-1667.

*From a SERMON.*

CX.

*On prayer.*

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation,



the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempests : prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts ; it is the daughter of charity and the sister of meekness ; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier-garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds ; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of its wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over : and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man : when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument ; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man ; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud ; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention ; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God ; and then it ascends to

heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

*From LIBERTY OF PROPHECYING.*

CXI.                   *Abraham and the stranger.*

Any zeal is proper for religion, but the zeal of the sword and the zeal of anger ; this is the bitterness of zeal, and it is a certain temptation to every man against his duty ; for if the sword turns preacher, and dictates propositions by empire instead of arguments, and engraves them in men's hearts with a poignard, that it shall be death to believe what I innocently and ignorantly am persuaded of, it must needs be unsafe to "try the spirits," to "try all things," to make inquiry ; and yet without this liberty, no man can justify himself before God or man, nor confidently say that his religion is best. This is inordination of zeal.

When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man, stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down ; but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not, he asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied, "I thrust him away because he did not worship Thee". God answered him, "I have suffered him these hundred years, although he

dishonoured me ; and couldst not thou endure him one night ? ”

JOHN AUSTIN, 1613-1669.

*From* DEVOTIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK.

CXII. *What the Lord our God is to us and does for us.*

Let us now consider, O Lord our God, let us thankfully remember what Thou art to us.

Thou art the great Beginning of our nature ; and the glorious end of all our actions.

Thou art the overflowing Source from whence we spring ; and the immense Ocean to which we tend.

Thou art the free Bestower of all we possess ; and faithful Promiser of all we hope.

Thou art the strong Sustainer of our lives ; and ready Deliverer from all our enemies.

Thou art the merciful Scourger of our sins, and the Bounteous Rewarder of our obedience.

Thou art the Safe Conductor of our pilgrimage, and the Eternal Rest of wearied souls.

Such words, alas ! our narrowness is constrained to use, when we endeavour to speak Thy bounties.

Wider a little can our thoughts extend ; yet infinitely less than the least of Thy mercies.

Tell us Thyself, O Thou mild Instructor of the ignorant ! what Thou art to us.

Say to our souls, Thou art our Salvation ; but say it so, that we may hear Thee, and feel it so.

Gladly will we turn after the sound of that voice ; and by following it, find out Thee.

When we have found Thee once, O Thou joy of our hearts ! never let us lose Thy sight again.

Never let us turn our eyes from Thee ; but steadily fix them upon Thy glorious face.

Suffer us not to go, till Thou hast given us Thy blessing ; and then may Thy blessing bind us faster unto Thee.

## CXIII.

*Of labour and rest.*

My God, in everything I see Thy hand ; in every passage Thy gracious discipline.

Thou wisely governest the house Thou hast built, and preventest with Thy mercy all our wants.

Thou callest us up in the early morning, and givest us light by the beams of Thy sun ;

To labour every one in their proper office, and fill the place appointed them in the world.

Thou providest a rest for our weary evening ; and favourest our sleep with a shady darkness ;

To refresh our bodies in the peace of night, and repair the waste of our decaying spirits.

Again Thou awakest our drowsy eyes, and biddest us return to our daily task.

Thus has Thy wisdom mixed our life, and beauteously interwoven it of rest and work,

Whose mutual changes sweeten each other, and each prepare us for our greatest duty,

Of finishing here the work of our salvation, to rest hereafter in Thy holy peace.

*From* DEVOTIONS FOR THE GREAT FESTIVALS.

## CXIV.

*The example of the saints.*

Let us humble ourselves, but not grow faint, at the sight of others so far before us.

Rather let us quicken our sloth by their swift pace, and encourage our fears with their happy success.

We who profess the religion of all those saints, who lived and died in the same Church with us :

We who partake of the same holy sacraments, and eat the same celestial food ;

Why should we fear one day to shine above, and rejoice together with you, O glorious saints ?

Are we not all redeemed with the same rich price ? and is not the same eternal crown proposed to us all ?

You lived in a dangerous world, like this, and were tied to bodies frail as ours.

But by a diligent vigilance, you overcame the world, and subdued those bodies to the service of your mind.

You overcame with joyful heart, and we thus congratulate the triumphs of your victories.

You overcame, but not with your own strong hand ; you now triumph, but it is by the bounty of your God.

Precious, O Lord, in Thy sight is the death of Thy saints, which finishes Thy greatest work, the perfecting of souls :

Whom Thou esteemest as the jewels of heaven, and choicely gatherest them into Thine own treasury.

Precious to themselves, O Lord, is the death of Thy saints, which takes off the dusty cover that hides their brightness :

Which shapes and polishes them to a beautiful lustre, and sets them as stars round about Thy throne.

Precious to us, O Lord, is the death of Thy saints, which makes us heirs of so great a wealth :

Which leaves us furnished with so great variety of examples, that every want is abundantly supplied.

Let us not see in vain the crowns at the race's end, and sit down in the shades of ease.

Let us not keep in vain these sacred memorials, to be only a reproach to our unprofitable lives.

But let us stretch out ourselves, and pursue to the mark, for the glorious prize that is set before us.

Still with our utmost speed let us follow them, whose travels ended in so sweet a rest.

RICHARD BAXTER, 1615-1691.

*From a DISCOURSE.*

CXV.

*True Catholicism.*

Lay the unity of the Church upon nothing but what is essential to the Church. Seek after as much truth, and purity, and perfection as you can : but not as necessary to the essence of the Church, or any member of it ; nor to denominate and specify your faith and religion by. Tolerate no error or sin, so far as not to seek the healing of it : but tolerate all error and sin, consisting with Christian faith and charity, so far as not to unchristian and unchurch men for them. Own no man's errors, or sins, but own every man that owneth Christ, and whom Christ will own, notwithstanding those errors and infirmities that he is guilty of. Bear with those that Christ will bear with ; especially learn the master-duty of self-denial : for it is self that is the greatest enemy to catholicism. Self-conceitedness, and self-love, and self-willedness, and selfish interests, are the things that divide, and would make as many religions in the world as selfs. Even among many accounted orthodox, pride and selfishness causeth them so far to overvalue their own judgments, as to expect that all should be conformable to them, and bow to their arguments which have no strength, if not to their sayings and wills without their arguments ; and to disdain, and passionately censure and reproach all that dissent and gainsay them. And thus every man, so far as he is proud and selfish, would be the Pope or centre of the Catholic Church. And therefore it is observable that Christ hath told us, " That except we be



converted and become as little children we cannot enter into his kingdom". "And if we deny not ourselves we cannot be his disciples."

*From THE SAINTS' EVERLASTING REST.*

CXVI. *On avoiding disputation.*

A hindrance to heavenly conversation is, too frequent disputes about lesser truths, and especially when a man's religion lies only in his opinions : a sure sign of an unsanctified soul. They are usually men least acquainted with a heavenly life, who are the violent disputers about the circumstantialia of religion. He whose religion is all in his opinions, will be most frequently and zealously speaking his opinions ; and he whose religion lies in the knowledge and love of God in Christ, will be most delightfully speaking of that time when he shall enjoy God and Christ. When the zeal of a Christian doth leave the internals of religion, and fly to ceremonials, externals, or inferior things, the soul must needs consume and languish : yea, though you were sure your opinions were true, yet when the chiefest of your zeal is turned thither, and the chiefest of your conference there laid out, the life of grace decays within, and your hearts are turned from this heavenly life. Not that I would persuade you to undervalue the least truth of God ; yet let every truth in our thoughts and speeches have its due proportion, and I am confident the hundredth part of our time and our conference would not be spent upon the now common themes. For as there are a hundred truths of far greater consequence, which do all challenge the precedency before these, so many of those truths alone are of a hundred times nearer concernment to our souls, and therefore should have an answerable proportion in our thoughts. Neither is it any excuse for our casting by those

great fundamental truths, because they are common and known already. He is a rare and precious Christian who is skilled in the improving of well-known truths. I could wish you were all understanding men, able to defend every truth of God. But still I would have the chiefest to be chiefly studied, and none to shoulder out your thoughts of eternity. The least controverted points are usually most weighty, and of most necessary frequent use to our souls.

From NARRATIVE OF THE MOST MEMORABLE PASSAGES  
OF HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

CXVII. *Altered views of men and things.*

I less admire gifts of utterance and bare profession of religion than I once did ; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than others. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me, what odious crimes may consist with high profession ; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life : only their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

I am not so narrow in my special love as heretofore : being less censorious, and taking more than I did *for* saints, it must needs follow that I love more as saints than I did before. I think it not lawful to put that man

off with bare Church communion, and such common love which I must allow the wicked, who professeth himself a true Christian, by such profession as I cannot disprove.

I am not too narrow in my principles of Church communion, as once I was. I more plainly perceive the difference between the Church as congregate or visible, and as regenerate or mystical; and between sincerity and profession; and that a credible profession is proof sufficient of a man's title to Church admission: and that the profession is credible at the bar of the Church, which is not disproved. I am not for narrowing the Church more than Christ himself alloweth us; nor for robbing him of any of his flock. I am more sensible how much it is the will of Christ that every man be the chooser or refuser of his own felicity, and that it lieth most on his own hands, whether he will have communion with the Church or not; and that if he be an hypocrite it is himself that will bear the loss.

## CXVIII.

*The ejected ministers.*

When the Act of Uniformity was passed, it gave all the Ministers that could not conform, no longer time than till Bartholomew-day, August 24, 1662, and then they must be all cast out.

When Bartholomew-day came, about One thousand eight hundred or Two thousand Ministers were silenced and cast out: and the affections of most men thereupon were such as made me fear it was a prognostick of our further sufferings: for when pastors and people should have been humbled for their sins, and lamented their former negligence and unfruitfulness, most of them were filled with disdain and indignation against the Prelates, and were ready with confidence to say, "God will not long suffer so wicked and cruel a generation of men: it will be but a little while till

God will pull them down". And thus men were puffed up by other men's sinfulness. and kept from a kindly humbling of themselves.

And now came in the great inundation of calamities, which in many streams overwhelmed thousands of godly Christians, together with their Pastors. As for example, 1. Hundreds of able Ministers, with their wives and children, had neither house nor bread ; for their former maintenance served them but for the time, and few of them laid up anything for the future ; for many of them had not past £30 or £40 per annum apiece, and most but about £60 or £80 per annum, and very few above £100, and few had any considerable estates of their own. 2. The people's poverty was so great, that they were not able much to relieve their Ministers. 3. The jealousy of the State, and the malice of their enemies were so great, that people that were willing durst not be known to give to their ejected Pastors, lest it should be said that they maintained schism, or were making collections for some plot or insurrection. 4. The hearts of the people were grieved for the loss of their Pastors. 5. Many places had such set over them in their steads, as they could not with conscience or comfort commit the conduct of their souls to. And they were forced to own all these, and all others that were thrust upon them against their wills, and to own also the undisciplined churches, by receiving the Sacrament in their several parishes whether they would or not. 6. Those that did not this were to be excommunicated, and then to have a writ sued out against them, to lay them in the jail, and seize on their estates. 7. The people were hereupon unavoidably divided among themselves ; for some would have nothing to do with these imposed Pastors, but would in private attend their former Pastors only. Others would do both, and take all that they thought good of both. Some would only hear the public sermons, others would also go to Common Prayer

where the Minister was tolerable. Some would join in the Sacrament with them, where the Minister was honest, and others would not. And this division they long foresaw, but could not possibly prevent. 8. And the Ministers themselves were thus also divided, who before seemed all one; for some would go to Church, to Common Prayer, to Sacraments, and others would not. Some of them thought that it was their duty to preach publicly in the streets or fields while the people desired it, and not to cease their work through fear of man, till they lay in jails, or were all banished. Others thought that a continued endeavour to benefit their people privately, would be more serviceable to the Church, than one or two sermons and a jail, at such a time, when the multitudes of sufferers, and the odious titles put upon them, obscured and clogged the benefit of sufferings. And some thought that the Covenant bound all to separate from Common Prayer, and Prelates, and Parish Communion; and others thought that it rather bound them to this Communion and Worship in case they could have no better, and that to teach from house to house in private and bring the people to attend in public, was the most righteous and edifying way, where the imposed Minister was tolerable. 9. Hereupon those Ministers that would not cease from preaching were thrust into prisons, and censured (some of them) the rest that did not do as they. 10. The rest that preached only secretly to a few were looked on as discontented and disaffected to the Government, and on every rumour of a new plot or conspiracy, taken up, and many of them laid in prison. 11. The Prelatists and they were hereby set at a further distance, and charity more destroyed, and reconciliation made more hopeless, and almost anything believed that was said against a Nonconformist. 12. The conforming part of the Old Ministry was also divided from the rest, and censures set them further at a distance; (but yet where serious godliness appeared, it kept up some



charity and respect, and united them in the main). All these calamities brought another. 13. That the people were tempted to murmur at their superiors, and call them cruel persecutors, and secretly rejoice if any hurt befell them, and many forgot that they are to honour their governors, even when they suffer by them, and not only to forbear evil thoughts and words against them, but to endeavour to keep up their honour with their subjects. 14. By all these sins, these murmurings, and these violations of the interest of the Church and the Cause of Christ, the land was prepared for that further inundation of calamities (by war and plague and scarcity) which hath since brought it near to desolation.

JOHN SMITH, 1618-1652.

*From A DISCOURSE.*

CXIX.      *The search for Divine truth.*

To seek our divinity merely in books and writings, is to seek the living among the dead: we do but in vain seek God many times in these, where His truth too often is not so much enshrined as entombed. No: seek for God within thine own soul; He is best discerned, as Plotinus phraseth it, by an "intellectual touch" of Him. . . . That is not the best and truest knowledge of God which is wrought out by the labour and sweat of the brain, but that which is kindled within us by a heavenly warmth in our hearts. As, in the natural body, it is the heart that sends up good blood and warm spirits into the head, whereby it is best enabled to perform its several functions; so that which enables us to know and understand aright in the things of God, must be a living principle of holiness within us. When the tree of knowledge is not planted by the tree of life, and sucks not up sap from thence, it may be as well fruitful with evil



as with good, and bring forth bitter fruit as well as sweet. If we would indeed have knowledge thrive and flourish, we must water the tender plants of it with holiness. When Zoroaster's scholars asked him what they should do to get winged souls, such as might soar aloft in the bright beams of Divine truth, he bids them bathe themselves in the waters of life: they asking him what they were, he tells them, the four cardinal virtues, which are the four rivers of paradise.

There is a knowing of the truth as it is in Jesus—as it is in a Christlike nature, as it is in that sweet, mild, humble, and loving spirit of Jesus, which spreads itself, like a morning sun, upon the souls of good men, full of light and life. It profits little to know Christ himself after the flesh; but He gives His spirit to good men that searcheth the deep things of God. There is an inward beauty, life and loveliness in Divine truth, which cannot be known but then, when it is digested into life and practice. Divine truth is better understood as it unfolds itself in the purity of men's hearts and lives, than in all those subtle niceties into which curious wits may lay it forth. And therefore our Saviour, who is the great master of it, would not, while he was here on earth, draw it up into any system or body, nor would his disciples after him; he would not lay it out to us in any canons or articles of belief, not being indeed so careful to stock and enrich the world with opinions and notions as with true piety and a godlike pattern of purity, as the best way to thrive in all spiritual understanding. His main scope was to promote a holy life, as the best and most compendious way to a right belief. He hangs all true acquaintance with divinity upon the doing God's will: "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God". This is that alone which will make us, as St. Peter tells us, "that we shall not be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour"

*From a DISCOURSE.*

CXX. *The search for happiness the search for God.*

The whole work of this world is nothing but a perpetual contention for true happiness, and men are scattered up and down the world, moving to and fro therein, to seek it. Our souls by a natural science, as it were, feeling their own original, are perpetually travailing with new designs and contrivances whereby they may purchase the scope of their high ambitions. Happiness is that pearl of price which all adventure for, though few find it. It is not gold or silver that the earthlings of this world seek after, but some satisfying good which they think is there treasured up. Neither is it a little empty breath that ambition and popularity soars after, but some kind of happiness that it thinks to catch and suck in with it.

And thus, indeed, when men most of all fly from God, they still seek after Him. Wicked men pursue, indeed, after a Deity in their worldly lusts ; wherein yet they most blaspheme ; for God is not a mere empty name or title, but that self-sufficient Good which brings along that rest and peace with it which they so much seek after, though they do most prodigiously conjoin it with something which it is not, nor can it be, and in a true and real strain of blasphemy, attribute all that which is God to something else which is most unlike Him. God is not better defined to us by our understanding than by our wills and affections : He is not only the Eternal Reason, that Almighty Mind and Wisdom which our understandings converse with ; but He is also that Unstained Beauty and Supreme Good which our wills are perpetually catching after : and wheresoever we find true Beauty, Love and Goodness, we may say, here or there is God. And as we cannot understand anything of an intelligible nature, but by some primitive idea we have of God,

whereby we are able to guess at the elevation of its being and the pitch of its perfection ; so neither do our wills embrace anything without some latent sense of Him, whereby they can taste and discern how near anything comes to that Self-sufficient Good they seek after ; and indeed without such an internal sensating faculty as this is we should never know when our souls are in conjunction with the Deity, or be able to relish the ineffable sweetness of true happiness. Though here below we know but little what this is, because we are little acquainted with fruition and enjoyment ; we know well what belongs to longings and languishment, but we know not so well what belongs to plenty and fullness ; we are well acquainted with the griefs and sicknesses of this in-bred love, but we know not what its health and complacencies are.

## CXXI.

*On becoming like God.*

Because all those scattered rays of beauty and loveliness which we behold spread up and down all the world over, are only the emanations of that unexhausted Light which is above ; therefore should we love them all in that, and climb up always by those sunbeams unto the Eternal Father of Lights : we should look upon Him and take from Him the pattern of our lives, and, always eying Him, should polish and shape our souls into the clearest resemblance of Him ; and in all our behaviour in this world (that great temple of His) deport ourselves decently and reverently, with that humility, meekness and modesty that becomes His house. We should endeavour more and more to be perfect as He is ; in all our dealing with men, doing good, showing mercy and compassion, advancing justice and righteousness, being always full of charity and good works ; and look upon ourselves as having nothing to do here but to display and blazon

the glory of our Heavenly Father, and frame our hearts and lives according to that pattern which we behold in the mount of a holy contemplation of Him. Thus we should endeavour to preserve that heavenly fire of Divine love and goodness (which issuing forth from God centres itself within us, and is the protoplactic virtue of our beings) always alive and burning in the temple of our souls, and to sacrifice ourselves back again to Him. And when we fulfil this royal law arising out of the heart of eternity, then shall we here appear to be the children of God, when He thus lives in us, as our Saviour speaks.

*From a DISCOURSE.*

CXXII.

*On union with God.*

All self-seeking and self-love do but imprison the soul, and confine it to its own home: the mind of a good man is too noble, too big for such a particular life; he hath learned to despise his own being in comparison of that uncreated beauty and goodness which is so infinitely transcendent to himself or any created thing; he reckons upon his choice and best affections and designs as too choice and precious a treasure to be spent upon such a poor sorry thing as himself, or upon anything else but God Himself.

This was the life of Christ, and is in some degree the life of every one that partakes of the spirit of Christ. Such Christians seek not their own glory but the glory of Him that sent them into this world: they know they were brought forth into this world, not to set up or drive a trade for themselves, but to serve the will and pleasure of Him that made them, and to finish that work He hath appointed them. It were not worth the while to have been born or to live, had it been only for such a penurious end as ourselves are: it is most God-like and best suits with the spirit

of religion, for a Christian to live wholly to God, to live the life of God, "having his own life hid with Christ in God," and thus in a sober sense he becomes deified. This, indeed, is such a deification as is not transacted merely upon the stage of fancy by arrogance and presumption, but in the highest powers of the soul by a living and quickening spirit of true religion there uniting God and the soul together in the unity of affections, will and end.

HENRY VAUGHAN, 1622-1695.

CXXIII. *Friends departed.*

They are all gone into a world of light !  
And I alone sit lingering here !  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest  
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days ;  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope ! and high humility !  
High as the Heavens above !  
These are your walks, and you have show'd them me,  
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just !  
Shining nowhere but in the dark ;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,  
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know  
At first sight if the bird be flown ;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.

And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,  
And into glory peep.

BLAISE PASCAL, 1623-1662.

*From the* THOUGHTS.

CXXIV.      *The greatness of man.*

We have so great an idea of the human soul that we cannot bear to be despised, or to lie under the disesteem of any soul, and all the happiness of men consists in that esteem. The search after glory is the greatest vileness of man. Yet it is also the greatest mark of his excellence, for whatever riches he may have on earth, whatever health and advantage, he is not satisfied if he have not the esteem of men. He rates human reason so highly that whatever privileges he may have on earth, he is not content unless he stand well in the judgment of men. This is the finest position in the world ; nothing can turn him from this desire, which is the most indelible quality of the human heart. And those who most despise men, and place them on the level of the brutes, still wish to be admired and believed by men, and are in contradiction with themselves through their own feelings ; their nature, which is stronger than all else, convincing them of the greatness of man, more powerfully than reason convinces them of their vileness.



Not from space must I seek my dignity, but from the ruling of my thought. I should have no more if I possessed whole worlds. By space the universe encompasses me and swallows me as an atom, by thought I encompass it. Man is but a reed, weakest in nature, but a reed which thinks. It needs not that the whole universe should arm to crush him. A vapour, a drop of water, is enough to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be more noble than that which has slain him, because he knows that he dies, and that the universe has the better of him. The universe knows nothing of this.

All our dignity therefore consists in thought. By this must we raise ourselves, not by space or duration, which we cannot fill. Then let us make it our study to think well, for this is the starting-point of morals. Man is evidently made for thought ; this is his whole dignity and his whole merit ; his whole duty is to think as he ought.

CXXV. *It is the heart that knows God.*

The heart has its reasons, which reason knows not, as we feel in a thousand instances. I say that the heart loves the universal Being naturally, and itself naturally, according as it gives itself to each, and it hardens itself against one or the other at its own will. You have rejected one and kept the other ; does reason cause your love ? It is the heart which is conscious of God, not the reason. This then is faith : God sensible to the heart, not to the reason. Reason acts slowly and with so many views, on so many principles, which it ought always to keep before it, that it constantly stumbles and goes astray, from not having its principles at hand. The heart does not act thus, it acts in a moment, and is always ready to act. We must then place our faith in the heart, or it will be always vacillating.

GEORGE FOX, 1624-1691.

*From the JOURNAL.*CXXVI. *The true Mother Church.*

The several sorts of sects in Christendom had accused us, and said we forsook our mother church. The papists charged us with forsaking their church, and they said Rome was the only mother church. The episcopalians taxed us with forsaking the old protestant religion, and they said theirs was the reformed mother church. The presbyterians and independents blamed us for leaving them, and each of them said theirs was the right reformed church. But I said if we could own any outward city or place to be the mother church, we should own outward Jerusalem, where the gospel was first preached by Christ himself and his apostles, where Christ suffered, where the great conversion to Christianity by Peter was, where the types, figures, and shadows, which Christ ended, and where Christ commanded His disciples to wait until they were endued with power from on high. So, if any outward place deserved to be called the mother, that was the place where the first great conversion to Christianity was. But the apostle saith, "Jerusalem, which now is, is in bondage with her children: but Jerusalem which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all." So the apostle doth not say outward Jerusalem was the mother, though the first and great conversion to Christianity was there. And therefore there is less reason for the title to be given to Rome, or to any other outward place or city, by the children of Jerusalem, that is above and free; and they are not Jerusalem's children that is above and free, who give the title of mother either to outward Jerusalem or to Rome, or to any other place or sect of people. And though this title hath been given to

places and sects amongst us, and by the degenerate Christians, yet still we say as the apostle said of old, Jerusalem that is above is the mother of us all: and we can own no other, neither outward Jerusalem, nor Rome, nor any sect of people for our mother, but Jerusalem which is above, which is free, the mother of us all that are born again, and become true believers in the light, and who are grafted into Christ the heavenly Vine. For all who are born again of the immortal seed by the word of God, which lives and abides for ever, feed upon the milk of the word, the breasts of life, and grow by it in life, and cannot acknowledge any other to be their mother but Jerusalem which is above.

JOHN BUNYAN, 1628-1688.

*From THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

CXXVII.     *The man with the muck-rake.*

The Interpreter took them into his *significant rooms*, and showed them what Christian, Christiana's husband, had seen sometime before. Here therefore they saw the man in the cage, the man and his dream, the man that cut his way through his enemies, and the picture of the biggest of all; together with the rest of those things that were then so profitable to Christian.

This done, and after those things had been somewhat digested by Christiana and her company, the Interpreter takes them apart again, and has them first into a room where was a man that could look no way but downwards, with a muck-rake in his hand: there stood also one over his head with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man

did neither look up nor regard, but rake to himself the straws, the small sticks, and the dust of the floor.

Then said Christiana, "I persuade myself that I know somewhat the meaning of this; for this is the figure of a man in this world; is it not, good Sir?"

"Thou hast said right," said he, "and his muck-rake doth show his carnal mind. And, whereas thou seest him rather give heed to rake up straws and sticks, and the dust of the floor, than do what he says that calls him from above, with the celestial crown in his hand; it is to show that heaven is but as a fable to some, and that things here are counted the only things substantial. Now, whereas it was also showed thee, that the man could look no way but downwards, it is to let thee know, that earthly things, when they are with power upon men's minds, quite carry their hearts away from God."

Then said Christiana, "Oh! deliver me from this muck-rake."

"That prayer," said the Interpreter, "has lain by till it is almost rusty: 'Give me not riches,' is scarce the prayer of one of ten thousand. Straws and sticks, and dust, with most are the great things now looked after."

With that Christiana and Mercy wept, and said, "It is, alas! too true".

#### CXXVIII. *The Valley of Humiliation.*

But we will come again to this Valley of Humiliation.—It is the best and most fruitful piece of ground in all these parts. It is a fat ground; and, as you see, consisteth much in meadows; and if a man was to come here in the summer time, as we do now, if he knew not anything before thereof, and if he also delighted himself in the sight of his eyes, he might see that which would be delightful to him. Behold, how green this valley is; also how beautiful with lilies. I

have also known many labouring men that have got good estates in this Valley of Humiliation ; (for " God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble " ;) for indeed it is a very fruitful soil, and doth bring forth by handsful. Some also have wished, that the next way to their Father's house were here, that they might be troubled no more with either hills or mountains to go over : but the way is the way, and there is an end.

Now as they were going along, and talking, they espied a boy feeding his father's sheep. The boy was in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance ; and as he sat by himself he sung. " Hark," said Mr. Great-heart, " to what the shepherd's boy saith " : so they hearkened, and he said,

" He that is down, needs fear no fall ;  
He that is low, no pride :  
He that is humble ever shall  
Have God to be his guide.  
I am content with what I have,  
Little be it or much :  
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,  
Because thou savest such :  
Fullness to such a burden is  
That go on pilgrimage :  
Here little, and hereafter bliss,  
Is best from age to age."

Then said the guide, " Do you hear him ? I will dare to say, this boy lives a merrier life, and wears more of the herb called *heart's-ease* in his bosom, than he that is clad in silk and velvet." But we will proceed in our discourse.

In this valley our Lord formerly had his country house, he loved much to be here : he loved also to walk in these meadows, and he found the air was pleasant. Besides, here

a man shall be free from the noise, and from the hurryings of this life : all states are full of noise and confusion, only the Valley of Humiliation is that empty and solitary place. Here a man shall not be let and hindered in his contemplation, as in other places he is apt to be. This is a valley that nobody walks in, but those that love a pilgrim's life. And though Christian had the hard hap to meet with Apollyon, and to enter with him a brisk encounter ; yet I tell you, that in former times men have met with angels here, have found pearls here, and have in this place found the words of life.

THOMAS TRAHERNE, 1636 ?-1674.

*From* CENTURIES OF MEDITATIONS.

CXXIX.

*On enjoying the world.*

Your enjoyment of the world is never right, till you so esteem it, that everything in it, is more your treasure than a king's exchequer full of gold and silver. And that exchequer yours also in its place and service. Can you take too much joy in your Father's works ? He is Himself in everything. Some things are little on the outside, and rough and common, but I remember the time when the dust of the streets was as pleasing as gold to my infant eyes, and now it is more precious to the eye of reason.

You never enjoy the world aright, till you see how a [grain of] sand exhibiteth the wisdom and power of God : and prize in everything the service which they do you by manifesting His glory and goodness to your soul, far more than the visible beauty on their surface, or the material services they can do your body.

Your enjoyment of the world is never right till every



morning you awake in heaven ; see yourself in your Father's palace ; and look upon the skies, the earth, and the air as celestial joys : having such a reverend esteem of them all as if you were among the angels.

You never enjoy the world aright, till the sea itself floweth in your veins, till you are clothed with the heavens, and crowned with the stars : and perceive yourself to be sole heir of the whole world, and more than so, because men are in it who are every one sole heirs as well as you. Till you can sing and rejoice and delight in God, as misers do in gold, and kings in sceptres, you never enjoy the world.

Till your spirit filleth the whole world, and the stars are your jewels ; till you are as familiar with the ways of God in all ages as with your walk and table : till you are intimately acquainted with that shady nothing out of which the world was made : till you love men so as to desire their happiness, with a thirst equal to the zeal of your own : till you delight in God for being good to all : you never enjoy the world.

MIGUEL DE MOLINOS, 1640-1697.

*From* THE SPIRITUAL GUIDE.

CXXX.

*The inner fortress.*

The strong castle which will make thee triumph over all thine enemies, visible and invisible, and over all their snares and tribulations is within thine own soul, because in it resides the Divine Aid and Sovereign Succour. Retreat within it and all will be quite secure, peaceable and calm. It ought to be thy chief and constant effort to pacify the throne of thy heart, that the supreme King may rest therein. The way to pacify it will be to enter into thyself by means

of internal recollection : all thy protection is to be prayer, and a living recollection in the Divine presence. When thou seest thyself more sharply assaulted, retreat into that region of peace, where thou wilt find the fortress. When thou art more faint-hearted, betake thyself to this refuge of prayer, the only armour for overcoming the enemy, and mitigating tribulation. Thou oughtest not to be at a distance from it in a storm, to the end thou mayest experience tranquillity, security, and serenity, and to the end thy will may be resigned, devout, peaceful, and courageous. Finally be not afflicted nor discouraged to see thyself faint-hearted ; He returns to quiet thee, that still He may stir thee ; because this Divine Lord will be alone with thee, to rest in thy soul, and form therein a rich throne of peace ; that within thine own heart, by means of internal recollection, and with His heavenly grace, thou mayest look for silence in tumult, solitude in company, light in darkness, forgetfulness in pressures, vigour in despondency, courage in fear, resistance in temptation, peace in war, and quiet in tribulation.

WILLIAM PENN, 1644-1718.

*From* FRUITS OF SOLITUDE.

CXXXI.

*Union of friends.*

They that love beyond the world, cannot be separated by it. Death cannot kill what never dies.

Nor can spirits ever be divided that love and live in the same Divine principle, the root and record of their friendship. If absence be not death, neither is theirs.

Death is but crossing the world, as friends do the seas ; they live in one another still. For they must needs be present, that love and live in that which is omnipresent.

In this Divine glass, they see face to face; and their converse is free, as well as pure. This is the comfort of friends, that though they may be said to die, yet their friendship and society are, in the best sense, ever present, because immortal.

*From PREFACE TO THE JOURNAL OF GEORGE FOX.*

CXXXII. *The character of George Fox.*

He was a man that God endued with a clear and wonderful depth, a discerner of others' spirits and very much a master of his own. And though the side of his understanding which lay next to the world, and especially the expression of it, might sound uncouth and unfashionable to nice ears, his matter was nevertheless very profound, and would not only bear to be often considered, but the more it was so, the more weighty and instructing it appeared. And as abruptly and brokenly as sometimes his sentences would fall from him about Divine things, it is well known they were often as texts to many fairer declarations. And indeed it showed beyond all contradiction that God sent him; that no arts or parts had any share in the matter or manner of his ministry, and that so many great, excellent, and necessary truths as he came forth to preach to mankind had therefore nothing of man's wit or wisdom to recommend them; so that as to man he was an original, being no man's copy. He had an extraordinary power in opening the Scriptures. He would go to the marrow of things and show the mind, harmony, and fulfilling of them, with much plainness and to great comfort and edification. But above all he excelled in prayer. The inwardness and weight of his spirit, the reverence and solemnity of his address and behaviour, and the fewness and fullness of his words have often struck even strangers with admiration, as they used to reach others with consolation. The most awful, living, reverent

frame I ever felt or beheld, I must say, was his in prayer. And truly it was a testimony he knew and lived nearer to the Lord than other men : for they that know Him most will see most reason to approach Him with reverence and fear.

He was of an innocent life, no busy-body nor self-seeker, neither touchy nor critical : what fell from him was very inoffensive if not very edifying. So meek, contented, modest, easy, steady, tender, it was a pleasure to be in his company. He exercised no authority but over evil, and that everywhere and in all ; but with love, compassion, and long-suffering. A most merciful man, as ready to forgive as unapt to give or take an offence. Thousands can truly say he was of an excellent spirit and savour among them, and because thereof the most excellent spirits loved him with an unfeigned and unfading love. And truly I must say that though God had visibly clothed him with a Divine presence and authority, and indeed his very presence expressed a religious majesty, yet he never abused it, but held his place in the Church of God with great meekness and a most engaging humility and moderation. . . . I write my knowledge and not report, and my witness is true, having been with him for weeks and months together on occasions, and those of the nearest and most exercising nature, and that by night and by day, by sea and by land, in this and in foreign countries ; and I can say I never saw him out of place or not a match for every service or occasion. For in all things he acquitted himself like a man, yea, a strong man, a new and heavenly-minded man, a divine and a naturalist, and all of God Almighty's making. I have been surprised at his questions and answers in natural things : that whilst he was ignorant of useless and sophistical science, he had in him the foundation of useful and commendable knowledge and cherished it everywhere. Civil, beyond all forms of breeding, in his behaviour ; very temperate, eating little

and sleeping less, though a bulky person. Thus he lived and sojourned among us; and as he lived so he died: feeling the same eternal power that had raised and preserved him, in his last moments. So full of assurance was he that he triumphed over death, and so even in his spirit to the last, as if death were hardly worth notice or a mention.

ROBERT BARCLAY, 1648-1690.

*From the APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS.*

CXXXIII. *The power of the inward life.*

When assembled, the great work of one and all ought to be to wait upon God; and returning out of their own thoughts and imaginations, to feel the Lord's presence, and know a gathering into His name indeed, where He is in the midst, according to His promise. And as every one is thus gathered, and so met together inwardly in their spirits, as well as outwardly in their persons; there the secret power and virtue of life is known to refresh the soul, and the pure motions and breathings of God's Spirit are felt to arise; from which, as words of declaration, prayers or praises arise, the acceptable worship is known, which edifies the church, and is well-pleasing to God. Yea, though there be not a word spoken, yet is the true spiritual worship performed, and the body of Christ edified; yea, it may, and hath often fallen out among us, that divers meetings have passed without one word; and yet our souls have been greatly edified and refreshed, and our hearts wonderfully overcome with the secret sense of God's Power and Spirit, which without words hath been ministered from one vessel to another.

Sometimes, when there is not a word in the meeting, but all are silently waiting; if one come in, that is rude and



wicked, and in whom the power of darkness prevaieth much, perhaps with an intention to mock, or do mischief; if the whole meeting be gathered into the Life, and it be raised in a good measure, it will strike terror into such an one, and he will feel himself unable to resist; but by the secret strength and virtue thereof, the power of darkness in him will be chained down: and if the day of his visitation be not expired, it will reach to the measure of grace in him, and raise it up to the redeeming of his soul. And this we often bear witness of; so as we had hereby frequent occasion, in this respect, since God hath gathered us to be a people, to renew this old saying of many, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" For not a few have come to be convinced of the truth after this manner: of which I myself, in a part, am a true witness; who not by strength of arguments, or by a particular disquisition of each doctrine, and convincement of my understanding thereby, came to receive and bear witness of the truth; but by being secretly reached by this Life. For when I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power among them, which touched my heart; and as I gave way unto it, I found the evil weakening in me, and the good raised up; and so I became thus knit and united unto them, hungering more and more after the increase of this power and life whereby I might feel myself perfectly redeemed. And indeed this is the surest way to become a Christian; to whom afterwards the knowledge and understanding of principles will not be wanting, but will grow up, so much as is needful, as the natural fruit of this good root: and such a knowledge will not be barren nor unfruitful. After this manner, we desire therefore all that come among us to be proselyted; knowing that though thousands should be convinced in their understanding of all the truths we maintain; yet if they were not sensible of this inward life, and their souls not changed from unrighteousness to righteousness, they could add nothing to us. For this is that



cement, whereby we are joined as to the Lord, so to one another; and without this, none can worship with us.

MADAME GUYON, 1648-1717.

*From a METHOD OF PRAYER.*

CXXXIV. *On yielding ourselves to the Spirit of God.*

Every state has its commencement, its progress, and its consummation; and it is an unhappy error to stop in the beginning. There is even no art but hath its progress; and at first we must labour with diligence and toil, but at last we shall reap the harvest of our industry. When the vessel is in port, the mariners are obliged to exert all their strength that they may clear her thence, and put to sea; but at length they turn her with facility as they please. In like manner, while the soul remains in sin and creaturely entanglements, very frequent and strenuous endeavours are requisite to effect its freedom; the cords which withhold it must be loosed; and then by strong and vigorous efforts it gathers itself inwards, pushing off gradually from the old port; and in leaving that at a distance it proceeds to the interior, the haven to which it wishes to steer. When the vessel is thus turned, in proportion as she advances on the sea, she leaves the land behind; and the further she departs from the old harbour, the less difficulty and labour is requisite in moving her forward: at length she begins to get sweetly under sail and now proceeds so swiftly in her course that the oars which have become useless are laid aside. How is the pilot now employed? He is content with spreading the sails and holding the rudder. To spread the sails is to lay one's self before God in the prayer of simple exposition, that she may be acted upon by His

Spirit : to hold the rudder is to restrain our heart from wandering from the true course, recalling it gently, and guiding it steadily to the dictates of the blessed Spirit, which gradually gain possession and dominion of the heart, just as the wind by degrees fills the sails and impels the vessel. While the winds are fair, the pilot and mariners rest from their labours, and the vessel glides rapidly along without their toil ; and when they thus repose and leave the vessel to the wind, they make more way in one hour than they had done in a long time by all their former efforts : were they even now to attempt using the oar they would not only fatigue themselves, but retard the vessel by their ill-timed labours. If the wind is contrary and blows a storm we must cast anchor to withhold the vessel : our anchor is a firm confidence and hope in God, waiting patiently the calming of the tempest and the return of a favourable gale. We must, therefore, be resigned to the Spirit of God, giving up ourselves wholly to His Divine guidance.

FRANÇOIS FÉNELON, 1651-1715.

*From* VARIOUS SENTIMENTS AND COUNSELS.

CXXXV.

*On our daily faults.*

Nothing proves more certainly the real advancement of the soul than the power to see our imperfections without being discouraged by them. When we perceive an inclination to do wrong before we have committed a fault, we must abstain from it ; but after we have committed it, we must courageously endure the humiliation that follows. When we perceive the fault before we commit it, we must beware of resisting the Spirit of God, that is warning us of danger, and that may, if we neglect it, be silenced within us, and that will in time leave us, if we do not yield to it. The faults of precipitation or of frailty, are nothing in comparison

with those which render us deaf to this voice of the Holy Spirit, that is beginning to speak in the bottom of our hearts. Those faults that we do not perceive till after they are committed, will not be cured by inquietude and vexation with ourselves; on the contrary, this fretfulness is only the impatience of pride at the view of its own downfall. The only use, then, to be made of such errors, is to submit quietly to the humiliation they bring, for it is not being humble to resist humility. We must condemn our faults, lament them, repent of them, without seeking any palliation or excuse, viewing ourselves as in the presence of God, with all our imperfections upon our heads, and, without any feeling of bitterness or discouragement, meekly improving our disgrace. Thus may we draw from the serpent a cure for the venom of his wound. Never let us be discouraged with ourselves; it is not when we are conscious of our faults that we are the most wicked; on the contrary, we are less so. We see by a brighter light, and let us remember, for our consolation, that we never perceive our sins till we begin to cure them. We must neither flatter nor be impatient with ourselves in the correction of our faults. Despondency is not a state of humility; on the contrary, it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride,—nothing is worse; whether we stumble or whether we fall, we must only think of rising again, and going on in our course. Our faults may be useful to us, if they cure us of a vain confidence in ourselves, and do not deprive us of an humble and salutary confidence in God. Let us bless God with as true thankfulness, if He have enabled us to make any progress in virtue, as if we had made it through our own strength, and let us not be troubled with the weak agitations of self love; let them pass, do not think of them. God never makes us feel our weaknesses but that we may be led to seek strength from Him. What is involuntary should not trouble us; but the great thing is, never to act against the light within us, and to desire to follow where God would lead us.

*From* MEDITATIONS FOR A MONTH.

CXXXVI.      *On the faults of others.*

Charity does not demand of us that we should not see the faults of others ; we must, in that case, shut our eyes. But it commands us to avoid attending unnecessarily to them, and that we be not blind to the good, while we are so clear-sighted to the evil, that exists. We must remember, too, God's continual kindness to the most worthless creature, and think how many causes we have to think ill of ourselves ; and, finally, we must consider that charity embraces the very lowest human being. It acknowledges that, in the sight of God, the contempt that we indulge for others has, in its very nature, a harshness and arrogance opposed to the spirit of Jesus Christ. The true Christian is not insensible to what is contemptible—but he bears with it. Because others are weak, should we be less careful to give them their due ? You who complain so much of what others make you suffer, do you think that you cause others no pain ? You who are so annoyed at your neighbour's defects, are you perfect ? How astonished you would be, if those whom you cavil at should make all the comments that they might upon you. But even if the whole world were to bear testimony in your favour, God, who knows all, who has seen all your faults, could confound you with a word ; and does it never come into your mind to fear, lest He should demand of you, why you had not exercised towards your brother a little of that mercy which He who is your Master so abundantly bestows upon you ?

CXXXVII.      *On the one thing needful.*

We think we have many important concerns, but we have really but one. If that is attended to, all others will be

done; if that is wanting, all the rest, however successful they may seem to be, will go to ruin. Why, then, should we divide our hearts and our occupations? Oh! thou sole business of life, henceforth thou shalt have my undivided attention. Cheered by the presence of God, I will do at the moment, without anxiety, according to the strength which He shall give me, the work that His providence assigns me. I will leave the rest; it is not my affair. "Father, I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." Each one of us must be ready to say this in the day in which we must render an account. I ought to consider the duty to which I am called each day, as the work that God has given me to do, and to apply myself to it in a manner worthy of His glory, that is to say, with exactness and in peace. I must neglect nothing; I must be violent in nothing; for it is dangerous either to perform the works of God with negligence, or to appropriate them to ourselves, by self-love and false zeal. In that case, we act from our own individual feeling, and we do the work ill, for we get fretted and excited, and think only of success. The glory of God is the pretext that covers this illusion. Self-love, under the disguise of zeal, complains and thinks itself injured if it does not succeed. Almighty God, grant me Thy grace to be faithful in action, and not anxious about success. My only concern is to do Thy will, and to lose myself in Thee, when engaged in duty. It is for Thee to give to my weak efforts such fruits as Thou seest fit; none, if such be Thy pleasure.

GEORGE BERKELEY, 1685-1753.

*From* THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

CXXXVIII. *The existence of God.*

It is evident that God is known as certainly and immediately as any other mind or spirit whatsoever distinct



from ourselves. We may even assert that the existence of God is far more evidently perceived than the existence of men; because the effects of nature are infinitely more numerous and considerable than those ascribed to human agents. There is not any one mark that denotes a man, or effect produced by him, which does not more strongly evince the being of that Spirit who is the Author of nature. For, it is evident that in affecting other persons, the will of man has no other object than barely the motion of the limbs of his body; but that such a motion should be attended by, or excite any idea in the mind of another, depends wholly on the will of the Creator. He alone it is who, "upholding all things by the word of His power," maintains that intercourse between spirits whereby they are able to perceive the existence of each other. And yet this pure and clear light which enlightens every one is itself invisible.

A human spirit or person is not perceived by sense, as not being an idea; when therefore we see the colour, size, figure, and motions of a man, we perceive only certain sensations or ideas excited in our own minds; and these being exhibited to our view in sundry distinct collections, serve to mark out unto us the existence of finite and created spirits like ourselves. Hence it is plain we do not *see* a man—if by man is meant that which lives, moves, perceives, and thinks as we do—but only such a certain collection of ideas as directs us to think there is a distinct principle of thought and motion, like to ourselves, accompanying or represented by it. And after the same manner we *see* God; all the difference is that, whereas some one finite and narrow assemblage of ideas denotes a particular human mind, whithersoever we direct our view, we do at all times and in all places perceive manifest tokens of the Divinity—everything we see, hear, feel, or anywise perceive by Sense, being a sign or effect of the power of God; as is our perception of those very motions which are produced by men.



It is therefore plain that nothing can be more evident to anyone that is capable of the least reflection than the existence of God, or a Spirit who is intimately present to our minds—producing in them all that variety of ideas or sensations which continually affect us, on whom we have an absolute and entire dependence, in short “in whom we live and move and have our being”.

WILLIAM LAW, 1686-1761.

*From A SERIOUS CALL TO A DEVOUT AND HOLY LIFE.*

CXXXIX. *All employments are means of serving God.*

As a good Christian should consider every place as holy, because God is there, so he should look upon every part of his life as a matter of holiness, because it is to be offered unto God. Worldly business is to be made holy unto the Lord, by being done as a service to Him, and in conformity to His Divine Will. For as all men, and all things in the world, as truly belong unto God, as any places, things, or persons, that are devoted to Divine service, so all things are to be used, and all persons are to act in their several states and employments, for the glory of God. Men of worldly business, therefore, must not look upon themselves as at liberty to live to themselves, to sacrifice to their own humours and tempers, because their employment is of a worldly nature. But they must consider, that, as the world and all worldly professions as truly belong to God, as persons and things that are devoted to the altar, so it is as much the duty of men in worldly business to live wholly unto God, as it is the duty of those who are devoted to Divine service. As the whole world is God's, so the whole world is to act for God. As all men have the same relation

to God, as all men have all their powers and faculties from God, so all men are obliged to act for God, with all their powers and faculties. As all things are God's, so all things are to be used and regarded as the things of God. Things may, and must differ in their use, but yet they are all to be used according to the Will of God. Men may, and must differ in their employments, but yet they must all act for the same ends, as dutiful servants of God, in the right and pious performance of their several callings. As there is but one God and Father of us all, whose glory gives light and life to everything that lives, whose presence fills all places, whose power supports all beings, whose providence ruleth all events; so everything that lives, whether in heaven or earth, whether they be thrones or principalities, men or angels, they must all, with one spirit, live wholly to the praise and glory of this one God and Father of them all.

*From* THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

CXL.

*The way of salvation.*

There is but one possible way for man to attain this salvation, or life of God in the soul. There is not one for the Jew, another for the Christian, and a third for the Heathen. No; God is One, human nature is one, salvation is one, and the way to it is one; and that is, the desire of the soul turned to God. When this desire is alive, and breaks forth in any creature under heaven, then the lost sheep is found, and the Shepherd hath it upon His shoulders. Through this desire the poor prodigal son leaves his husks and swine, and hastes to his father; it is because of this desire that the father sees the son, while yet afar off, that he runs out to meet him, falls on his neck, and kisses him. See here how plainly we are taught that no sooner is this

desire arisen and in motion towards God, but the operation of God's Spirit answers to it, cherishes and welcomes its first beginnings, signified by the father's seeing and having compassion on his son, whilst yet afar off,—that is in the first beginnings of his desire. Thus does this desire do all : it brings the soul to God, and God into the soul ; it co-operates with God, and is one life with God. Suppose this desire not to be alive, not in motion either in a Jew or a Christian, and then all the sacrifices, the service, either of the Law or the Gospel, are but dead works, that bring no life into the soul, nor beget any union between God and it. Suppose this desire to be awakened, and fixed upon God, though in souls that never heard either of the Law or Gospel, and then the Divine Life, or operation of God, enters into them, and the new birth in Christ is formed in those that never heard of his name. And these are they “ that shall come from the east, and from the west, and sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, in the kingdom of God ”.

JOSEPH BUTLER, 1692–1752.

*From* SERMONS UPON HUMAN NATURE.

CXLI. *The authority of conscience.*

Let us now take a view of the nature of man, as consisting partly of various appetites, passions, affections, and partly of the principle of reflection or conscience, leaving quite out all consideration of the different degress of strength in which either of them prevails, and it will further appear that there is this natural superiority of one inward principle to another, and that it is even part of the idea of reflection or conscience. Passion or appetite implies a direct simple tendency towards such and such objects, without distinction of the means by

which they are to be obtained. Consequently it will often happen there will be a desire of particular objects, in cases where they cannot be obtained without manifest injury to others. Reflection or conscience comes in, and disapproves the pursuit of them in these circumstances ; but the desire remains. Which is to be obeyed, appetite or reflection? Cannot this question be answered, from the economy and constitution of human nature merely, without saying which is strongest? Or need this at all come into consideration? Would not the question be intelligibly and fully answered by saying that the principle of reflection or conscience being compared with the various appetites, passions and affections in men, the former is manifestly superior and chief, without regard to strength? And how often soever the latter happens to prevail, it is mere usurpation : the former remains in nature and in kind its superior ; and every instance of such prevalence of the latter is an instance of breaking in upon and violation of the constitution of man. All this is no more than the distinction, which everybody is acquainted with, between *mere power* and *authority* : only instead of being intended to express the difference between what is possible and what is lawful in civil government, here it has been shown applicable to the several principles in the mind of man. Thus that principle by which we survey, and either approve or disapprove our own heart, temper, and actions, is not only to be considered as what is in its turn to have some influence—which may be said of every passion of the lowest appetites—but likewise as being superior, as from its very nature manifestly claiming superiority over all others, insomuch that you cannot form a notion of this faculty, conscience, without taking in judgment, direction, superintendency. This is a constituent part of the idea—that is of the faculty itself ; and to preside and govern, from the very economy and constitution of man, belongs to it. Had it strength, as it had right ; had it power, as

it had manifest authority, it would absolutely govern the world.

JOHN WESLEY, 1703-1791.

*From a SERMON.*

CXLII. *That we should be united in love though differing in opinion.*

Although a difference in opinions or modes of worship, may prevent an entire external union, need it prevent our union in affection? Though we cannot think alike, may we not love alike? May we not be of one heart, though we are not of one opinion? Without all doubt we may. Herein all the children of God may unite, notwithstanding these smaller differences. These remaining as they are, they may forward one another in love and in good works. . . . I dare not presume to impose my mode of worship on any other. I believe it is truly primitive and apostolical. But my belief is no rule for another. I ask not therefore of him with whom I would unite in love, Are you of my church? Of my congregation? Do you receive the same form of church-government, and allow the same church officers with me? Do you join in the same form of prayer wherein I worship God? I inquire not, Do you receive the supper of the Lord, in the same posture and manner as I do? Nor, whether in the administration of baptism, you agree with me in admitting sureties for the baptized, in the manner of administering it, or the age of those to whom it should be administered. Nay, I ask not of you (as clear as I am in my own mind) whether you allow baptism and the Lord's Supper at all. Let all these things stand by: we will talk of them, if need be, at a more convenient season. My only

question at present is, Is thine heart right as my heart is with thy heart? If it be, give me thine hand. I do not mean, Be of my opinion. You need not. I do not expect or desire it. Neither do I mean, I will be of your opinion. I cannot. It does not depend on my choice: I can no more think than I can see or hear as I will. Keep you your opinion, I mine: and that as steadily as ever. You need not even endeavour to come over to me, or bring me over to you. I do not desire you to dispute those points, or to hear or speak one word concerning them. Let all opinions alone on one side and on the other. Only give me thine hand.

JOHN WOOLMAN, 1720-1772.

*From his JOURNAL.*

CXLIII.

*True religion.*

I was early convinced in mind, that true religion consisted in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learns to exercise true justice and goodness, not only towards all men, but also towards the brute creatures; that, as the mind was moved by an inward principle to love God as an invisible incomprehensible Being, by the same principle it was moved to love Him in all His manifestations in the visible world; that, as by His breath the flame of life was kindled in all animal sensible creatures, to say we love God, and, at the same time exercise cruelty towards the least creature, is a contradiction in itself.

I found no narrowness respecting sects and opinions; but believed that sincere upright-hearted people, in every society, who truly love God, were accepted of Him.



As I lived under the cross, and simply followed the openings of truth, my mind from day to day, was more enlightened ; my former acquaintance were left to judge of me as they would, for I found it safest for me to live in private, and to keep these things sealed up in my own breast. While I silently ponder on that change wrought in me, I find no language equal to it, nor any means to convey to another a clear idea of it. I looked on the works of God in this visible creation, and an awfulness covered me ; my heart was tender and often contrite, and universal love to my fellow-creatures increased in me : this will be understood by such as have trodden the same path. Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces, who dwell in true meekness. There is a harmony in the sound of that voice to which Divine love gives utterance, and some appearance of right order in their temper and conduct, whose passions are regulated ; yet all these do not fully show forth that inward life to such as have not felt it : but this white stone and new name is known rightly to such only as have it.

CXLIV. *The office of a Christian minister.*

Thou, who sometimes travellest in the work of the ministry, art made very welcome by thy friends, and seest many tokens of their satisfaction, in having thee for their guest, it is good for thee to dwell deep that thou mayest feel and understand the spirits of people. If we believe truth points towards a conference on some subjects, in a private way, it is needful for us to take heed that their kindness, their freedom, and affability, do not hinder us from the Lord's work. I have seen that, in the midst of kindness and smooth comfort, to speak close and home to them who entertain us on points that relate to their outward interest,

is hard labour ; and sometimes when I have felt truth lead towards it, I have found myself disqualified by a superficial friendship ; and as the sense thereof hath abased me, and my cries have been to the Lord, so I have been humbled and made content to appear weak, or as a fool for His sake ; and thus a door hath opened to enter upon it. To attempt to do the Lord's work in our own way, and to speak of that which is the burthen of the Word in a way easy to the natural part, doth not reach the bottom of the disorder. To see the failings of our friends and think hard of them, without opening that which we ought to open, and still carry a face of friendship ; this tends to undermine the foundation of true unity.

The office of a minister of Christ is weighty ; and they, who go forth as watchmen, had need to be steadily on their guard against the snares of prosperity and an outside friendship.

IMMANUEL KANT, 1724-1804.

*From* THE CRITIQUE OF PRACTICAL REASON.

CXLV. *The starry heavens and the moral law.*

Two things fill the mind with ever new and increasing admiration and awe, the oftener and the more steadily we reflect on them : the starry heavens above and the moral law within. I have not to search for them and conjecture them as though they were veiled in darkness or were in the transcendent region beyond my horizon ; I see them before me and connect them directly with the consciousness of my existence. The former begins from the place I occupy in the external world of sense, and enlarges my connexion therein to an unbounded extent with worlds upon worlds

and systems of systems, and, moreover, into limitless times of their periodic motion, its beginning and continuance. The second begins from my invisible self, my personality, and exhibits me in a world which has true infinity, but which is traceable only by the understanding, and with which I discern that I am not in a merely contingent, but in a universal and necessary, connexion, as I am also thereby with all those visible worlds. The former view of a countless multitude of worlds annihilates, as it were, my importance as an animal creature, which after it has been for some time provided with vital power, one knows not how, must again give back the matter of which it was formed to the planet it inhabits (a mere speck in the universe). The second, on the contrary, infinitely elevates my worth as an intelligence, by my personality, in which the moral law reveals to me a life independent of animality and even of the whole sensible world, at least so far as may be inferred from the destination assigned to my existence by this law, a destination not restricted to conditions and limits of this life, but reaching into the infinite.

JEAN NICOLAS GROU, 1731-1803.

*From THE HIDDEN LIFE OF THE SOUL.*

CXLVI.

*Rest in God.*

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Who but would test this gracious promise? Who is altogether free from the heavy load of pain, either bodily, mental, or spiritual? Yet how many spend half their lives in vainly seeking rest! If ever there was a question which it concerns us all to answer it is this, Where is rest to be found? The larger part of mankind

seek it in wealth, in honours, in worldly ease ; but they do not find it. Covetousness, greed, envy, fraud, conspire to spoil all thought of rest in the good things of this world. Others seek rest in themselves, but what can be expected from our weak, changeable natures? Society, literature, science may occupy, but they cannot satisfy or rest the heart. There is no rest for the heart of man save in God, who made him for Himself. But how shall we rest in God? By giving ourselves wholly to Him. If you give yourself by halves, you cannot find full rest—there will ever be a lurking disquiet in that half which is withheld ; and for this reason it is that so few Christians attain to a full, steadfast, unchanging peace—they do not seek rest in God only, or give themselves up to Him without reserve. True rest is as unchanging as God Himself—like Him it rises above all earthly things : it is secret, abundant, without a regret or a wish. It stills all passion, restrains the imagination, steadies the mind, controls all wavering : it endures alike in the time of tribulation and the time of wealth ; in temptation and trial, as when the world shines brightly on us. Martyrs, confessors, and saints have tasted this rest, and counted themselves happy in that they endured. A countless host of God's faithful servants have drunk deeply of it amid the daily burden of a weary life—dull, commonplace, painful, or desolate. All that God has been to them, He is ready to be to you ; He only asks that you should seek no other rest save in Him. It is a rest which has never failed those who honestly sought it. The heart once fairly given to God, with a clear conscience, a fitting rule of life, and a steadfast purpose of obedience, you will find a wonderful sense of rest coming over you. What once fretted you ceases to do so, former unworthy exciting pleasures cease to attract you. No miser ever so feared to lose his treasure as the faithful soul fears to lose this rest when once tasted. Such words may seem exaggeration to those who have not

tried it; but the saints will tell you otherwise. St. Paul will tell you of a peace which passeth understanding; Jesus Christ tells you of his peace which the world can neither give nor take away, because it is God's gift only. Such peace may undergo many an assault, but it will but be confirmed thereby, and rise above all that would trouble it. He who has tasted it would not give it in exchange for all this life can give; and death is to him a passage from this rest to that of eternity.

JOSEPH PRIESTLEY, 1733-1804.

*From a SERMON.*

CXLVII. *Free inquiry in religion.*

In nature we see no bounds to our inquiries. One discovery always gives hints of many more, and brings us into a wider field of speculation. Now, why should not this be, in some measure, the case with respect to knowledge of a moral and religious kind? Is the compass of religious knowledge so small, as that any person, however imperfectly educated, may comprehend the whole, and without much trouble? This may be the notion of such as read or think but little on the subject. But of what value can such an opinion be?

If we look back into ecclesiastical history, we shall see that every age, and almost every year, has had its peculiar subjects of inquiry. As one controversy has been determined, or sufficiently agitated, others have always arisen; and I will venture to say there never was a time in which there were more, or more interesting objects of discussion before us, than there are at present. And it is vain to flatter ourselves with the prospect of seeing an end to our labours,



and of having nothing to do but to sit down in the pleasing contemplation of all religious truth, and reviewing the intricate mazes through which we have happily traced the progress of every error.

As new errors and mistakes are continually arising, it is of importance that these be corrected, even to keep the ground we have already got. We have seen, indeed, the dawn of a reformation, but much remains to the light of perfect day; and there is nothing that we can now allege as a plea for discontinuing our researches, that might not have been said with equal plausibility at the time by Wycliffe, by Luther, or by later reformers, who stopped far short of the progress which you who now hear me have made. We think that they all left the reformation very imperfect, and why may not our posterity think the same concerning us? What peculiar right have we to say to the spirit of reformation, So far shalt thou go and no further?

Luther and Calvin reformed many abuses, especially in the discipline of the Church, and also some gross corruptions in doctrine; but they left other things, of far greater moment, just as they found them. It was great merit in them to go so far as they did, and it is not they, but we who are to blame, if their authority induce us to go no further. We should rather imitate them in the boldness and spirit with which they called in question and rectified so many long-established errors; and, availing ourselves of their labours, make further progress than they were able to do. Little reason have we to allege their name, authority, and example, when they did a great deal, and we do nothing at all. In this we are not imitating them, but those who opposed and counteracted them, willing to keep things as they were, among whom many were excellent characters, whose apprehensions at that time were the same with those of many very good and quiet persons at present, viz. the fear of moving foundations, and overturning Christianity itself. Their



fears, we are now all sensible, were groundless ; and why may not those of the present age be so too ?

WILLIAM PALEY, 1743-1805.

*From* NATURAL THEOLOGY.

CXLVIII. *The Divine Goodness best seen in common things.*

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of the Creator, is the very extensiveness of His bounty. We prize but little what we share only in common with the rest, or with the generality of our species. When we hear of blessings, we think forthwith of successes, of prosperous fortunes, of honours, riches, preferments, that is, of those advantages and superiorities over others, which we happen either to possess, or to be in pursuit of, or to covet. The common benefits of our nature entirely escape us. Yet these are the great things. These constitute what most properly ought to be accounted blessings of Providence ; what alone, if we might so speak, are worthy of its care. Nightly rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs, and senses, and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other. Yet because almost every man we meet with possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration. They raise no sentiment ; they move no gratitude. Now herein is our judgment perverted by our selfishness. A blessing ought in truth to be the more satisfactory, the bounty at least of the donor is rendered more conspicuous, by its very diffusion, its commonness, its cheapness ; by its falling to the lot, and forming the happiness, of the great bulk and body of our species, as well as of ourselves. Nay, even when we do not possess it, it ought to be matter of

thankfulness that others do. But we have a different way of thinking. We court distinction. That is not the worst; we *see* nothing but what has distinction to recommend it. This necessarily contracts our views of the Creator's beneficence within a narrow compass; and most unjustly. It is in those things which are so common as to be no distinction that the amplitude of the Divine benignity is perceived.

WOLFGANG GOETHE, 1749-1832.

*From* CONVERSATIONS WITH ECKERMANN.

CXLIX.

*Christ and Christianity.*

With reference to things in the Bible, the question whether they are genuine or spurious is odd enough. What is genuine but that which is truly excellent, which stands in harmony with the purest nature and reason, and which even now ministers to our highest development! What is spurious but the absurd and the hollow, which bears no fruit—at least, no good fruit! If the authenticity of a biblical book is to be decided by the question—whether something true throughout has been handed down to us, we might on some points doubt the authenticity of the Gospels, since those of Mark and Luke were not written from immediate presence and experience, but, according to oral tradition, long afterwards; and the last, by the disciple John, was not written till he was of a very advanced age. Nevertheless I look upon all the four Gospels as thoroughly genuine; for there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, and which was of as divine a kind as ever was seen upon earth. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay him devout reverence, I say—certainly! I bow before him as the Divine

manifestation of the highest principle of morality. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to revere the Sun, I say—certainly ! For he is likewise a manifestation of the highest Being, and indeed the most powerful which we children of earth are allowed to behold. I adore in him the light and the productive power of God ; by which we live, move, and have our being—we, and all the plants and animals with us. But if I am asked—whether I am inclined to bow before a thumb-bone of the Apostle Peter or Paul, I say, “ Spare me, and stand off with your absurdities ”.

We scarcely know what we owe to Luther, and the Reformation in general. We are freed from the fetters of spiritual narrow-mindedness ; we have, in consequence of our increasing culture, become capable of turning back to the fountain head, and of comprehending Christianity in its purity. We have, again, the courage to stand with firm feet upon God’s earth, and to feel ourselves in our divinely-endowed human nature. Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines forth in the Gospel !

## WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770–1850.

*From* LINES, COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

CL.

*The Divine presence in nature.*

These beauteous forms,  
Through a long absence, have not been to me  
As is a landscape to a blind man’s eye :  
But oft, in lonely rooms, and ’mid the din  
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,

In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;  
And passing even into my purer mind,  
With tranquil restoration : feelings too  
Of unremembered pleasure : such perhaps,  
As have no slight or trivial influence  
On that best portion of a good man's life,  
His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
To them I may have owed another gift,  
Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened : that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul :  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things.

. . . For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :

A motion and a spirit, that impels  
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still  
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
 And mountains; and of all that we behold  
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world  
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create,  
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognise  
 In nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being.

. . . Nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings.

CLI.

ODE TO DUTY.

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!  
 O Duty! if that name thou love  
 Who art a light to guide, a rod  
 To check the erring, and reprove;  
 Thou, who art victory and law  
 When empty terrors overawe;  
 From vain temptations dost set free;  
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them ; who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth :  
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;  
Who do thy work, and know it not :  
Oh ! if through confidence misplaced  
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them  
cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,  
And happy will our nature be,  
When love is an unerring light,  
And joy its own security.  
And they a blissful course may hold  
Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
Live in the spirit of this creed ;  
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,  
No sport of every random gust,  
Yet being to myself a guide,  
Too blindly have reposed my trust ;  
And oft, when in my heart was heard  
Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;  
But Thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul,  
Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
I supplicate for thy control ;  
But in the quietness of thought :  
Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
I feel the weight of chance-desires ;  
My hopes no more must change their name,  
I long for a repose that ever is the same.



Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ;  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face :  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ;  
 Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient Heavens, through Thee are fresh and  
 strong.

To humbler functions awful Power !  
 I call thee : I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ;  
 Oh ! let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ;  
 The confidence of reason give ;  
 And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !

## CLII. THE CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he  
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?  
 —It is the generous spirit, who, when brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :  
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
 That makes the path before him always bright :  
 Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
 What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;  
 Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
 But makes his moral being his prime care ;  
 Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
 And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !

Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate :  
Is placable—because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice ;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more ; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He labours good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows :  
—Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means ; and there will stand  
On honourable terms, or else retire,  
And in himself possess his own desire ;  
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;  
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;  
Whom they must follow ; on whose head must fall,  
Like showers of manna, if they come at all :  
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
But who, if he be called upon to face

Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
 Is happy as a lover ; and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a man inspired ;  
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need :  
 —He who though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;  
 Sweet images ! which wheresoe'er he be,  
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve ;  
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love :—  
 'Tis, finally, the man, who lifted high,  
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,  
 Plays in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be won :  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;  
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpast :  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name,  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;  
 And while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :

This is the happy Warrior ; this is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be.

CLIII. *From* ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM  
RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

O joy ! that in our embers  
Is something that doth live,  
That nature yet remembers  
What was so fugitive !  
The thought of our past years in me doth breed  
Perpetual benediction : not indeed  
For that which is most worthy to be blest ;  
Delight and liberty, the simple creed  
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,  
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :—  
Not for these I raise  
The song of thanks and praise ;  
But for those obstinate questionings  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings ;  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realised,  
High instincts before which our mortal nature  
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :  
But for those first affections,  
Those shadowy recollections,  
Which, be they what they may,  
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,  
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;  
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make  
Our noisy years seem moments in the being  
Of the eternal Silence : truths that wake,  
To perish never ;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,  
Nor man nor boy,  
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,  
Can utterly abolish or destroy !  
Hence in a season of calm weather,  
Though inland far we be,  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,  
Can in a moment travel thither,  
And see the children sport upon the shore,  
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !  
And let the young lambs bound  
As to the tabor's sound !  
We in thought will join your throng  
Ye that pipe and ye that play,  
Ye that through your hearts to-day  
Feel the gladness of the May !

What though the radiance which was once so bright  
Be now for ever taken from my sight,  
Though nothing can bring back the hour  
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;  
We will grieve not, rather find  
Strength in what remains behind ;  
In the primal sympathy  
Which having been must ever be ;  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering ;  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,  
Forebode not any severing of our loves !





Inspire me with ability to seek  
 Repose and hope among eternal things—  
 Father of heaven and earth ! and I am rich,  
 And will possess my portion in content !

CLV. *The universe a shell.*

I have seen  
 A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
 Of inward ground, applying to his ear  
 The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;  
 To which, in silence hushed, his very soul  
 Listened intensely ; and his countenance soon  
 Brightened with joy ; for from within were heard  
 Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed  
 Mysterious union with its native sea.  
 Even such a shell the universe itself  
 Is to the ear of Faith ; and there are times,  
 I doubt not, when to you it doth impart  
 Authentic tidings of invisible things ;  
 Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power ;  
 And central peace, subsisting at the heart  
 Of endless agitation.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772-1834.

*From* CONFESSIONS OF AN INQUIRING SPIRIT.

CLVI. *The Bible.*

In every generation, and wherever the light of Revelation has shone, men of all ranks, conditions, and states of mind have found in this volume a correspondent for every movement toward the Better felt in their own hearts. The needy

soul has found supply, the feeble a help, the sorrowful a comfort ; yea, be the reciprocity the least that can consist with moral life, there is an answering grace ready to enter. The Bible has been found a spiritual world,—spiritual, and yet at the same time outward and common to all. You in one place, I in another, all men somewhere or at some time, meet with an assurance that the hopes and fears, the thoughts and yearnings that proceed from, or tend to, a right spirit in us, are not dreams or fleeting singularities, no voices heard in sleep, or spectres which the eye suffers but not perceives. As if on some dark night a pilgrim, suddenly beholding a bright star moving before him, should stop in fear and perplexity. But lo ! traveller after traveller passes by him, and each being questioned whither he is going, makes answer, “ I am following yon guiding star ! ” The pilgrim quickens his own steps, and presses onward in confidence. More confident still will he be, if by the way side he should find, here and there, ancient monuments, each with its votive lamp, and on each the name of some former pilgrim, and a record that there he had first seen or begun to follow the benignant star. No otherwise is it with the varied contents of the sacred volume. The hungry have found food, the thirsty a living spring, the feeble a staff, and the victorious warrior songs of welcome and strains of music ; and as long as each man asks on account of his wants, and asks what he wants, no man will discover aught amiss or deficient in the vast and many-chambered storehouse.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, 1780–1842.

*From* DISCOURSE ON WAR.

CLVII.      *Christians and the cause of peace.*

Were the true spirit of Christianity to be inculcated with but half the zeal which has been wasted on doubtful and

disputed doctrines, a sympathy, a co-operation might in a very short time be produced among Christians of every nation, most propitious to the pacification of the world. In consequence of the progress of knowledge and the extension of commerce, Christians of both hemispheres are at this moment brought nearer to one another, than at any former period ; and an intercourse founded on religious sympathies is gradually connecting the most distant regions. What a powerful weapon is furnished by this new bond of union to the ministers and friends of peace ! Should not the auspicious moment be seized to inculcate on all Christians, in all regions, that they owe their first allegiance to their common Lord in heaven, whose first, and last, and great command is Love ! Should they not be taught to look with a shuddering abhorrence on war which continually summons to the field of battle under opposing standards, the followers of the same Saviour, and commands them to imbrue their hands in each other's blood ? Once let Christians of every nation be brought to espouse the cause of peace with one heart and one voice, and their labour will not be in vain in the Lord. Human affairs will rapidly assume a new and milder aspect. The predicted ages of peace will dawn on the world. Public opinion will be purified. The false lustre of the hero will grow dim. A nobler order of character will be admired and diffused. The kingdoms of the world will gradually become the kingdoms of God and His Christ.

The common argument, that war is necessary to awaken the boldness, energy, and noblest qualities of human nature, will, I hope, receive a practical refutation in the friends of philanthropy and peace. Let it appear in your lives, that you need not this spark from hell to kindle a heroic resolution in your breasts. Let it appear, that a pacific spirit has no affinity with a tame and feeble character. Let us prove, that courage, the virtue which has been thought to flourish

most in the rough field of war, may be reared to a more generous height, and to a firmer texture in the bosom of peace. Let it be seen, that it is not fear, but principle, which has made us the enemies of war. In every enterprise of philanthropy which demands daring, and sacrifice, and exposure to hardship and toil, let us embark with serenity and joy. Be it our part to exhibit an undaunted, unshaken, unwearied resolution, not in spreading ruin, but in serving God and mankind, in alleviating human misery, in diffusing truth and virtue, and especially in opposing war. The doctrines of Christianity have had many martyrs. Let us be willing, if God shall require it, to be martyrs to its spirit, the neglected, insulted spirit of peace and love. In a better service we cannot live; in a nobler cause we cannot die. It is the cause of Jesus Christ, supported by Almighty Goodness, and appointed to triumph over the passions and delusions of men, the customs of ages, and the fallen monuments of the forgotten conqueror.

*From a SERMON.*

CLVIII.

*The Church Universal.*

I belong to the Universal Church: nothing shall separate me from it. In saying this, however, I am no enemy to particular Churches. In the present age of the world it is perhaps best that those who agree in theological opinions should worship together; and I do not object to the union of several such churches in one denomination, provided that *all* sectarian and narrow feeling be conscientiously and scrupulously resisted. I look on the various churches of Christendom with no feelings of enmity. The Romish Church is illustrated by great names. Her gloomy con-

vents have often been brightened by fervent love to God and man. Her St. Louis, and Fénelon, and Massillon, and Cheverus; her missionaries who have carried Christianity to the ends of the earth; her sisters of charity who have carried relief and solace to the most hopeless want and pain; do not these teach us that in the Romish Church the Spirit of God has found a home? How much too have other churches to boast! In the English Church we meet the names of Latimer, Hooker, Barrow, Leighton, Berkeley, and Heber; in the Dissenting Calvinistic Church, Baxter, Howe, Watts, Doddridge, and Robert Hall; among the Quakers, George Fox, William Penn, Robert Barclay, and our own Anthony Benezet, and John Woolman; in the Anti-Trinitarian Church, John Milton, John Locke, Samuel Clarke, Price, and Priestley. To repeat these names does the heart good. They breathe a fragrance through the common air. They lift up the whole race to which they belonged. With the churches of which they were pillars or chief ornaments I have many sympathies; nor do I condemn the union of ourselves to these or any other churches whose doctrines we approve, provided that we do it without severing ourselves in the least from the Universal Church. On this point we cannot be too earnest. We must shun the spirit of sectarianism as from hell. We must shudder at the thought of shutting up God in any denomination. We must think no man the better for belonging to our communion; no man the worse for belonging to another. We must look with undiminished joy on goodness, though it shine forth from the most adverse sect. Christ's spirit must be equally dear and honoured, no matter where manifested. To confine God's love or His good spirit to any party, sect, or name is to sin against the fundamental law of the kingdom of God to break that living bond with Christ's Universal Church which is one of our chief helps to perfection.

## FÉLICITÉ ROBERT DE LAMENNAIS, 1782-1854.

*From* WORDS OF A BELIEVER.

CLIX.

*Love.*

You have only a day to pass on earth ; so act as to pass that day in peace.

Peace is the fruit of love ; for to live in peace, we must learn to suffer many things.

No one is perfect, all have their faults ; every one is a burden to others, and love alone makes the burden light.

If you cannot bear with your brothers, how will your brothers bear with you ?

It is written of the Son of Mary that he loved his own who were in the world, and loved them even unto the end.

Love then your brothers who are in the world, and love them unto the end.

Love is indefatigable ; it never tires. Love is inexhaustible ; it lives and is born again of itself, and the more it pours itself forth, the more it abounds.

I tell you of a truth that the heart of him who loves is a paradise upon earth : God is within him, for God is love.

Love rests in the depth of pure souls, like a drop of dew in the cup of a flower.

Oh ! if you knew what it is to love !

You say you love, and many of your brothers lack bread to sustain their life, clothing to cover their naked limbs, a roof to shelter them, a handful of straw to sleep upon, while you have all things in abundance.

You say you love, and the sick, in great numbers, languish untended on their wretched bed ; the unfortunate weep with no one to weep with them ; the little children,



shivering with cold, go from door to door, begging the crumbs from the table of the rich, and receive them not.

You say that you love your brothers; what would you do then if you hated them?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822.

CLX.

*From ADONAI8.*

He has outsoared the shadow of our night.

Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again.

From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure; and now can never mourn

A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain—  
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He is made one with Nature. There is heard

His voice in all her music, from the moan  
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird;

He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone;  
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move

Which has withdrawn his being to its own,  
Which wields the world with never-wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness

Which once he made more lovely. He doth bear  
His part, while the One Spirit's plastic stress  
Sweeps through the dull dense world; compelling there  
All new successions to the forms they wear;

Torturing the unwilling dross, that checks its flight,  
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear ;  
 And bursting in its beauty and its might  
 From trees and beasts and men into the heaven's light.

The One remains, the many change and pass ;  
 Heaven's light for ever shines, earth's shadows fly ;  
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
 Stains the white radiance of eternity,  
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,  
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !  
 Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,  
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music—words are weak  
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, 1794–1878.

CLXI.

*To a Waterfowl.*

Whither, midst falling dew,  
 While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
 Far through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue  
 Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye  
 Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,  
 As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,  
 Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink  
 Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,  
 Or where the rocking billows rise and sink  
 On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—  
The desert and illimitable air,—  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fann'd  
At that far height the cold, thin atmosphere ;  
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,  
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;  
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest  
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend  
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone—the abyss of heaven  
Hath swallowed up thy form—yet on my heart  
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given  
And shall not soon depart.

He, who from zone to zone  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone,  
Will lead my steps aright.

THOMAS CARLYLE, 1795-1881.

*From SARTOR RESARTUS.*

CLXII.

*Symbols.*

In a Symbol there is concealment and yet revelation :  
here, therefore, by Silence and by Speech acting together,  
comes a double significance. And if both the Speech be

itself high, and the Silence fit and noble, how expressive will their union be! Thus in many a painted Device, or simple Seal-emblem, the commonest Truth stands out to us, proclaimed with quite new emphasis.

For it is here that Fantasy with her mystic wonderland plays into the small prose domain of sense, and becomes incorporated therewith. In the Symbol proper, what we can call a Symbol, there is ever, more or less distinctly and directly, some embodiment and revelation of the Infinite; the Infinite is made to blend itself with the Finite, to stand visible, and as it were, attainable there. By Symbols, accordingly, is man guided and commanded, made happy, made wretched. He everywhere finds himself encompassed with Symbols, recognized as such or not recognized: the Universe is but one vast Symbol of God; nay, if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a Symbol of God; is not all that he does symbolical; a revelation to Sense of the mystic God-given force that is in him; a "Gospel of Freedom," which he, the "Messias of Nature" preaches, as he can, by act and word? Not a Hut he builds but is the visible embodiment of a Thought; but bears visible record of invisible things; but is, in the transcendental sense, symbolical as well as real.

It is in and through *Symbols* that man, consciously or unconsciously, lives, works, and has his being: those ages, moreover, are accounted the noblest which can the best recognize symbolical worth, and prize it the highest. For is not a Symbol ever, to him who has eyes for it, some dimmer or clearer revelation of the Godlike.

Highest of all Symbols are those wherein the Artist or Poet has risen into Prophet, and all men can recognize a present God, and worship the same: I mean religious Symbols. Various enough have been such religious Symbols, what we call *Religions*; as men stood in this stage of culture or the other, and could worse or better body-forth the God-

like: some Symbols with a transient intrinsic worth; many with only an extrinsic. If thou ask to what height man has carried it in this manner, look on our divinest Symbol: on Jesus of Nazareth, and his Life and his Biography, and what followed therefrom. Higher has the human Thought not yet reached: this is Christianity and Christendom; a Symbol of quite perennial infinite character; whose significance will ever demand to be anew inquired into and anew made manifest.

CLXIII.

*Two men alone honourable.*

Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toil-worn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the Earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard Hand, crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Sceptre of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee too lay a God-created Form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know Freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

A second man I honour, and still more highly; Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of Life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by

act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have Light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?—these two in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man's wants is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimar in this world know I nothing than a Peasant Saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendour of Heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of Earth, like a light shining in great darkness.

*From* PAST AND PRESENT.

CLXIV.

*Await the issue.*

In this God's world, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below, the just thing, the true thing. For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of



that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay at times its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating, "See, your Heaviest ascends!"—but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and, by laws older than the World, old as the Maker's first plan of the World, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is a part of Nature's own Laws, co-operates with the world's eternal Tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

CLXV.

TO-DAY.

So here hath been dawning  
Another blue Day:  
Think wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away.

Out of Eternity  
This new Day is born;  
Into Eternity, .  
At night, will return.

Behold it aforesaid  
No eye ever did ;  
So soon it forever  
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning  
Another blue Day :  
Think wilt thou let it  
Slip useless away.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, 1801-1890.

*From a SERMON.*

CLXVI.

*God and the soul.*

To understand that we have souls, is to feel our separation from things visible, our independence of them, our distinct existence in ourselves, our individuality, our power of acting for ourselves, this way or that way, our accountability for what we do. These are the great truths which lie wrapped up indeed even in a child's mind, and which God's grace can unfold there, in spite of the influence of the external world ; but at first this outward world prevails. We look off from self to the things around us, and forget ourselves in them. Such is our state—a depending for support on the reeds which are no stay, and overlooking our true strength—at the time when God begins His process of reclaiming us to a truer view of our place in His great system of providence. And when He visits us, then in a little while there is a stirring within us. The unprofitableness and feebleness of the things of this world are forced upon our minds ; they promise but cannot perform ; they disappoint us. Or, if they do perform what they promise,

still (so it is) they do not satisfy us. We still crave for something, we do not well know what; but we are sure it is something which this world has not given us. And then its changes are so many, so sudden, so silent, so continual. It never leaves changing; it goes on to change till we are quite sick at heart: then it is that our reliance on it is broken. It is plain we cannot continue to depend upon it unless we keep pace with it, and go on changing too; but this we cannot do. We feel that while it changes we are one and the same; and thus under God's blessing we come to have some glimpse of the meaning of our independence of things temporal, and our immortality. And should it so happen that misfortunes come upon us (as they often do), then still more are we led to understand the nothingness of this world; then still more are we led to distrust it, and are weaned from the love of it, till at length it floats before our eyes merely as some idle veil, which, notwithstanding its many tints, cannot hide the view of what is beyond it; and we begin by degrees to perceive that there are but two things in the whole universe, our own soul, and the God who made it.

Sublime unlooked-for doctrine, yet most true! To everyone of us there are but two beings in the whole world, himself and God; for, as to this outward scene, its pleasures and pursuits, its honours and cares, its contrivances, its personages, its kingdoms, its multitude of busy slaves—what are they to us? Nothing—no more than a show. “The world passeth away, and the lust thereof.”

*From THE GRAMMAR OF ASSENT.*

CLXVII.      *The implications of conscience.*

Conscience, considered as a moral sense, an intellectual sentiment, is a sense of admiration and disgust, of approba-

tion and blame: but it is something more than a moral sense; it is always, what the sense of the beautiful is in certain cases; it is always emotional. No wonder then that it always implies what that sense only sometimes implies; that it always involves the recognition of a living object, towards which it is directed. Inanimate things cannot stir our affections; these are correlative with persons. If, as is the case, we feel responsibility, are ashamed, are frightened, at transgressing the voice of conscience, this implies that there is One to whom we are responsible, before whom we are ashamed, whose claims upon us we fear. If on doing wrong, we feel the same tearful, broken-hearted sorrow which overwhelms us on hurting a mother; if, on doing right, we enjoy the same sunny serenity of mind, the same soothing, satisfactory delight which follows on our receiving praise from a father, we certainly have within us the image of some person to whom our love and veneration look, in whose smile we find our happiness, for whom we yearn, towards whom we direct our pleadings, in whose anger we are troubled and waste away. These feelings in us are such as require for their exciting cause an intelligent being: we are not affectionate towards a stone, nor do we feel shame before a horse or a dog; we have no remorse or compunction on breaking mere human law: yet, so it is, conscience excites all these painful emotions, confusion, foreboding, self-condemnation; and, on the other hand, it sheds upon us a deep peace, a sense of security, a resignation, and a hope, which there is no sensible, no earthly object to elicit. "The wicked flees, when no one pursueth"; then why does he flee? Whence his terror? Who is it that he sees in solitude, in darkness, in the hidden chambers of his heart? If the cause of these emotions does not belong to this visible world, the Object to which his perception is directed must be supernatural and Divine.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, 1803-1882.

*From* ESSAY ON SELF-RELIANCE.

CLXVIII.

*Trust thyself.*

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing, one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without pre-established harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea, which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have His work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best: but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself; every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the Divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connexion of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart,

working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny ; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

*From* ESSAY ON THE OVER-SOUL.

CLXIX.

*The Over-Soul.*

The Supreme Critic on all the errors of the past and the present, and the only prophet of that which must be, is that great nature in which we rest, as the earth lies in the soft arms of the atmosphere ; that Unity, that Over-Soul, within which every man's particular being is contained and made one with all other ; that common heart, of which all sincere conversation is the worship, to which all right action is submission ; that over-powering reality which confutes our tricks and talents, and constrains every one to pass for what he is, and to speak from his character and not from his tongue ; and which evermore tends and aims to pass into our thought and hand, and become wisdom, and virtue, and power, and beauty. We live in succession, in division, in parts, in particles. Meantime within man is the soul of the whole ; the wise silence ; the universal beauty, to which every part and particle is equally related ; the eternal ONE. From within or from behind, a light shines through us upon things, and makes us aware that we are nothing, but the light is all. A man is the façade of a temple, wherein all wisdom and all good abide. What we commonly call man,—the eating, drinking, planting, counting man,—does not, as we know him, represent himself, but misrepresents himself. Him we do not respect ; but the soul, whose



organ he is, would he let it appear through his action, would make our knees bend. When it breathes through his intellect, it is genius; when it breathes through his will, it is virtue; when it flows through his affection, it is love. And the blindness of the intellect begins, when it would be something of itself. The weakness of the will begins when the individual would be something of himself. All reform aims, in some one particular, to let the great soul have its way through us; in other words to engage us to obey. Of this pure nature every man is at some time sensible. Language cannot paint it with his colours. It is too subtle. It is undefinable, unmeasurable; but we know that it pervades and contains us. We know that all spiritual being is in man. A wise old proverb says, "God comes to see us without bell": that is, as there is no screen or ceiling between our heads and the infinite heavens, so is there no bar or wall in the soul where man, the effect, ceases, and God, the cause, begins. The walls are taken away. We lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual nature, to all the attributes of God. Justice we see and know, Love, Freedom, Power. These natures no man ever got above, but always they tower over us, and most in the moment when our interests tempt us to wound them.

CLXX.

*From* THRENODY.

Wilt thou not ope thy heart to know  
What rainbows teach, and sunsets show?  
Verdict which accumulates  
From lengthening scroll of human fates,  
Voice of earth to earth returned,  
Prayers of saints that inly burned,—  
Saying, *What is excellent,*  
*As God lives, is permanent;*

*Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain ;*

*Hearts' love will meet thee again.*

Revere the Maker ; fetch thine eye

Up to His style, and manners of the sky.

Not of adamant and gold

Built He heaven stark and cold ;

No, but a nest of bending reeds,

Flowering grass and scented weeds ;

Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,

Or bow above the tempest bent ;

Built of tears and sacred flames,

And virtue reaching to its aims ;

Built of furtherance and pursuing,

Not of spent deeds, but of doing.

Silent rushes the swift Lord

Through ruined systems still restored,

Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,

Plants with worlds the wilderness ;

Waters with tears of ancient sorrow

Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.

House and tenant go to ground,

Lost in God, in Godhead found.

CLXXI.

*From* THE PROBLEM.

Not from a vain or shallow thought

His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;

Never from lips of cunning fell

The thrilling Delphic oracle ;

Out from the heart of nature rolled

The burdens of the Bible old ;

The litanies of nature came,

Like the volcano's tongue of flame,

Up from the burning core below,—

The canticles of love and woe :  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity ;  
Himself from God he could not free ;  
He builded better than he knew ;—  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest  
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast ?  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell ?  
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads ?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.  
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,  
As the best gem upon her zone,  
And morning opes with haste her lids  
To gaze upon the pyramids ;  
O'er England's abbeyes bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye ;  
For out of Thought's interior sphere  
These wonders rose to upper air ;  
And Nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass ;  
Art might obey, but not surpass.  
The passive master lent his hand  
To the vast soul that o'er him planned ;  
And the same power that reared the shrine  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.

Ever the fiery Pentecost  
 Girds with one flame the countless host,  
 Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
 And through the priest the mind inspires.  
 The word unto the prophet spoken  
 Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;  
 The word by seers or sibyls told,  
 In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,  
 Still floats upon the morning wind,  
 Still whispers to the willing mind,  
 One accent of the Holy Ghost  
 The heedless world hath never lost.

FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, 1805-1897.

*From* THEISM.

CLXXII.

*Call to God's service.*

Consecrate yourselves to God, all ye youths and maidens !  
 Ere the world benumb your fresh feeling or sin harden your  
     conscience.  
 Know that others have found God, as ye have not yet found  
     Him ;  
 But seek ye after Him, and ye shall find Him also :  
 Delight yourselves in Him, and He shall give you the de-  
     sire of your hearts.  
 Seek Him in the open field or in the shrouded wood,  
 Under the evening sky or in the solitary chamber.  
 Take with you words, and turn to Him and say :  
     " Oh Author of our spirits, Perfector of souls,  
 With Thee strength dwelleth in repose, and no passion is in  
     disharmony ;  
 But the passions of youth are untamed, and we do but move  
     toward perfection,

And Desire often seduces from Goodness, or Ease deters  
from Duty.

Yet wisely were we made by Thee, and Thy will must be  
best for us ;

Early to submit were our prudence, and sweetly to obey,  
our happiness ;

And when we know that we seek Thy will, we know that  
we become Thy servants.

Lo ! here we resign all baser desire, we consecrate ourselves  
to be Thine,

We will struggle to be as Thou approvest ; to be pure as  
Thou art pure,

Unwarped by perverse passion, unspoiled by selfishness,  
Active for every good work, sympathizing with every good  
cause,

Haters and scorners of the wrong, lovers of good and of  
good men.

So will we aspire to Thee, that we may be Thine now and  
always,

To live before Thy open eye, and to die into Thy secret  
bosom."

Speak to Him thus, or to this effect, knowing that He  
reads all your heart ;

Knowing that His light searches your dark corners, and  
sees your unknown faults.

Fear not to meet His piercing gaze, shrink not from His  
eyes of flame,

But stand before them true-heartedly, to let them burn up  
your sin.

Oh, how will it cleanse your conscience and strengthen your  
best purposes.

How will it put to shame all unkindness, all impurity, all  
worldliness and pride !

Ye who admire heroism shall grow heroic, and the compas-  
sionate more tender,

And the generous more self-sacrificing, and the prudent more self-possessed.  
Every virtue shall be strengthened, and every vice shall be crippled,  
From the day that ye solemnly consecrate your all to the Ever Present God.  
For every impulse shall fall into its own place, and learn its due subordination,  
And become the meek minister of the soul, or the pleasant amuser of its weariness,  
The strong combatant for the right, or the sharp hunter after the true.  
And your natures shall become enlarged, as they expand towards God :  
Your insight shall be deeper and your survey broader,  
Your selfishness shall become prudence, and your prudence unselfish,  
Loving your neighbours, loving your country, and mankind, and the Right.  
When the faithless trembles at truth, your faith shall but grow stronger,  
And where the hypocrite is feeble, your sound heart shall be mighty.  
Only aspire after perfection, and tell this out to God,  
And ere long ye shall find Him and know His exceeding great joy.  
He shall make with you a covenant of grace and of truth, And shall fill you of His own fulness and visit you with His Spirit,  
And He shall be your well-known Lord, and ye shall be His conscious servants,  
Equipped for life and careless of death, aspiring after eternity,  
Sighing over your own unworthiness yet certain of Almighty Love.



## CLXXIII.

*Epilogus.*

We praise Thee in Thy power, O God!  
We praise Thee in Thy sanctity.  
We praise Thee who reignest in the furthest heavens,  
We praise Thee who dwellest in our inmost souls,  
Our Lord and hidden Comforter.  
No voice can duly proclaim Thy greatness,  
No heart can comprehend Thy goodness,  
O Thou Father of all our Spirits.  
The longings of the spirit are inexhaustible :  
Only Thou canst fill the heart.  
When it is empty and aching for Thee,  
Hungering and thirsting for Thy righteousness,  
Thou visitest it with peace unspeakable.  
With Thee there is no misery to the distressed ;  
But sorrow is hallowed and pain is sweetened,  
And hardship is assuaged, and fear is calmed.  
For, Thine own nature is blessedness,  
And Thou makest Thy worshippers blessed.  
Yea, blessed is Thy presence, O Lord most Holy !  
Blessed is it to dwell with Thee and to know Thee,  
To rest on Thee and to serve Thee.  
Blessed shall the nations be, when Thy glory is recognized,  
When all who love Thee unite to succour and raise the  
weak,  
When men of all climes and colours know their union.  
Meanwhile, enable us to discern and love Thy servants  
Under whatever strange name or false creed they are  
hidden.  
Strengthen us in life or death, in this and in every life,  
To be Thine in fact, as we are Thine in right ;  
To obey cheerfully, to strive loyally,  
To suffer meekly, to enjoy thankfully.

So shall we love Thee while we live, and partake of Thy  
 joy,  
 And triumph over sorrow, and fulfil Thy work,  
 And be numbered with Thy saints, and die on Thy bosom.

JAMES MARTINEAU, 1805-1900.

*From ENDEAVOURS AFTER THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.*

CLXXIV.

*Immortality.*

If the celestial hope be a delusion, we plainly see *who* are the mistaken. Not the mean and grovelling souls, who never reached to so great a thought ;—not the drowsy and easy natures, who are content with the sleep of sense through life, and the sleep of darkness ever after ; not the selfish and pinched of conscience, of small thought and smaller love ; no, these in such case are right, and the universe *is* on their miserable scale. The deceived are the great and holy, whom all men, aye these very insignificants themselves, revere ; the men who have lived for something better than their happiness, and spent themselves in the race, or fallen at the altar, of human good ;—Paul, with his mighty and conquering courage ; yes, Christ himself, who vainly sobbed his spirit to rest on his Father's imaginary love, and without result commended his soul to the Being whom he fancied himself to reveal. The self-sacrifice of Calvary was but a tragic and barren mistake ; for Heaven disowns the godlike prophet of Nazareth, and takes part with those who scoffed at him, and would have him die ; and is insensible to the divine fitness which even men have felt, when they either recorded the supposed fact, or invented the beautiful fiction, of Christ's ascension. Whom are we to revere, and what can we believe, if the inspirations of the highest of

created natures are but cunningly-devised fables? But it is not so : and no one who has found true guidance of heart from these noblest sons of heaven, will fear to stake his futurity, and the immortal life of his departed friends, on their vaticinations. *These*, of all things granted to our ignorance, are assuredly most like the hidden realities of God ; which may be greater, but will not be less, than prophets and seers have foretold, and even our own souls, when gifted with highest and clearest vision, discern as truths not doubtful or far off. In this hope let us trust, and be true to the toils of life which it ennobles and cheers.

*From HOURS OF THOUGHT.*

CLXXV.            *The soul's vicissitudes.*

Who will venture to say that the highest insight of the spirit is even half as constant as the highest action of the mind? Ask the saintliest men and women of this world, whether their holy watch was continuous, and their faith and love as reliable as their thought ; and they will tell you how long, even when they went up to be with the Saviour on the mount, have been the slumbers of unconsciousness, compared with the priceless instants when they were awake and beheld his glory. In every earnest life, there are weary flats to tread, with the heavens out of sight,—no sun, no moon,—and not a tint of light upon the path below ; when the only guidance is the faith of brighter hours, and the secret Hand we are too numb and dark to feel. But to the meek and faithful it is not always so. Now and then, something touches the dull dream of sense and custom, and the desolation vanishes away : the spirit leaves its witness with us : the Divine realities come up from the past and straightway enter the present : the ear into which we poured our prayer

is not deaf; the infinite eye to which we turned is not blind, but looks in with answering mercy on us. The mystery of life and the grievousness of death are gone: we know now the little from the great, the transient from the eternal: we can possess our souls in patience; and neither the waving palms and scattered flowers of triumph can elate us nor the weight of any cross appear too hard to bear. Tell me not that these undulations of the soul are the mere instability of enthusiasm and infirmity. Are they not found characteristically in the greatest and deepest men—Augustine, Tauler, Luther? Nay did not the Son of God himself, the very type of our humanity, experience them more than all? Did he not quit the daily path, now for a Transfiguration, and now for a Gethsemane? Did not his voice burst into the exclamation, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven," yet also confess, "Now is my soul troubled"? And had he not his hours on the mountain all night? And what think you, passed beneath those stars? Ah no! Those intermittent movements are the sign of Divine gifts, not of human weakness. God has so arranged the chronometry of our spirits that there shall be thousands of silent moments between the striking hours.

## CLXXVI.

*The law of change.*

If the very law of life is a law of change; if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves; if love and thought, and hope would faint beneath too constant light, and need for their freshening the darkness and the dews; if it is in losing the transient that we gain the eternal; then let us shrink no more from sorrow, and sigh no more for rest; but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss and death. Through storm and calm, fresh be our courage, and quick our eye, for the various

service that may await us. Nay, when God Himself turns us not hither and thither, when He sends us no changes for us to receive and consecrate, be it ours to create them for ourselves, by flinging ourselves into generous enterprises and worthy sacrifice ; by the stirrings of sleepless aspiration, and all the spontaneous vicissitudes of holy and progressive souls ; keeping always the moral spaces round us pure and fresh by the constant thought of truth and the frequent deed of love. And then, when, for us too, death closes the great series of mortal changes, the past will lie behind us green and sweet as Eden, and the future before us in the light of eternal peace. Tranquil and fearless we shall resign ourselves to God, to conduct us through that ancient and invisible way, which has been sanctified by the feet of all the faithful, and illumined by the passage of the man of griefs.

JOSEPH MAZZINI, 1805-1872.

*From Essay, FAITH AND THE FUTURE.*

CLXXVII.      *The victory of truth.*

A great epoch was exhausted and passing away to give place to another, the first utterances of which had already been heard in the north, and which awaited but the Initiator to be revealed. He came. The soul the most full of love, the most sacredly virtuous, the most deeply inspired by God and the future, that men have yet seen on earth ; Jesus. He bent over the corpse of the dead world, and whispered a word of faith. Over the clay that had lost all of man but the movement and the form, he uttered words until then unknown : love, sacrifice, a heavenly origin. And the dead arose. A new life circulated through the clay, which

philosophy had tried in vain to reanimate. From that corpse arose the Christian world, the world of liberty and equality. From that clay arose the true man, the image of God, the precursor of humanity.

Christ expired. All he had asked of mankind wherewith to save them, says Lamennais, was a Cross whereon to die. But ere he died he had announced the glad tidings to the people. To those who asked of him from whence he had received it, he answered, "From God, the Father". From the height of his Cross he had invoked him twice. Therefore upon the Cross did his victory begin and still does it endure.

Have faith then, O you who suffer for the noble cause; apostles of a truth which the world of to-day comprehends not; warriors in the sacred fight whom it yet stigmatises with the name of rebels. To-morrow, perhaps, this world, now incredulous or indifferent, will bow down before you in holy enthusiasm. To-morrow victory will bless the banner of your crusade. Walk in faith and fear not. That which Christ has done, humanity may do. Believe, and you will conquer. Believe and the peoples at last will follow you. From your Cross of sorrow and persecution, proclaim the religion of the epoch. Soon shall it receive the consecration of faith. Let not the hateful cry of reaction be heard on your lips, nor the sombre formula of the conspirator, but the calm and solemn words of the days to come.

Upon a day in the sixteenth century, at Rome, some men bearing the title of Inquisitors, who assumed to derive wisdom and authority from God Himself, were assembled to decree the immobility of the earth. A prisoner stood before them. His brow was illumined by genius. He had outstripped time and mankind, and revealed the secret of a world. It was Galileo. The old man shook his venerable head. His soul revolted against the absurd violence of those who sought to force him to deny the truths revealed



to him by God. But his pristine energy was worn down by long suffering and sorrow ; the monkish menace crushed him. He strove to submit. He raised his hand, he too, to declare the immobility of the earth. But as he raised his hand, he raised his weary eyes to that heaven they had searched throughout long nights to read thereon one line of the universal law ; they encountered a ray of that sun which he so well knew motionless amid the moving spheres. Remorse entered his heart : an involuntary cry burst from the believer's soul : *E pur si muove !* and yet it moves.

Three centuries have passed away. Inquisitors, inquisition, absurd theses imposed by force,—all these have disappeared. Naught remains but the well-established movement of the earth, and the sublime cry of Galileo floating above the ages.

Child of humanity, raise thy brow to the sun of God, and read upon the heavens : "It moves". Faith and action ! The future is ours.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, 1806-1861.

CLXXVIII.      *Lessons from the gorse.*

Mountain gorses, ever-golden,  
Cankered not the whole year long !  
Do ye teach us to be strong,  
Howsoever pricked and holden  
Like your thorny blooms, and so  
Trodden on by rain and snow,  
Up the hill-side of this life, as bleak as where ye grow ?

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,  
Do ye teach us to be glad  
When no summer can be had,  
Blooming in our inward bosoms ?

Ye, whom God preserveth still,  
 Set as lights upon a hill,  
 Tokens to the wintry earth that Beauty liveth still !

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us  
 From that academic chair  
 Canopied with azure air,  
 That the wisest word man reaches  
 Is the humblest he can speak ?  
 Ye, who live on mountain peak,  
 Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek !

Mountain gorses, since Linnæus  
 Knelt beside you on the sod,  
 For your beauty thanking God,—  
 For your teaching, ye should see us  
 Bowing in prostration new !  
 Whence arisen,—if one or two  
 Drops be on our cheeks—O world, they are not tears but  
 dew.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, 1807-1892.

CLXXIX. *From* ANDREW RYKMAN'S PRAYER.

Father ! I may come to Thee  
 Even with the beggar's plea,  
 As the poorest of Thy poor  
 With my needs and nothing more.  
 Not as one who seeks his home  
 With a step assured I come.  
 Yet, O Lord, through all a sense  
 Of Thy tender providence  
 Stays my failing heart on Thee  
 And confirms the feeble knee.

If I may not, sin defiled,  
Claim my birthright as a child,  
Suffer it that I to Thee,  
As an hired servant be ;  
Let the lowliest task be mine,  
Grateful, so the work be Thine ;  
Let me find the humblest place,  
In the shadow of Thy grace :  
Blest to me were any spot  
Where temptation whispers not.  
If there be some weaker one,  
Give me strength to help him on ;  
If a blinder soul there be,  
Let me guide him nearer Thee.  
Make my mortal dreams come true  
With the work I fain would do ;  
Clothe with life the weak intent,  
Let me be the thing I meant ;  
Let me find in Thy employ  
Peace that dearer is than joy ;  
Out of self to love be led  
And to heaven acclimated,  
Until all things sweet and good  
Seem my natural habitude.

CLXXX.

AT LAST

When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown ;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;  
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be Thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting—

Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father ! let Thy Spirit

Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,  
Nor streets of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,

And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place,—

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,

Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,  
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,

I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, 1807-1882.

CLXXXI.

*From SANTA FILOMENA.*

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
 Into our inmost being rolls,  
 And lifts us unawares  
 Out of all meaner cares.

Honour to those whose words or deeds  
 Thus help us in our daily needs,  
 And by their overflow  
 Raise us from what is low !

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892.

CLXXXII.

*From* ULYSSES.

I cannot rest from travel : I will drink  
 Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd  
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those  
 That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when  
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
 Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;  
 For always roaming with a hungry heart  
 Much have I seen and known ; cities of men  
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all ;  
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
 I am a part of all that I have met ;  
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
 Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades  
 For ever and for ever when I move.  
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !  
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
 Were all too little, and of one to me

Little remains : but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence, something more,  
A bringer of new things ; and vile it were  
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
And this gray spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;  
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;  
Death closes all : but something ere the end,  
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :  
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep  
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds  
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths  
Of all the western stars, until I die.  
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :  
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'  
We are not now that strength which in old days  
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;  
One equal temper of heroic hearts,



Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,  
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

## CLXXXIII.

## WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—  
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—  
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she :  
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be.

The wages of sin is death : if the wages of Virtue be dust,  
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and  
the fly ?

She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,  
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky :  
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

*From* IDYLLS OF THE KING.

CLXXXIV. *King Arthur's order of chivalry.*

For when the Roman left us, and their law  
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways  
Were fill'd with rapine, here and there a deed  
Of prowess done redress'd a random wrong.  
But I was first of all the kings who drew  
The knighthood-errant of this realm and all  
The realms together under me, their Head,  
In that fair Order of my Table Round,  
A glorious company, the flower of men,  
To serve as model for the mighty world,  
And be the fair beginning of a time.

I made them lay their hands in mine and swear  
To reverence the King, as if he were  
Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,  
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,  
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,  
To speak no slander, no, nor listen to it,  
To honour his own word as if his God's,  
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,  
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,  
And worship her by years of noble deeds,  
Until they won her; for indeed I knew  
Of no more subtle master under heaven  
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,  
Not only to keep down the base in man,  
But teach high thought, and amiable words  
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,  
And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

CLXXXV.      *King Arthur's Farewell.*

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.  
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me?  
I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within himself make pure! but thou,  
If thou shouldst never see my face again,  
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer  
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice  
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.  
For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

*From IN MEMORIAM.*

CLXXXVI. *Knowledge, reverence and faith.*

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;  
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;  
Thou madest Death ; and lo, Thy foot  
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die ;  
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :  
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;  
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day ;  
They have their day and cease to be :  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;  
For knowledge is of things we see ;  
And yet we trust it comes from Thee,  
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
 But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
 That mind and soul, according well,  
 May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;  
 We mock Thee when we do not fear :  
 But help Thy foolish ones to bear ;  
 Help Thy vain worlds to bear Thy light.

O living will that shalt endure  
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,  
 Rise in the spiritual rock,  
 Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust  
 A voice as unto him that hears,  
 A cry above the conquer'd years  
 To One that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,  
 The truths that never can be proved  
 Until we close with all we loved,  
 And all we flow from, soul in soul.

THEODORE PARKER, 1810-1860.

*From* THOUGHTS ON LABOUR.

CLXXXVII. *The religious uses of labour.*

Labour has a religious use. It has been well said, "an undevout astronomer is mad". But an undevout farmer, sailor, or mechanic, is equally mad, for the duties of each

afford a school for his devotion. In respect to this influence, the farmer seems to stand on the very top of the world. The laws of nature are at work for him. For him the sun shines and the rain falls. The earth grows warm to receive his seed. The dews moisten it; the blade springs up and grows he knows not how, while all the stars come forth to keep watch over his rising corn. There is no second cause between him and the Soul of all. Everything he looks on, from the earliest flowers of spring, to the austere grandeurs of a winter's sky at night, is the work of God's hand. The great processes of growth and decay, change and reproduction, are perpetually before him. Day and night, serenity and storm, visit and bless him as they move. Nature's great works are done for no one in special; yet each man receives as much of the needed rain, and the needed heat, as if all rain and all heat were designed for his use alone. He labours, but it is not only the fruit of his labour that he eats. No; God's exhaustless providence works for him; works with him. His laws warm and water the fields, replenishing the earth. Thus the husbandman, whose eye is open, walks always in the temple of God. He sees the Divine goodness and wisdom in the growth of a flower or a tree; in the nice adjustment of an insect's supplies to its demands; in the perfect contentment found everywhere in nature—for you shall search all day for a melancholy fly, yet never find one. The influence of all these things on an active and instructed mind is ennobling. The man seeks daily bread for the body, and gets the bread of life for the soul. Like his corn and his trees, his heart and mind are cultivated by his toil; for as Saul seeking his father's stray cattle found a kingdom, as stripling David was anointed King while keeping a few sheep in the wilderness, and when sent to carry bread to his brothers in the camp, slew a giant, and became monarch; so each man who with true motives, an instructed mind, and a soul of tranquil

devotion, goes to his daily work, however humble, may slay the giant Difficulty, and be anointed with gladness, and possess the Kingdom of Heaven. In the lowliest calling he may win the loftiest result, as you may see the stars from the deepest valley, as well as from the top of Chimborazo.

*From* DISCOURSE OF THE TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT  
IN CHRISTIANITY.

CLXXXVIII. *The simplicity of Christianity.*

To come to the plain words of Jesus of Nazareth, Christianity is a simple thing; very simple. It is absolute, pure morality; absolute, pure religion; the love of man; the love of God acting without let or hindrance. The only creed it lays down is the great truth which springs up spontaneous in the holy heart—there is a God. Its watchword is, Be perfect as your Father in heaven. The only form it demands is a divine life; doing the best thing, in the best way, from the highest motives; perfect obedience to the great law of God. Its sanction is the voice of God in your heart; the perpetual presence of Him, who made us and the stars over our head; Christ and the Father abiding within us. All this is very simple; a little child can understand it; very beautiful, the loftiest mind can find nothing so lovely. Try it by reason, conscience, and faith—things highest in man's nature—we see no redundancy, we feel no deficiency. Examine the particular duties it enjoins; humility, reverence, sobriety, gentleness, charity, forgiveness, fortitude, resignation, faith, and active love; try the whole extent of Christianity so well summed up in the command, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind—thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself;" and is there any-



thing therein that can perish? No, the very opponents of Christianity have rarely found fault with the teachings of Jesus. The end of Christianity seems to be to make all men one with God as Christ was one with Him; to bring them to such a state of obedience and goodness, that we shall think Divine thoughts and feel Divine sentiments, and so keep the law of God by living a life of truth and love. Its means are purity and prayer; getting strength from God and using it for our fellow-men as well as ourselves. It allows perfect freedom. It does not demand all men to think alike, but to think uprightly, and get as near as possible to truth; not all men to live alike, but to live holy, and get as near as possible to a life perfectly Divine.

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812-1889.

*From* PARACELSUS.

CLXXXIX.      *The ascent of man.*

I stood at first where all aspire at last  
To stand: the secret of the world was mine.  
I knew, I felt, (perception unexpressed,  
Uncomprehended by our narrow thought,  
But somehow felt and known in every shift  
And change in the spirit,—nay, in every pore  
Of the body, even,)—what God is, what we are,  
What life is—how God tastes an infinite joy  
In infinite ways—one everlasting bliss,  
From whom all being emanates, all power  
Proceeds; in whom is life for evermore,  
Yet whom existence in its lowest form  
Includes; where dwells enjoyment there is He:  
With still a flying point of bliss remote,

A happiness in store afar, a sphere  
Of distant glory in full view ; thus climbs  
Pleasure its heights for ever and for ever.  
The centre-fire heaves underneath the earth,  
And the earth changes like a human face ;  
The molten ore bursts up among the rocks,  
Winds into the stone's heart, outbranches bright  
In hidden mines, spots barren river-beds,  
Crumbles into fine sand where sunbeams bask—  
God joys therein. The wroth sea's waves are edged  
With foam, white as the bitten lip of hate,  
When, in the solitary waste, strange groups  
Of young volcanoes come up, cyclops-like,  
Staring together with their eyes on flame—  
God tastes a pleasure in their uncouth pride.  
Then all is still ; earth is a wintry clod :  
But spring-wind, like a dancing psaltress, passes  
Over its breast to waken it, rare verdure  
Buds tenderly upon rough banks, between  
The withered tree-roots and the cracks of frost,  
Like a smile striving with a wrinkled face ;  
The grass grows bright, the boughs are swoln with blooms  
Like chrysalids impatient for the air,  
The shining dorrs are busy, beetles run  
Along the furrows, ants make their ado ;  
Above, birds fly in merry flocks, the lark  
Soars up and up, shivering for very joy ;  
Afar the ocean sleeps ; white fishing-gulls  
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe  
Of nested limpets ; savage creatures seek  
Their loves in wood and plain—and God renews  
His ancient rapture. Thus He dwells in all,  
From life's minute beginnings, up at last  
To man—the consummation of this scheme  
Of being, the completion of this sphere

Of life : whose attributes had here and there  
 Been scattered o'er the visible world before,  
 Asking to be combined, dim fragments meant  
 To be united in some wondrous whole,  
 Imperfect qualities throughout creation,  
 Suggesting some one creature yet to make,  
 Some point where all those scattered rays should meet  
 Convergent in the faculties of man.

CXC.

*From* ABT VOGLER.

Well, it is gone at last, the palace of music I reared ;  
 Gone ! and the good tears start, the praises that come too  
     slow ;  
 For one is assured at first, one scarce can say that he  
     feared,  
     That he even gave it a thought, the gone thing was to go.  
 Never to be again ! But many more of the kind  
     As good, nay, better perchance : is this your comfort to  
     me ?  
 To me, who must be saved because I cling with my mind  
     To the same, same self, same love, same God : ay, what  
     was, shall be.

Therefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the ineffable Name ?  
     Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands !  
 What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the  
     same ?  
     Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power  
     expands ?  
 There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall live  
     as before ;  
     The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound ;  
 What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good  
     more ;

On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist ;

Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good, nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;

Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-by.

And what is our failure here but a triumph's evidence

For the fulness of the days ? Have we withered or agonised ?

Why else was the pause prolonged but that singing might issue thence ?

Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized ?

Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,

Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe :

But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear ;

The rest may reason and welcome : 'tis we musicians know.

CXCI.

*From* RABBI BEN EZRA.

Grow old along with me !

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made :

Our times are in His hand  
Who saith "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

Rejoice we are allied  
To That which doth provide  
And not partake, effect and not receive!  
A spark disturbs our clod;  
Nearer we hold of God  
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

Then, welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!  
Be our joys three parts pain!  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the  
throe!

For thence,—a paradox  
Which comforts while it mocks,—  
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:  
What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me:  
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the  
scale.

Not on the vulgar mass  
Called "work," must sentence pass,  
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;  
O'er which, from level stand,  
The low world laid its hand,  
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

But all, the world's coarse thumb  
 And finger failed to plumb,  
 So passed in making up the main account ;  
 All instincts immature,  
 All purposes unsure,  
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's  
 amount :

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
 Into a narrow act,  
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;  
 All I could never be,  
 All, men ignored in me,  
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

So take and use Thy work :  
 Amend what flaws may lurk,  
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !  
 My times be in Thy hand !  
 Perfect the cup as planned !  
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !

## CXCII.

## PROSPICE.

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
 The post of the foe ;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go :  
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
 And the barriers fall,



Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last !  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest !

RICHARD WILLIAM CHURCH, 1815-1890.

*From AN ADDRESS.*

CXCIII.     *On avoiding mistakes of temper.*

"Fret not thyself"—is the Psalmist's thrice-repeated burden in Psalm XXXVII, when he contemplates what Bishop Butler calls "the infinite disorders of the world". "Fret not thyself" should be one of the most oft-repeated watchwords with us who have to deal in our time and sphere as best we may with these disorders. We may need it, when honestly constructing a plain and intelligent theory of the things that most concern us and our work, and when the actual facts of history and life give us trouble ; for what-

ever our theories, we shall be sure to meet with something inconvenient and perplexing, which we could wish out of the way. We shall need it in our practical efforts after improvement; for, take what line we may, we shall be sure to meet with hindrances which we cannot account for, and checks which we had not expected.

Anyone, I suppose, who has gone through the ups and downs, the successes and failures, of some great political, or social, or religious movement, and has the courage, looking back at a distance upon its course, to see not only its victories, but its false steps, its follies, and its mistakes, will place, foremost among these mistakes, the mistakes of temper. He will see how often things right were not rightly done; how often, in heat and exasperation, matters were pushed to needless extremity and violence; how often accidents were raised to the dignity of essentials, and trifles blown up to the importance of principles; how often, for the sake of a present advantage in argument, a gross exaggeration was snatched at, and an extreme or perilous position fought for, bringing on those committed to it disaster and trouble. He will see what mischief has come from that "splendid anger" which at the time seemed so natural and so grand; how much has been lost by not allowing for the mere slowness, the ignorance, the perplexities of others. These are common, if not inevitable, concomitants of great efforts and conflicts in the greatest causes, when men are the fighters. They should not make us desist from the war against the manifold evils of the world; they should not make us regret having had our share, if so be, with all the mistakes, in such conflicts, in which we now see how many things might have been much better done. They are not a palliation for faint-heartedness and hanging back, when it is plain that ventures must be made for Christ's sake. But they help those whose experience reflects them, to see new force and meaning in the Psalmist's warning—"Fret not thyself".

FREDERICK WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 1816-1853.

*From a SERMON.*

CXCIV.

*Loneliness.*

Jesus answered them: "Do ye now believe? Behold the hour cometh, yea is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone."

To feel solitary is no uncommon thing. To complain of being alone, without sympathy and misunderstood, is general enough. In every place, in many a family, these victims of diseased sensibility are to be found, and they might find a weakening satisfaction in observing a parallel between their own feelings and those of Jesus. But before that parallel is assumed, be very sure that it is, as in his case, the elevation of your character which severs you from your species. The world has small sympathy for Divine goodness: but it also has little for a great many other qualities which are disagreeable to it. You meet with no response—you are passed by—find yourself unpopular—meet with little communion.—Well? Is that because you are above the world, nobler, devising and executing grand plans which they cannot comprehend: vindicating the wronged, proclaiming and living on great principles: offending it by the saintliness of your purity, and the unworldliness of your aspirations? Then yours is the loneliness of Christ. Or is it that you are wrapped up in self—cold, disobliging, sentimental, indifferent about the welfare of others, and very much astonished that they are not deeply interested in you? *You* must not use these words of Christ. They have nothing to do with you.

Even in human things the strength that is in a man can be only learnt when he is thrown upon his own resources

and left alone. What a man can do in conjunction with others does not test the man. Tell us what he can do alone. It is one thing to defend the truth when you know that your audience are already prepossessed, and that every argument will meet a willing response: and it is another thing to hold the truth when truth must be supported, if at all, alone—met by cold looks and unsympathizing suspicion.

This is self-reliance—to repose calmly on the thought which is deepest in our bosoms, and be unmoved if the world will not accept it yet. To live on your own convictions against the world, is to overcome the world—to believe that what is truest for you is true for all: to abide by that, and not to be over-anxious to be heard or understood, or sympathized with, certain that at last all must acknowledge the same, and that while you stand firm, the world will come round to you: that is independence. It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and there live upon your own convictions: nor is it difficult to mix with men, and follow their convictions: but to enter into the world, and there live out firmly and fearlessly according to your own conscience, that is Christian greatness.

ROWLAND WILLIAMS, 1817-1870.

*From PSALMS AND LITANIES.*

CXCV.

*A prayer.*

Lord, who art gracious to them that wait on Thee, grant us day by day quietness and peace, while we follow those already called to their rest.

As our fathers who trusted in Thee were holpen and not confounded,

So in the need of the times that are, and shall be, be Thou our hope, and that of all generations.

Lighten with freedom the dark places of the nations, and give peace and godliness to the world.

As the round earth is balanced by the counsel of Thy wisdom, so in Thy truth let our minds be established.

O everlasting Teacher of mankind, from Thee come the workers of good for ever.

Thine are the revivers of godliness in the world, and the sowers of winged seeds of truth.

Thine, O Lord, is the great company of our ancestors, the sacred truth-tellers, and glorious patriots.

All makers of story and song, and the masters of harmony are Thine, and the pure sufferers for godliness.

Whoever have vanquished evil, and in faith and hope gone through labour for right.

Glory to Thee, Lord, for Thy Spirit in them; and in their spirit let us praise Thee.

Thou Lover of the holy and upright in the east and the west, let us love Thee with unity of mind.

Shall not all nations, each in their tongue and home, because Thy judgments are known, praise the living God?

For the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth now as of old: let us rejoice because He dwells among men.

Lord, perfect Thy work in us, and for us: and let us live as children of the Eternal.

BENJAMIN JOWETT, 1817-1893.

*From* INTRODUCTION TO PLATO'S PHAEDO.

CXCVI.

*The future life.*

It is well that we should sometimes think of the forms of thought under which the idea of immortality is most naturally

presented to us. It is clear that to our minds the risen soul can no longer be described, as in a picture, by the symbol of a creature half-bird, half-human, nor in any other form of sense. The multitude of angels, as in Milton, singing the Almighty's praises, are a noble image, and may furnish a theme for the poet or the painter, but they are no longer an adequate expression of the Kingdom of God which is within us. Neither is there any mansion, in this world or another, in which the departed can be imagined to dwell and carry on their occupations. When this earthly tabernacle is dissolved, no other habitation or building can take them in: it is in the language of ideas only that we speak of them. First of all, there is the thought of rest and freedom from pain; they have gone home, as the common saying is, and the cares of this world touch them no more. Secondly, we may imagine them as they were at their best and brightest, humbly fulfilling their daily round of duties—selfless, childlike, unaffected by the world; when the eye was single and the whole body seemed to be full of light; when the mind was clear and saw into the purposes of God. Thirdly, we may think of them as possessed by a great love of God and man, working out his will at a further stage in the heavenly pilgrimage. And yet we acknowledge that these are the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard and therefore it hath not entered into the heart of man in any sensible manner to conceive them. Fourthly, there may have been some moments in our own lives when we have risen above ourselves, or been conscious of our truer selves, in which the will of God has superseded our wills, and we have entered into communion with Him, and been partakers for a brief season of the Divine truth and love, in which like Christ we have been inspired to utter the prayer, "I in them, and thou in me, that we may be all made perfect in one". These precious moments, if we have ever known them, are



the nearest approach which we can make to the idea of immortality.

*From* THE EPISTLES OF ST. PAUL.

CXCVII.

*Prayer.*

Prayer is the summing up of the Christian life in a definite act, which is at once inward and outward, the power of which on the character, like that of any other act, is proportioned to its intensity. The imagination of doing rightly adds little to our strength; even the wish to do so is not necessarily accompanied by a change of heart and conduct. But in prayer we imagine, and wish, and perform all in one. Our imperfect resolutions are offered up to God; our weakness becomes strength, our words deeds. No other action is so mysterious; there is none in which we seem, in the same manner, to renounce ourselves that we may be one with God. Of what nature that prayer is which is effectual to the obtaining of its requests is a question of the same kind as what constitutes a true faith. That prayer, we should reply, which is itself most of an act, which is most immediately followed by action, which is most truthful, manly, self-controlled, which seems to lead and direct, rather than to follow, our natural emotions. That prayer which is its own answer because it asks not for any temporal good, but for union with God. That prayer which begins with the confession, "We know not what to pray for as we ought;" which can never by any possibility interfere with the laws of nature, because even in extremity of danger or suffering, it seeks only the fulfilment of His will. That prayer which acknowledges that our enemies, or those of a different faith, are equally with ourselves in the hands of God; in which

we never unwittingly ask for our own good at the expense of others. That prayer in which faith is strong enough to submit to experience; in which the soul of man is nevertheless conscious not of any self-produced impression, but of a true communion with the Author and Maker of his being.

*From a SERMON.*

CXCVIII. *The happiness of family life.*

The family, like the home in which they live, needs to be kept in repair, lest some little rift in the walls should appear and let in the wind and rain. The happiness of a family depends very much on attention to little things. Order, comfort, regularity, cheerfulness, good taste, pleasant conversation—these are the ornaments of daily life, deprived of which it degenerates into a wearisome routine. There must be light in the dwelling, and brightness and pure spirits and cheerful smiles. Home is not usually the place of toil, but the place to which we return and rest from our labours; in which parents and children meet together and pass a joyful and careless hour. To have nothing to say to others at such times, in any rank of life, is a very unfortunate temper of mind, and may perhaps be regarded as a serious fault; at any rate it makes a house vacant and joyless, and persons who are afflicted by this distemper should remember seriously that if it is not cured in time it will pursue them through life. It is one of the lesser troubles of the family: and there is yet another trouble—members of a family often misunderstand one another's characters. They are sensitive or shy, or retired; or they have some fanciful sorrow which they cannot communicate to others; or something which was said to them has produced too deep an impression on their minds. In their own family they are like strangers;

the inexperience of youth exaggerates this trial, and they have no one to whom they can turn for advice or help. This is the time for sympathy—the sympathy of a brother or sister, or father or mother—which unlocks the hidden sorrow, and purges away the perilous stuff which was depressing the mind and injuring the character. Sympathy, too, is the noblest exercise; of it is the Spirit of God working together with our spirit; it is warmth as well as light, putting into us a new heart, and taking away the stony heart which is dead to its natural surroundings.

WALT WHITMAN, 1819–1892.

CXCIX.

PRAYER OF COLUMBUS.

A battered, wrecked old man,  
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,  
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary  
months,  
Sore, stiff with many toils, sickened and nigh to death,  
I take my way along the island's edge,  
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!  
Haply I may not live another day;  
I cannot rest, O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,  
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,  
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune with  
Thee,  
Report myself once more to Thee.

Thou knowest my years entire, my life,  
My long and crowded life of active work, not adoration  
merely;

Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth,  
Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations,

Thou knowest how before I commenced I devoted all to  
come to Thee,

Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those vows and  
strictly kept them,

Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith nor ecstasy in  
Thee ;

In shackles, prisoned, in disgrace, repining not,  
Accepting all from Thee, as duly come from Thee.

All my emprises have been filled with Thee,  
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in thoughts of  
Thee ;

Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee ;  
Intentions, purports, aspirations mine, leaving results to  
Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee,  
The urge, the ardour, the unconquerable will,  
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,  
A message from the heavens whispering to me even in sleep,  
These sped me on.

By me and these the work so far accomplished,  
By me earth's elder cloyed and stifled lands uncloyed, unloosed,  
By me the hemispheres rounded and tied, the unknown to  
the known.

The end I know not, it is all in Thee,  
Or small or great I know not—haply what broad fields,  
what lands,

Haply the brutish measureless human undergrowth I know,  
Transplanted there may rise to stature, knowledge worthy  
Thee,

Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turned to  
reaping-tools,

Haply the lifeless cross I know, Europe's dead cross, may  
bud and blossom there.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand ;  
That thou, O God, my life hast lighted,  
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,  
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,  
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages ;  
For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,  
Old, poor, and paralysed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,  
The clouds already closing in upon me,  
The voyage balked, the course disputed, lost,  
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,  
My brain feels racked, bewildered,  
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,  
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet  
me.  
Thee, thee at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving ?  
What do I know of life ? What of myself ?  
I know not even my own work past or present,  
Dim ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,  
Of newer better worlds, their mighty parturition,  
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?  
As if some miracle, some hand divine unsealed my eyes,  
Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and sky,  
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,  
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

*From* MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

CC.

*Song to Death.*

Come, lovely and soothing Death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death.

Dark mother, always gliding near with soft feet,  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?  
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come  
unfalteringly.

Approach, strong deliveress!

When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing  
the dead,

Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,  
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death.

From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee I propose, saluting thee, adornments and  
feastings for thee



And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread  
sky are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,  
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose  
voice I know,  
And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled Death,  
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,  
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields  
and the prairies wide,  
Over the dense packed cities all, and the teeming wharves  
and ways,  
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O Death!

GEORGE ELIOT, 1819-1880.

*From Epilogue to ROMOLA.*

CCI.                      *The highest happiness.*

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world, as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world, that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and gets strength to

endure what is hard and painful. And so, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it. And, remember, if you were to choose something lower, and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same ; and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say, " It would have been better for me if I had never been born ".

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1819-1861.

CCII.

NOT IN VAIN.

Say not, the struggle nought availeth,  
The labour and the wounds are vain,  
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,  
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;  
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,  
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,  
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,  
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;  
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,  
But westward, look, the land is bright !

JOHN RUSKIN, 1819-1900.

*From* THE SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE.CCIII. *Offerings to the church.*

It has been said—it ought always to be said, for it is true,—that a better and more honourable offering is made to our Master in ministry to the poor, in extending the knowledge of His name, in the practice of the virtues by which that name is hallowed, than in material presents to His temple. Assuredly it is so: woe to all who think that any other kind or manner of offering may in any wise take the place of these! Do the people need place to pray, and calls to hear His Word? Then it is no time for smoothing pillars or carving pulpits; let us have enough first of walls and roofs. Do the people need teaching from house to house, and bread from day to day? Then they are deacons and ministers we want, not architects. I insist on this, I plead for this; but let us examine ourselves, and see if this be indeed the reason for our backwardness in the lesser work. The question is not between God's house and His poor: is not between God's house and His gospel. It is between God's house and ours. Have we no tessellated colours on our floors? no frescoed fancies on our roofs? no niched statuary in our corridors? no gilded furniture in our chambers? no costly stones in our cabinets? Has even the tithe of these been offered? They are, or they ought to be, the signs that enough has been devoted to the great purposes of human stewardship, and that there remains to us what we can spend in luxury; but there is a greater and prouder luxury than this selfish one—that of bringing a portion of such things as these into sacred service, and presenting them for a memorial that our pleasure as

well as our toil has been hallowed by the remembrance of Him who gave both the strength and the reward. And until this has been done, I do not see how such possessions can be retained in happiness. I do not understand the feeling which would arch our own gates and pave our own thresholds, and leave the church with its narrow door and foot-worn sill ; the feeling which enriches our own chambers with all manner of costliness, and endures the bare wall and mean compass of the temple. I say this, emphatically, that the tenth part of the expense which is sacrificed in domestic vanities, if not absolutely and meaninglessly lost in domestic discomforts and encumbrances, would, if collectively offered and wisely employed, build a marble church for every town in England ; such a church as it should be a joy and a blessing even to pass near in our daily ways and walks, and as it would bring the light into the eyes to see from afar, lifting its fair height above the purple crowd of humble roofs.

## CCIV.

*Regard for posterity.*

The idea of self-denial for the sake of posterity, of practising present economy for the sake of debtors yet unborn, of planting forests that our descendants may live under their shade, or of raising cities for future nations to inhabit, never, I suppose, efficiently takes place among publicly recognized motives of exertion. Yet these are not the less our duties ; nor is our part fitly sustained upon the earth, unless the range of our intended and deliberate usefulness include, not only the companions but the successors of our pilgrimage. God has lent us the earth for our life ; it is a great entail. It belongs as much to those who are to come after us, and whose names are already written in the book of creation, as to us ; and we have no right, by anything that we do or

neglect, to involve them in unnecessary penalties, or deprive them of benefits which it was in our power to bequeath. And this the more, because it is one of the appointed conditions of the labour of men that, in proportion to the time between the seed-sowing and the harvest, is the fulness of the fruit; and that generally, therefore, the farther off we place our aim, and the less we desire to be ourselves the witnesses of what we have laboured for, the more wide and rich will be the measure of our success. Men cannot benefit those that are with them as they can benefit those who come after them. Nor is there, indeed, any present loss, in such respect for futurity. Every human action gains in honour, in grace, in all true magnificence, by its regard to things that are to come. It is the far sight, the quiet and confident patience, that, above all other attributes, separate man from man, and near him to his Maker; and there is no action nor art, whose majesty we may not measure by this test. Therefore, when we build, let us think that we build for ever. Let it not be for present delight, nor for present use alone; let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time is to come when those stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men will say as they look upon the labour and wrought substance of them, "See! this our fathers did for us".

*From* UNTO THIS LAST.

CCV.

*The real wealth.*

*There is no wealth but life.* Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having

perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others. All England may, if it so chooses, become one manufacturing town; and Englishmen, sacrificing themselves to the good of general humanity, may live diminished lives in the midst of noise, of darkness, and of deadly exhalation. But the world cannot become a factory, nor a mine. So long as men live by bread, the far away valleys must laugh as they are covered with the gold of God, and the shouts of His happy multitudes ring around the winepress and the well.

Nor need our more sentimental economists fear the too wide spread of the formalities of a mechanical agriculture. The presence of a wise population implies the search for felicity as well as for food; nor can any population reach its maximum but through that wisdom which "rejoices" in the habitable parts of the earth. The desert has its appointed place and work; the eternal engine, whose beam is the earth's axle, whose beat is its year, and whose breath is its ocean, will still divide imperiously to their desert kingdoms bound with unfurrowable rock, and swept by unarrested sand, their powers of frost and fire; but the zones and lands between, habitable, will be loveliest in habitation. The desire of the heart is also the light of the eyes. No scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich by joyful human labour; smooth in field; fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent; it is only sweet when full of low currents of under sound—triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood. As the art of life is learned, it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary;—the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and



the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle; because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God. Happy, in that he knew them not, nor did his fathers know; and that round about him reaches yet into the infinite, the amazement of his existence.

JOHN CAIRD, 1820-1898.

*From a SERMON.*

CCVI. *Religion the art of being, and of doing, good.*

Religion is the art of being, and of doing, good: to be an adept in it, is to become just, truthful, sincere, self-denied, gentle, forbearing, pure in word and thought and deed. And the school for learning this art is, not the closet, but the world,—not some hallowed spot where religion is taught, and proficients, when duly trained, are sent forth into the world,—but the world itself—the coarse, profane, common world, with its cares and temptations, its rivalries and competitions, its hourly, ever-recurring trials of temper and character. This is, therefore, an art which all can practise, and for which every profession and calling, the busiest and most absorbing, afford scope and discipline. When a child is learning to write, it matters not of what words the copy set to him is composed, the thing desired being that, whatever he writes, he learns to write well. When a man is learning to be a Christian, it matters not what his particular work in life may be; the work he does is but the copy-line set to him; the main thing to be considered is that he learn to live well. The form is nothing, the execution is everything. It is true, indeed, that prayer,

holy reading, meditation, the solemnities and services of the Church, are necessary to religion, and that these can be practised only apart from the work of secular life. But it is to be remembered that all such holy exercises do not terminate in themselves. They are but steps in the ladder to heaven, good only as they help us to climb. They are the irrigation and enriching of the spiritual soil—worse than useless if the crop become not more abundant. They are, in short, but means to an end—good, only in so far as they help us to be good, and to do good—to glorify God and do good to man.

*From a SERMON.*

CCVII.

*Justification by faith.*

The springs of human character lie beyond the reach of outward observation. External action is but an inadequate and often deceptive measure of inward spiritual capacity. What a man does or has done, or within the limits of our brief and bounded life can ever accomplish, is but an imperfect and often blurred and confused expression of the hidden potentialities of the spirit. Of that which constitutes the essence and reality of a human soul an outward observer may easily form a mistaken, *can* only form a partial and inadequate estimate. Only to an eye which penetrates to the root of character, which can embrace in its judgment the unrealized and boundless possibilities of the future as well as truly interpret the meaning of the past, only to an eye which measures life, not by action merely, but by the principles from which action springs and the inexhaustible productive force that is in them—only to such an eye does the true complexion and character of a human soul lie open. It is perhaps on this principle, translating the technical

language of theology into our ordinary forms of expression, that we may represent to ourselves what is meant by being justified not by works but by faith. Stated generally the principle is this, that the true criterion of a human spirit is not outward performances but the ideal to which it is devoted; and in its application to religion, it is the principle that the divine measure of a Christian life is not outward works or doings but devotion to Christ as its ideal.

What we are in God's sight is determined not by what we do or have done but by the presence in the soul of that inward spirit, principle, characteristic motive and aim—in one word, by that self-surrender, that identification with a divine ideal, which constitutes the Christian faith. Poor, imperfect, fluctuating, inadequate may be our attempts to realize that ideal in action, the very best which the best of men do can be only a gradual approximation to it; but all they fain would be, all the splendour of the spirit's future career is already and virtually contained in it. In the soul in which that divine principle dwells, in the soul in which devotion to Christ has become the one supreme motive and aim, it is that, and not the dim imperfect life, the blurred confused medium through which it struggles into expression—it is that which determines God's judgment of us, makes us what in His sight we are. Underneath the poverty and meanness of the present life, its manifold imperfections and shortcomings, its feeble virtues, its often abortive aspirations and ever imperfect attainments,—all that is but as the beggar's raiment disguising an inward nobility—underneath all that, what the omniscient eye beholds is the radiant image of a son of God, the hidden splendour of a Christlike purity, the transfigured glory of a soul that has already washed its robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, 1822-1888.

*From RUGBY CHAPEL.*

CCVIII.

*"The noble and great."*

Servants of God ! or sons  
Shall I not call you ? because  
Not as servants ye knew  
Your Father's innermost mind,  
His, who unwillingly sees  
One of His little ones lost—  
Yours is the praise, if mankind  
Hath not as yet in its march  
Fainted, and fallen, and died !

See ! in the sands of the world  
Marches the host of mankind,  
A feeble, wavering line.  
Where are they tending ?—A God  
Marshall'd them, gave them their goal.—  
Ah, but the way is so long !  
Years they have been in the waste !  
Sore thirst plagues them, the sands,  
Spreading all round, overawe ;  
Factions divide them, their host  
Threatens to break, to dissolve.—  
Ah, keep, keep them combined !  
Else, of the myriads who fill  
That army, not one shall arrive ;  
Sole they shall stray : in the sands  
Flounder for ever in vain,  
Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need  
Of your fainting, dispirited race,

Ye like angels, appear,  
Radiant with ardour divine !  
Beacons of hope, ye appear !  
Languor is not in your heart,  
Weakness is not in your word,  
Weariness not on your brow.  
Ye alight in our van ! at your voice,  
Panic, despair, flee away.  
Ye move through the ranks, recall  
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,  
Praise, re-inspire the brave.  
Order, courage, return ;  
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,  
Follow your steps as you go.  
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,  
Strengthen the wavering line,  
Stablish, continue our march,  
On, to the bound of the waste,  
On, to the City of God.

CCIX.

*From MORALITY.*

We cannot kindle when we will  
The fire that in the heart resides :  
The spirit bloweth and is still,  
In mystery our soul abides ;  
    But tasks in hours of insight willed  
    Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day and wish 'twere done :  
    Not till the hours of light return  
    All we have built do we discern.

LEO TOLSTOY, 1828-1910.

*From MY RELIGION.*

CCX.

*The teaching of Jesus.*

Of all the portions of the Gospels, the Sermon on the Mount always had for me an exceptional importance. I now read it more frequently than ever. Nowhere does Jesus speak with greater solemnity, nowhere does he propound moral rules more definitely and practically, nor do these rules in any other form awaken more readily an echo in the human heart; nowhere else does he address himself to a larger multitude of the common people. If there are any clear and precise Christian principles, one ought to find them here. I therefore sought the solution of my doubts in Matthew v., vi., and vii., comprising the Sermon on the Mount. These chapters I read very often, each time with the same emotional ardour, as I came to the verses which exhort the hearer to turn the other cheek, to give up his cloak, to be at peace with all the world, to love his enemies, —but each time with the same disappointment. The Divine words were not clear. They exhorted to a renunciation so absolute as to entirely stifle life as I understood it; to renounce everything, therefore, could not, as it seemed to me, be essential to salvation. And the moment this ceased to be an absolute condition, clearness and precision were at an end.

I read not only the Sermon on the Mount: I read all the Gospels and all the theological commentaries on the Gospels. I was not satisfied with the declarations of the theologians that the Sermon on the Mount was only an indication of the degree of perfection to which man should aspire; that man, weighed down by sin, could not reach such an ideal; and



that the salvation of humanity was in faith and prayer and grace. I could not admit the truth of these propositions. It seemed to me a strange thing that Jesus should propound rules so clear and admirable, addressed to the understanding of every one, and still realize man's inability to carry his doctrine into practice.

Then as I read these maxims I was permeated with the joyous assurance that I might that very hour, that very moment, begin to practise them. The burning desire I felt led me to the attempt, but the doctrine of the Church rang in my ears,—*Man is weak, and to this he cannot attain*;—my strength soon failed. On every side I heard, "You must believe and pray"; but my wavering faith impeded prayer. Again I heard, "You must pray, and God will give you faith; this faith will inspire prayer, which in turn will invoke faith that will inspire more prayer, and so on indefinitely". Reason and experience alike convinced me that such methods were useless. It seemed to me that the only true way was for me to try to follow the doctrine of Jesus.

And so, after all this fruitless search and careful meditation over all that had been written for and against the divinity of the doctrine of Jesus, after all this doubt and suffering, I came back face to face with the mysterious Gospel message. I could not find the meanings that others found, neither could I discover what I sought. It was only after I had rejected the interpretations of the wise critics and theologians, according to the words of Jesus, "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven" (Matt. XVIII. 3),—it was only then that I suddenly understood what had been so meaningless before. I understood, not through exegetical fantasies or profound and ingenious textual combinations; I understood everything, because I put all commentaries out of my mind. This was the passage that gave me the key to the whole:—

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil."

One day the exact and simple meaning of these words came to me; I understood that Jesus meant neither more nor less than what he said. What I saw was nothing new; only the veil that had hidden the truth from me fell away, and the truth was revealed in all its grandeur.

STOPFORD AUGUSTUS BROOKE, 1832-1916.

*From a SERMON.*

CCXI. *The abiding influence of the great and good.*

It is impossible to say that the dead have no influence on our lives. They touch us from the past. Their living soul is flashed on ours. We walk through life like men who make their way through an Alpine valley, dark below, but from the upper edge of whose precipices sweeps back an upland country bathed in light. Thither come to us far beneath, the whispers of the upper hills: sweet waters that fall down and carry with them flowers unknown below; and through the serried pines, sometimes the flashing of a light unspeakable. For so to us arrive, at hours when the soul is intent, the mystic hints, the rare voices, the inspiration whence we know not, of that vast world of souls beyond, of the great and good made perfect.

## NOTES

### READING

1. Translated by B. P. Grenfell and A. S. Hunt.
- II, III. From Chaps. IV., IX., and X.; translated by J. E. Odgers.
- IV. Part of Chap. XXXV.; translated by J. B. Lightfoot.
- V, VI. From Chaps. V., VI., and X.; translated by J. E. Odgers.
- VII. From Chap. LXVII. *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*.
- VIII. From Chaps. II., III., VII., and VIII.; translated by J. E. Odgers.
- IX. Abridged. *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*.
- X. Bk. IV, Chap. XXXIX., § 1; translated by J. E. Odgers.
- XI, XII. From Chap. XI. *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*.
- XIII. Bk. I, Chap. V.; part omitted.
- XIV, XVI. Sections 17, 37, and 39; translated by J. E. Odgers.
- XVII. Bk. II, Chap. XI., § 4; translated by J. E. Odgers.
- XVIII. From Epistle VIII; part omitted. *Ante-Nicene Christian Library*.
- XIX. From Chap. LVII.
- XX. Tenth Homily on Colossians (IV. 2). *Library of the Fathers*.
- XXI. From Bks. I and II. Selected Passages.
- XXII. From Bk. III, Chaps. XI. and XII.; parts omitted; translated by J. G. Pilkington.
- XXIII. From Bk. VIII, Chaps. VIII. and XII.; translated by J. G. Pilkington.
- XXIV. From Bk. IX, Chaps. X.-XII.; parts omitted; translated by J. G. Pilkington.
- XXV. From Bk. I, §§ 10 and 11; part omitted; translated by Marcus Dods.
- XXVI. From Bk. XIX, § 17; parts omitted; translated by Marcus Dods.
- XXVII. Sections 1, 12, 15-17, 23, 36-38, 61-62; parts omitted; translated by P. S. Dinneen.
- XXVIII. From Bk. IV, Prosa VI; translated by Philip H. Wicksteed.
- XXIX-XXXI. From Sections 53 and 64, parts omitted, and 72; translated by E. F. Henderson.
- XXXII. Translation by E. O'Curry of ancient Celtic poem entitled *Columkille fecit* in Burgundian Library at Brussels.

## READING

- XXXIII. From Second Preface; part omitted; translated by J. T. Fowler.  
 XXXIV. From Bk. II, Chaps. XII.-XIV.; parts omitted.  
 XXXV. From Bk. IV, Chap. XXIV.; part omitted.  
 XXXVI. Part omitted.  
 XXXVII. From Bk. III; translated by Philip H. Wicksteed.  
 XXXVIII. From Chap. XVII.; translated by W. J. Sedgefield.  
 XXXIX. Translated by Edward Caswall.  
 XL. From Chaps. I., II., and III.; translated by A. Caldecott.  
 XLI. From Chaps. XIV. and XVI.  
 XLII. Abridged.  
 XLIII. From Sermon "Against the Detestable Vice of Detraction"; translated by S. J. Eales.  
 XLIV.-XLVI. From Chaps. VII. and X.; translated by W. H. van Allen.  
 XLVII. Translated by Matthew Arnold.  
 XLVIII. From Chaps. XCV. and XCVI.  
 XLIX, L. From Chaps. XII. and XXXVI.; translation issued by Franciscan Friars at Upton, revised by T. Okey.  
 LI-LIII. Prima Secundæ, LXVIII., § 1; LXIX., § 2; LXIX., § 3; translated by Philip H. Wicksteed.  
 LIV. Translated by E. Caswall; last three verses omitted.  
 LV. From Sermon on Luke XXI. 31; translated by Claud Field.  
 LVI. From Sermon on 1 Cor. XV. 10; translated by Claud Field.  
 LVII, LVIII. From Cantos III. and XXXI.; translated by H. F. Cary.  
 LX. From Chap. XXI.; old translation.  
 LX. Chap. XLVII.  
 LXI. From Chap. LIV.  
 LXII, LXIII. From a Sermon for the Fourth Sunday in Lent; translated by S. Winkworth.  
 LXIV-LXVII. Chaps. IX., XXXVIII., XXXIX., and XLV.  
 LXVIII. From Bk. III, Chap. XV.  
 LXIX. From Bk. I, Chap. VI., § 2.  
 LXX. From Chap. VI.  
 LXXI. Chap. LXIV.; translated by Edmund G. Gardner.  
 LXXII. Letter to Daniella of Orvieto; translated by Vida D. Scudder.  
 LXXIII. Parts omitted; translated by Count Lützow.  
 LXXIV-LXXXIX. From Bk. I, Chap. XVI.; Bk. II, Chap. III., Chap. IV., Chap. XII.; Bk. III, Chaps. I. and II., Chap. VI.  
 LXXX. Chap. X.; translated from the Italian.  
 LXXXI. From Bk. II, Chap. V.; translated by O'Dell Travers Hill.  
 LXXXII. Epistle DXLVII.; abridged; translated by J. A. Froude.  
 LXXXIII. From Bk. II.  
 LXXXIV. From Part I; translated by H. Wace and C. A. Buchheim.

## READING

- LXXXV. From part "Concerning the Sacrament of Baptism"; translated by H. Wace and C. A. Buchheim.
- LXXXVI. Parts omitted; translated by M. E. Currie.
- LXXXVII. Translated by M. E. Currie.
- LXXXVIII. Parts omitted; translated by M. E. Currie.
- LXXXIX. Sermon preached at Grimsthorpe, October 28, 1552.
- xc. Sermon preached at Bexterley, December 25, 1552.
- xcI. Parts omitted.
- xcII. From Bk. I, Chap. II.; translated by Henry Beveridge.
- xcIII. *The Confession of Faith* was drawn up by Knox and others in 1560.
- xcv. From "The Fifth Mansion," Chap. III.; translated by J. Dalton.
- xcvi. From Bk. VI of the *Acts and Monuments* (Book of Martyrs).
- xcvII. From Bk. III, Chap. VIII.; translated by David Lewis.
- xcvIII. From Bk. V, Chap. IV., § 3; and Chap. VI., § 1 and 2.
- xcIX. From Bk. V, Chap. XXXVIII.
- c. See *The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales*, by J. P. Camus, Part II, Chap. I.
- ci. Translated by William Law.
- cII. From Winslow's report, which is given in the third person.
- cIII. From Bk. IV, Chap. XI.
- cIV, cv. Selected passages.
- cvI. From Bk. V.
- cvIII. From Salter's *Moral and Religious Aphorisms of Benjamin Whichcote*.
- cIX. From Precept VII.
- cx. From Sermon on "The Return of Prayers".
- cxII, cxIII. From Psalms VIII. and XI. in "The Office for Monday"; part omitted.
- cxIV. From Psalms VII. and VIII. in "The Office of the Saints".
- cxv. From *The True Catholic and Catholic Church Described*, IV.
- cxvi. From Part IV, Chap. IV., § 4.
- cxvII. From Book I, Part I.
- cxvIII. From Book I, Part II.
- cxIX. From *Discourse Concerning the True Way or Method of Attaining to Divine Knowledge*, sect. I.
- cxX. From *Discourse on the Existence and Nature of God*, Chap. III.
- cxXI. From *Discourse on the Existence and Nature of God*, Chap. VIII.
- cxXIi. *The Excellency and Nobleness of True Religion*, Chap. v.
- cxXIiI. Three last verses omitted.
- cxXIv. From part entitled "The Greatness and the Littleness of Man"; translated by C. Kegan Paul.

## READING

- CXXV. From part entitled "Various Thoughts"; translated by C. Kegan Paul.
- CXXVI. Under date 1668.
- CXXVII, CXXVIII. From Part II.
- CXXIX. From I, 25, 27-30.
- CXXX. From Bk. I; translated by J. H. Shorthouse.
- CXXXIII. From Proposition XI., §§ vi. and vii.
- CXXXIV. From Chap. xxii.
- CXXXV. From § xxii. Mrs. Follen's *Selections*.
- CXXXVI, CXXXVII. Twelfth and Thirteenth Days. Mrs. Follen's *Selections*.
- CXXXVIII. From §§ 147-149.
- CXXXIX. From Chap. iv.
- CXL. From Part I, Chap. II.
- CXLI. Sermon II.
- CXLII. From Sermon on 2 Kings x. 15.
- CXLIII. From Chap. I.
- CXLIV. From Chap. vii.
- CXLV. From "Conclusion"; translated by T. K. Abbott.
- CXLVI. Edited by the Author of "Life of St. Francis de Sales".
- CXLVII. Sermon on "The Importance and Extent of Free Inquiry in Matters of Religion"; preached November 5, 1785.
- CXLVIII. From Chap. xxvi.
- CXLIX. Under date 1832; translated by John Oxenford.
- CL. Parts omitted.
- CLIII. Last three Stanzas.
- CLIV, CLV. From Fourth Book.
- CLVI. From Letter VI.
- CLVII. Preached at Boston, Mass., 1816.
- CLVIII. Preached at Philadelphia, May 30, 1841.
- CLIX. From Chap. xv.
- CLX. Stanzas 40, 42, 43, and 52.
- CLXII. From Bk. III, Chap. III.
- CLXIII. From Bk. III, Chap. iv.
- CLXIV. From Bk. I, Chap. II.
- CLXVI. From Sermon on "The Immortality of the Soul".
- CLXVII. From Part I, Chap. v., § 1.
- CLXVIII, CLXIX. Selected Passages.
- CLXX, CLXXI. Parts omitted.
- CLXXIV. From Sermon entitled "Immortality".
- CLXXV. From Sermon entitled "The Tides of the Spirit".
- CLXXVI. From Sermon entitled "Messengers of Change".
- CLXXIX. Parts omitted.



## READING

CLXXXI. First three verses.

CLXXXII. Parts omitted.

CLXXXIV. From "Guinevere".

CLXXXV. From "The Passing of Arthur".

CLXXXVI. Part of Proem, and cxxxi, 1-3.

CLXXXIX. Part of Paracelsus' dying speech.

cxc. Stanzas viii.-xi.

cxci. Stanzas I, v.-vii., xxiii.-xxv., xxxii.

cxciil. From Address on "Temper" in *Cathedral and other Sermons*.

cxciiv. From Sermon on "The Loneliness of Christ"; parts omitted.

cxciiv. Part of "Seventh General Litany".

cxciiv. *Introduction to Phædo*, I., 182.

cxciiv. *The Epistles of Paul*, II., 129-130.

cxciiv. Sermon "Ecce quam bonum" in *Sermons Biographical and Miscellaneous*.

cciii. From Chap. I.

cciv. From Chap. vi.

ccv. From Essay IV.

ccvi. From Sermon on "Religion in Common Life".

ccvii. From Sermon "Can Righteousness be Imputed?" in *University Sermons*.

ccviii. Latter part.

ccix. First two Stanzas.

ccx. From Chap. I.; translated by Huntington Smith.

ccxi. From a sermon preached in Bedford Chapel, November 11, 1883.



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